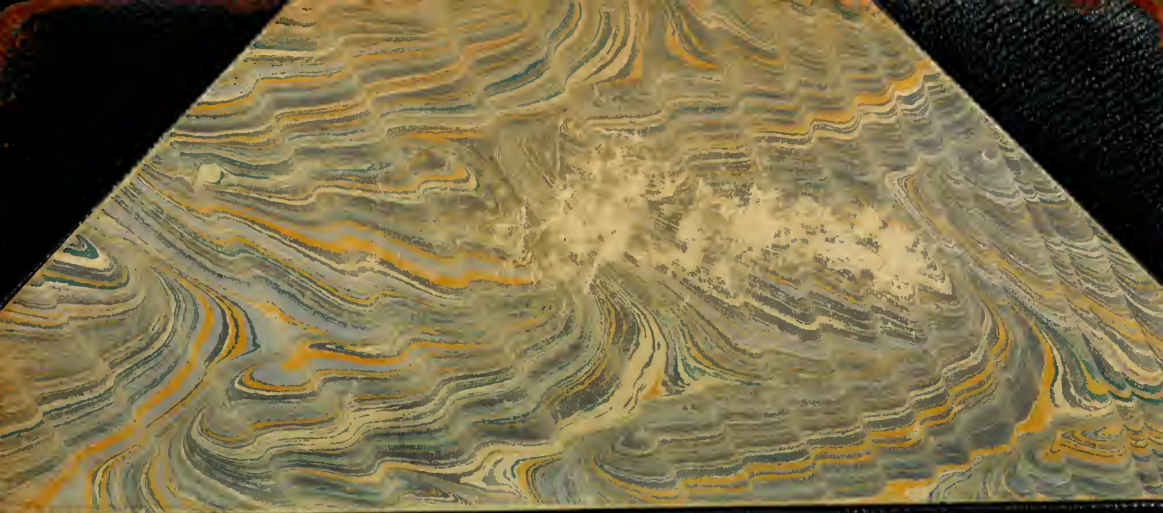

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THE

WORKS

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS.

WITH

PREFACES,

BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL,

BY SAMUEL JOHNSON.

VOLUME THE FIFTY-FOURTH.

LONDON:

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THE

FIFTY-FOURTH VOLUME

OF THE

ENGLISH POETS,

CONTAINING

PART OF THOMSON.

THE POEMS OF JAMES THOMSON.

THE

SEASONS.

SPRING. 1728.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Inſcribed to the Counteſs of Hertford. The ſeaſon is deſcribed as it affects the various parts of Nature, aſcending from the lower to the higher; with digreſſions ariſing from the ſubject. Its influence on inanimate matter, on vegetables, on brute animals, and, laſt, on man; concluding with a diſſuaſive from the wild and irregular paſſion of love, oppoſed to that of a pure and happy kind.

SPRING.

" Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
" Nunc frondent ſylvæ, nunc formoſiſſimus annus."
VIRG.

COME, gentle Spring, ethereal Mildneſs, come,
And from the boſom of yon dropping cloud,
While muſic wakes around, veil'd in a ſhower
Of ſhadowing roſes, on our plains deſcend.
O Hertford, fitted or to ſhine in courts
With unaffected grace, or walk the plain
With innocence and meditation join'd
In ſoft aſſemblage, liſten to my ſong,
Which thy own Seaſon paints; when Nature all
Is blooming and benevolent, like thee.
And ſee where ſurly Winter paſſes off,
Far to the north, and calls his ruffian blaſts:
His blaſts obey, and quit the howling hill,
The ſhatter'd foreſt, and the ravag'd vale;
While ſofter gales ſucceed, at whoſe kind touch,
Diſſolving ſnows in livid torrents loſt,
The mountains lift their green heads to the ſky.
As yet the trembling year is unconfirm'd,
And Winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the day delightleſs: ſo that ſcarce
The bittern knows his time, with bill ingulpht

To ſhake the ſounding marſh; or from the ſhore
The plovers when to ſcatter o'er the heath,
And ſing their wild notes to the liſtening waſte.
At laſt from Aries rolls the bounteous ſun,
And the bright Bull receives him. Then no more
Th' expanſive atmoſphere is cramp'd with cold;
But, full of life and vivifying ſoul,
Lifts the light clouds ſublime, and ſpreads them thin,
Fleecy and white, o'er all-ſurrounding heaven.
Forth fly the tepid airs; and unconfin'd,
Unbinding earth, the moving ſoftneſs ſtrays.
Joyous, th' impatient huſbandman perceives
Relenting Nature, and his luſty ſteers
Drives from their ſtalls, to where the well-us'd plough,
Lies in the furrow, looſen'd from the froſt.
There, unrefuſing, to the harneſs'd yoke
They lend their ſhoulder, and begin their toil,
Chear'd by the ſimple ſong and ſoaring lark.
Meanwhile incumbent o'er the ſhining ſhare
The maſter leans, removes th' obſtructing clay,
Winds the whole work, and ſidelong lays the glebe.
White through the neighbouring field the ſower ſtalks,
With meaſur'd ſtep; and liberal throws the grain
Into the faithful boſom of the ground:
The harrow follows harſh, and ſhuts the ſcene.
Be gracious, Heaven! for now laborious man
Has done his part. Ye foſtering breezes, blow!
Ye ſoftening dews, ye tender ſhowers, deſcend!
And temper all, thou world-reviving ſun,
Into the perfect year! Nor ye who live

In

In luxury and eaſe, in pomp and pride,
Think theſe loſt themes unworthy of your ear:
Such themes as theſe the *rural* Maro ſung
To wide-imperial Rome, in the full height
Of elegance and taſte, by Greece refin'd.
In ancient times, the ſacred plough employ'd
The kings, and aweful fathers of mankind:
And ſome, with whom compar'd your inſect-tribes
Are but the beings of a ſummer's day,
Have held the ſcale of empire, rul'd the ſtorm
Of mighty war; then, with unwearied hand,
Diſdaining little delicacies, ſeiz'd
The plough, and greatly independent liv'd.

Ye generous Britons, venerate the plough;
And o'er your hills, and long withdrawing vales,
Let Autumn ſpread his treaſures to the ſun,
Luxuriant and unbounded: as the ſea,
Far through his azure turbulent domain,
Your empire owns, and from a thouſand ſhores
Wafts all the pomp of life into your ports;
So with ſuperior boon may your rich ſoil,
Exuberant, Nature's better bleſſings pour
O'er every land, the naked nations clothe,
And be th' exhauſtleſs granary of a world!

Nor only through the lenient air this change,
Delicious, breathes; the penetrative ſun
His force deep-darting to the dark retreat
Of vegetation, ſets the ſteaming Power
At large, to wander o'er the vernant earth,
In various hues; but chiefly thee, gay Green!

Thou ſmiling Nature's univerſal robe!
United light and ſhade! where the ſight dwells
With growing ſtrength, and ever-new delight.
From the moiſt meadow to the wither'd hill,
Led by the breeze, the vivid verdure runs,
And ſwells, and deepens, to the cheriſh'd eye.
The hawthorn whitens; and the juicy groves
Put forth their buds, unfolding by degrees,
Till the whole leafy foreſt ſtands diſplay'd,
In full luxuriance to the ſighing gales;
Where the deer ruſtle through the twining brake,
And the birds ſing conceal'd. At once array'd
In all the colours of the fluſhing year,
By Nature's ſwift and ſecret-working hand,
The garden glows, and fills the liberal air
With laviſh fragrance; while the promis'd fruit
Lies yet a little embryo, unperceiv'd,
Within its crimſon folds. Now from the town
Buried in ſmoke, and ſleep, and noiſome damps,
Oft let me wander o'er the dewy fields,
Where freſhneſs breathes, and daſh the trembling drops
From the bent buſh, as through the verdant maze
Of ſweet-briar hedges I purſue my walk;
Or taſte the ſmell of dairy; or aſcend
Some eminence, Auguſta, in thy plains,
And ſee the country, far diffus'd around,
One boundleſs bluſh, one white-empurpled ſhower
Of mingled bloſſoms; where the raptur'd eye
Hurries from joy to joy, and, hid beneath
The fair profuſion, yellow Autumn ſpies.

If,

If, bruſh'd from Ruſſian wilds, a cutting gale
Riſe not, and ſcatter from his humid wings
The clammy mildew; or, dry-blowing, breathe
Untimely froſt; before whoſe baleful blaſt
The full-blown Spring through all her foliage ſhrinks,
Joyleſs and dead, a wide-dejected waſte.
For oft, engender'd by the hazy north,
Myriads on myriads, inſect armies waft
Keen in the poiſon'd breeze; and waſteful eat,
Through buds and bark, into the blacken'd core,
Their eager way. A feeble race! yet oft
The ſacred ſons of vengeance; on whoſe courſe
Corroſive famine waits, and kills the year.
To check this plague the ſkilful farmer chaff,
And blazing ſtraw, before his orchard burns;
Till, all involv'd in ſmoke, the latent foe
From every cranny ſuffocated falls:
Or ſcatters o'er the blooms the pungeant duſt
Of pepper, fatal to the froſty tribe:
Or, when th' envenom'd leaf begins to curl,
With ſprinkled water drowns them in their neſt;
Nor, while they pick them up with buſy bill,
The little trooping birds unwiſely ſcares.

Be patient, ſwains; theſe cruel-ſeeming winds
Blow not in vain. Far hence they keep repreſs'd
Thoſe deepening clouds on clouds, ſurcharg'd with rain,
That, o'er the vaſt Atlantic hither borne,
In endleſs train, would quench the ſummer-blaze,
And, chearleſs, drown the crude unripened year.

The north-eaſt ſpends his rage; he now ſhut up

Within

Within his iron cave, th' effuſive ſouth
Warms the wide air, and o'er the void of heaven
Breathes the big clouds with vernal ſhowers diſtent.
At firſt a duſky wreath they ſeem to riſe,
Scarce ſtaining æther; but by ſwift degrees,
In heaps on heaps, the doubling vapour ſails
Along the loaded ſky, and mingled deep
Sits on th' horizon round a ſettled gloom:
Not ſuch as wintery-ſtorms on mortals ſhed,
Oppreſſing life; but lovely, gentle, kind,
And full of every hope and every joy,
The wiſh of Nature. Gradual ſinks the breeze
Into a perfect calm; that not a breath
Is heard to quiver through the cloſing woods,
Or ruſtling turn the many twinkling leaves
Of aſpin tall. Th' uncurling floods, diffus'd
In glaſſy breadth, ſeem through deluſive lapſe
Forgetful of their courſe. 'Tis ſilence all,
And pleaſing expectation. Herds and flocks
Drop the dry ſprig, and mute-imploring eye
The falling verdure. Huſh'd in ſhort ſuſpenſe,
The plumy people ſtreak their wings with oil,
To throw the lucid moiſture trickling off;
And wait th' approaching ſign to ſtrike, at once,
Into the general choir. Ev'n mountains, vales,
And foreſts ſeem, impatient, to demand
The promis'd ſweetneſs. Man ſuperior walks
Amid the glad creation, muſing praiſe,
And looking lively gratitude. At laſt,
The clouds conſign their treaſures to the fields;

And,

And, ſoftly ſhaking on the dimpled pool
Preluſive drops, let all their moiſture flow,
In large effuſion, o'er the freſhen'd world.
The ſtealing ſhower is ſcarce to patter heard,
By ſuch as wander through the foreſt walks,
Beneath th' umbrageous multitude of leaves.
But who can hold the ſhade, while Heaven deſcends
In univerſal bounty, ſhedding herbs,
And fruits and flowers, on Nature's ample lap?
Swift fancy fir'd anticipates their growth;
And, while the milky nutriment diſtils,
Beholds the kindling country colour round.

Thus all day long the full-diſtended clouds
Indulge their genial ſtores, and well-ſhower'd earth
Is deep-enrich'd with vegetable life;
Till, in the weſtern ſky, the downward ſun
Looks out, effulgent, from amid the flaſh
Of broken clouds, gay-ſhifting to his beam.
The rapid radiance inſtantaneous ſtrikes
Th' illumin'd mountain, through the foreſt ſtreams,
Shakes on the floods, and in a yellow miſt,
Far ſmoking o'er th' interminable plain,
In twinkling myriads lights the dewy gems.
Moiſt, bright, and green, the landſkip laughs around.
Full ſwell the woods; their very muſic wakes,
Mix'd in wild concert with the warbling brooks
Increas'd, the diſtant bleatings of the hills,
And hollow lows reſponſive from the vales,
Whence blending all the ſweeten'd zephyr ſprings.
Mean time refracted from yon eaſtern cloud,

Be-

Beſtriding earth, the grand ethereal bow
Shoots up immenſe; and every hue unfolds,
In fair proportion running from the red,
To where the violet fades into the ſky.
Here, aweful Newton, the diſſolving clouds
Form, fronting on the ſun, thy ſhowery priſm;
And to the ſage-inſtructed eye unfold
The various twine of light, by thee diſclos'd
From the white mingling maze. Not ſo the boy;
He wondering views the bright enchantment bend,
Delightful, o'er the radiant fields, and runs
To catch the falling glory; but amaz'd
Beholds th' amuſive arch before him fly,
Then vaniſh quite away. Still night ſucceeds,
A ſoften'd ſhade, and ſaturated earth
Awaits the morning-beam, to give to light,
Rais'd through ten thouſand different plaſtick tubes,
The balmy treaſures of the former day.

Then ſpring the living herbs, profuſely wild,
O'er all the deep-green earth, beyond the power
Of botaniſts to number up their tribes:
Whether he ſteals along the lonely dale,
In ſilent ſearch; or through the foreſt, rank
With what the dull incurious weeds account,
Burſts his blind way; or climbs the mountain rock,
Fir'd by the nodding verdure of its brow.
With ſuch a liberal hand has Nature ſtung
Their ſeeds abroad, blown them about in winds,
Innumerous mix'd them with the nurſing mold,
The moiſtening current, and prolific rain.

But

But who their virtues can declare? who pierce,
With viſion pure, into theſe ſecret ſtores,
Of health, and life, and joy? The food of man,
While yet he liv'd in innocence, and told
A length of golden years; unfleſh'd in blood,
A ſtranger to the ſavage arts of life,
Death, rapine, carnage, ſurfeit, and diſeaſe;
The lord, and not the tyrant, of the world.
The firſt freſh dawn then wak'd the gladden'd race
Of uncorrupted man, nor bluſh'd to ſee
The ſluggard ſleep beneath its ſacred beam:
For their light ſlumbers gently ſum'd away;
And up they roſe as vigorous as the ſun,
Or to the culture of the willing glebe,
Or to the chearful tendance of the flock.
Meantime the ſong went round; and dance and ſport,
Wiſdom and friendly talk, ſucceſſive, ſtole
Their hours away; while in the roſy vale
Love breath'd his infant ſighs, from anguiſh free,
And full replete with bliſs; ſave the ſweet pain,
That, inly thrilling, but exalts it more.
Nor yet injurious act, nor ſurly deed,
Was known among thoſe happy ſons of Heaven;
For reaſon and benevolence were law.
Harmonious Nature too look'd ſmiling on.
Clear ſhone the ſkies, cool'd with eternal gales,
And balmy ſpirit all. The youthful ſun
Shot his beſt rays, and ſtill the gracious clouds
Drop'd fatneſs down; as o'er the ſwelling mead,
The herds and flocks, commixing, play'd ſecure.

This

This when, emergent from the gloomy wood,
The glaring lion saw, his horrid heart
Was meeken'd, and he join'd his sullen joy.
For music held the whole in perfect peace:
Soft sigh'd the flute; the tender voice was heard,
Warbling the varied heart; the woodlands round
Apply'd their quire; and winds and waters flow'd
In consonance. Such were those prime of days.
But now those white unblemish'd manners, whence
The fabling poets took their golden age,
Are found no more amid these iron times,
These dregs of life! Now the distemper'd mind
Has lost that concord of harmonious powers,
Which forms the soul of happiness; and all
Is off the poise within: the passions all
Have burst their bounds; and reason, half extinct,
Or impotent, or else approving, sees
The foul disorder. Senseless, and deform'd,
Convulsive anger storms at large; or pale,
And silent, settles into fell revenge.
Base envy withers at another's joy,
And hates that excellence it cannot reach.
Desponding fear, of feeble fancies full,
Weak and unmanly, loosens every power.
Ev'n love itself is bitterness of soul,
A pensive anguish pining at the heart;
Or, sunk to sordid interest, feels no more
That noble wish, that never-cloy'd desire,
Which, selfish joy disdaining, seeks alone
To bless the dearer object of its flame.

Hope

Hope ſickens with extravagance; and grief,
Of life impatient, into madneſs ſwells;
Or in dead ſilence waſtes the weeping hours.
Theſe, and a thouſand mixt emotions more,
From ever-changing views of good and ill,
Form'd infinitely various, vex the mind
With endleſs ſtorm: whence, deeply rankling, grows
The partial thought, a liſtleſs unconcern,
Cold, and averting from our neighbour's good;
Then dark diſguſt, and hatred, winding wiles,
Coward deceit, and ruffian violence;
At laſt, extinct each ſocial feeling, fell
And joyleſs inhumanity pervades
And petrifies the heart. Nature diſturb'd
Is deem'd, vindictive, to have chang'd her courſe.
Hence, in old duſky time, a deluge came:
When the deep-cleft diſparting orb, that arch'd
The central waters round, impetuous ruſh'd,
With univerſal burſt, into the gulph,
And o'er the high-pil'd hills of fractur'd earth
Wide daſh'd the waves, in undulation vaſt;
Till, from the center to the ſtreaming clouds,
A ſhoreleſs ocean tumbled round the globe.
The Seaſons ſince have, with ſeverer ſway,
Oppreſs'd a broken world: the Winter keen
Shook forth his waſte of ſnows; and Summer ſhot
His peſtilential heats. Great Spring, before,
Green'd all the year; and fruits and bloſſoms bluſh'd,
In ſocial ſweetneſs, on the ſelf-ſame bough.
Pure was the temperate air; and even calm

Per-

Perpetual reign'd, ſave what the zephyrs bland
Breath'd o'er the blue expanſe: for then nor ſtorms
Were taught to blow, nor hurricanes to rage;
Sound ſlept the waters; no ſulphureous glooms
Swell'd in the ſky, and ſent the lightning forth;
While ſickly damps, and cold autumnal fogs,
Hung not, relaxing, on the ſprings of life.
But now, of turbid elements the ſport,
From clear to cloudy toſt, from hot to cold,
And dry to moiſt, with inward-eating change,
Our drooping days are dwindled down to nought,
Their period finiſh'd ere 'tis well begun.
And yet the wholeſome herb neglected dies;
Though with the pure exhilarating ſoul
Of nutriment and health, and vital powers,
Beyond the ſearch of art, 'tis copious bleſt.
For, with hot ravine fir'd, enſanguin'd man
Is now become the lion of the plain,
And worſe. The wolf, who from the nightly fold
Fierce drags the bleating prey, ne'er drunk her milk,
Nor wore her warming fleece: nor has the ſteer,
At whoſe ſtrong cheſt the deadly tiger hangs,
E'er plough'd for him. They too are temper'd high,
With hunger ſtung and wild neceſſity,
Nor lodges pity in their ſhaggy breaſt.
But Man, whom Nature form'd of milder clay,
With every kind emotion in his heart,
And taught alone to weep; while from her lap
She pours ten thouſand delicacies, herbs,
And fruits, as numerous as the drops of rain

Or beams that gave them birth: ſhall he, fair form!
Who wears ſweet ſmiles, and looks erect on Heaven,
E'er ſtoop to mingle with the prowling herd,
And dip his tongue in gore? The beaſt of prey,
Blood-ſtain'd, deſerves to bleed: but you, ye flocks,
What have ye done; ye peaceful people, what,
To merit death? you, who have given us milk
In luſcious ſtreams, and lent us your own coat
Againſt the winter's cold? And the plain ox,
That harmleſs, honeſt, guileleſs animal,
In what has he offended? he, whoſe toil,
Patient and ever ready, clothes the land
With all the pomp of harveſt: ſhall he bleed,
And ſtruggling groan beneath the cruel hands,
Ev'n of the clown he feeds? and that, perhaps,
To ſwell the riot of th' autumnal feaſt,
Won by his labour? Thus the feeling heart
Would tenderly ſuggeſt: but 'tis enough,
In this late age, adventurous, to have touch'd
Light on the numbers of the Samian ſage.
High Heaven forbids the bold preſumptuous ſtrain,
Whoſe wiſeſt will has fix'd us in a ſtate
That muſt not yet to pure perfection riſe.

Now when the firſt foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whitening, down their moſſy-tinctur'd ſtream
Deſcends the billowy foam: now is the time,
While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-diſſembled fly,
The rod fine-tapering with elaſtic ſpring,

Snatch'd from the hoary ſteed the floating line,
And all thy ſlender wat'ry ſtores prepare.
But let not on thy hook the tortur'd worm,
Convulſive, twiſt in agonizing folds;
Which, by rapacious hunger ſwallow'd deep,
Gives, as you tear it from the bleeding breaſt
Of the weak helpleſs uncomplaining wretch,
Harſh pain, and horror to the tender hand.

When with his lively ray the potent ſun
Has pierc'd the ſtreams, and rous'd the finny race,
Then iſſuing chearful, to thy ſport repair;
Chief ſhould the weſtern breezes curling play,
And light o'er æther bear the ſhadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, purſue their rocky-channel'd maze,
Down to the river, in whoſe ample wave
Their little Naiads love to ſport at large.
Juſt in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling ſtream, or where it boils
Around the ſtone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted plays in undulating flow,
There throw, nice-judging, the deluſive fly;
And as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the ſpringing game.
Strait as above the ſurface of the flood
They wanton riſe, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix, with gentle twitch, the barbed hook:
Some lightly toſſing to the graſſy bank,
And to the ſhelving ſhore, ſlow-dragging ſome,

With

With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and eaſily deceiv'd,
A worthleſs prey ſcarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth and the ſhort ſpace
He has enjoy'd the vital light of Heaven,
Soft diſengage, and back into the ſtream
The ſpeckled captive throw. But ſhould you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots
Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your fineſt art.
Long time he, following cautious, ſcans the fly;
And oft attempts to ſeize it, but as oft
The dimpled water ſpeaks his jealous fear.
At laſt, while haply o'er the ſhaded ſun
Paſſes a cloud, he deſperate takes the death,
With ſullen plunge. At once he darts along,
Deep-ſtruck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line:
Then ſeeks the fartheſt ooze, the ſheltering weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old ſecure abode;
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him ſtill, yet to his furious courſe,
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now,
Acroſs the ſtream, exhauſt his idle rage:
Till floating broad upon his breathleſs ſide,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the ſhore
You gaily drag your unreſiſting prize.

Thus paſs the temperate hours: but when the ſun
Shakes from his noon-day throne the ſcattering clouds,
Ev'n ſhooting liſtleſs languor through the deeps;

Then ſeek the bank where flowering elders crowd,
Where ſcatter'd wild the lily of the vale
Its balmy eſſence breathes, where cowſlips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the ſhade:
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon ſpreading aſh,
Hung o'er the ſteep; whence, borne on liquid wing,
The ſounding culver ſhoots; or where the hawk,
High, in the beetling cliff, his aëry builds.
There let the claſſic page thy fancy lead
Through rural ſcenes; ſuch as the Mantuan ſwain
Paints in the matchleſs harmony of ſong.
Or catch thyſelf the landſkip, gliding ſwift
Athwart imagination's vivid eye:
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And loſt in lonely muſing, in the dream,
Confus'd, of careleſs ſolitude, where mix
Ten thouſand wandering images of things,
Soothe every guſt of paſſion into peace;
All but the ſwellings of the ſoften'd heart,
That waken, not diſturb, the tranquil mind.
Behold yon breathing proſpect bids the Muſe
Throw all her beauty forth. But who can paint
Like Nature? Can imagination boaſt,
Amid its gay creation, hues like hers?
Or can it mix them with that matchleſs ſkill,
And loſe them in each other, as appears
In every bud that blows? If fancy then
Unequal fails beneath the pleaſing taſk,
Ah, what ſhall language do? ah, where find words

Ting'd

Ting'd with so many colours; and whose power,
To life approaching, may perfume my lays
With that fine oil, those aromatic gales
That inexhaustive flow continual round?
Yet, though successless, will the toil delight.
Come then, ye virgins and ye youths, whose hearts
Have felt the raptures of refining love;
And thou, Amanda, come, pride of my song!
Form'd by the Graces, loveliness itself!
Come with those downcast eyes, sedate and sweet,
Those looks demure, that deeply pierce the soul,
Where, with the light of thoughtful reason mix'd,
Shines lively fancy and the feeling heart:
O come! and while the rosy-footed May
Steals blushing on, together let us tread
The morning dews, and gather in their prime
Fresh-blooming flowers, to grace thy braided hair,
And thy lov'd bosom that improves their sweets.
See where the winding vale its lavish stores,
Irriguous, spreads. See, how the lily drinks
The latent rill, scarce oozing through the grass,
Of growth luxuriant; or the humid bank,
In fair profusion, decks. Long let us walk,
Where the breeze blows from yon extended field
Of blossom'd beans. Arabia cannot boast
A fuller gale of joy, than, liberal, thence
Breathes through the sense, and takes the ravish'd soul.
Nor is the mead unworthy of thy foot,
Full of fresh verdure, and unnumber'd flowers,
The negligence of Nature, wide, and wild;

Where, undiſguis'd by mimic Art, ſhe ſpreads
Unbounded beauty to the roving eye.
Here their delicious taſk the fervent bees,
In ſwarming millions, tend: around, athwart,
Through the ſoft air, the buſy nations fly,
Cling to the bud, and, with inſerted tube,
Suck its pure eſſence, its ethereal ſoul;
And oft, with bolder wing, they ſoaring dare
The purple heath, or where the wild thyme grows,
And yellow load them with the luſcious ſpoil.
At length the finiſh'd garden to the view
Its viſtas opens, and its alleys green.
Snatch'd through the verdant maze, the hurried eye
Diſtracted wanders; now the bowery walk
Of covert cloſe, where ſcarce a ſpeck of day
Falls on the lengthen'd gloom, protracted ſweeps:
Now meets the bending ſky; the river now
Dimpled along, the breezy ruffled lake,
The foreſt darkening round, the glittering ſpire,
Th' ethereal mountain, and the diſtant main.
But why ſo far excurſive? when at hand,
Along theſe bluſhing borders, bright with dew,
And in yon mingled wilderneſs of flowers,
Fair-handed Spring unboſoms every grace;
Throws out the ſnow-drop, and the crocus firſt;
The daiſy, primroſe, violet darkly blue,
And polyanthus of unnumber'd dyes;
The yellow wall-flower, ſtain'd with iron-brown;
And laviſh ſtock that ſcents the garden round:
From the ſoft wing of vernal breezes ſhed,

Ane-

Anemonies; auriculas, enrich'd
With ſhining meal o'er all their velvet leaves;
And full ranunculas of glowing red.
Then comes the tulip-race, where Beauty plays
Her idle freaks; from family diffus'd
To family, as flies the father-duſt,
The varied colours run; and, while they *break*
On the charm'd eye, th' exulting floriſt marks,
With ſecret pride, the wonders of his hand.
No gradual bloom is wanting; from the bud,
Firſt-born of Spring, to Summer's muſky tribes:
Nor hyacinths, of pureſt virgin white,
Low-bent, and bluſhing inward; nor jonquils,
Of potent fragrance; nor Narciſſus fair,
As o'er the fabled fountain hanging ſtill;
Nor broad carnations, nor gay-ſpotted pinks;
Nor, ſhower'd from every buſh, the damaſk-roſe.
Infinite numbers, delicacies, ſmells,
With hues on hues expreſſion cannot paint,
The breath of Nature, and her endleſs bloom.
Hail, Source of Being! Univerſal Soul
Of heaven and earth! Eſſential Preſence, hail!
To Thee I bend the knee; to Thee my thoughts,
Continual, climb; who, with a maſter-hand,
Haſt the great whole into perfection touch'd.
By Thee the various vegetative tribes,
Wrapt in a filmy net, and clad with leaves,
Draw the live ether, and imbibe the dew:
By Thee diſpos'd into congenial ſoils,
Stands each attractive plant, and ſucks, and ſwells

The juicy tide; a twining mass of tubes.
At Thy command the vernal sun awakes
The torpid sap, detruded to the root
By wintery winds; that now in fluent dance,
And lively fermentation, mounting, spreads
All this innumerous-colour'd scene of things.
As rising from the vegetable world
My theme ascends, with equal wing ascend,
My panting Muse; and hark, how loud the woods
Invite you forth in all your gayest trim.
Lend me your song, ye nightingales! oh! pour
The mazy-running soul of melody
Into my varied verse! while I deduce,
From the first note the hollow cuckoo sings,
The symphony of Spring, and touch a theme
Unknown to fame, *the Passion of the groves.*
When first the soul of love is sent abroad,
Warm through the vital air, and on the heart
Harmonious seizes, the gay troops begin,
In gallant thought to plume the painted wing;
And try again the long-forgotten strain,
At first faint-warbled. But no sooner grows
The soft infusion prevalent and wide,
Than, all alive, at once their joy o'erflows
In music unconfin'd. Up-springs the lark,
Shrill-voic'd, and loud, the messenger of morn;
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
Amid the dawning clouds, and from their haunts
Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush

Bending

Bending with dewy moiſture, o'er the heads
Of the coy quiriſters that lodge within,
Are prodigal of harmony. The thruſh
And wood-lark, o'er the kind-contending throng
Superior heard, run through the ſweeteſt length
Of notes; when liſtening Philomela deigns
To let them joy, and purpoſes, in thought
Elate, to make her night excel their day.
The black-bird whiſtles from the thorny brake;
The mellow bullfinch anſwers from the grove:
Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
Pour'd out profuſely, ſilent. Join'd to theſe
Innumerous ſongſters, in the freſhening ſhade
Of new-ſprung leaves, their modulations mix
Melliſluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
And each harſh pipe, diſcordant heard alone,
Aid the full concert: while the ſtock-dove breathes
A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'Tis love creates their melody, and all
This waſte of muſic is the voice of love;
That ev'n to birds, and beaſts, the tender arts
Of pleaſing teaches. Hence the gloſſy kind
Try every winning way inventive love
Can dictate, and in courtſhip to their mates
Pour forth their little ſouls. Firſt, wide around,
With diſtant awe, in airy rings they rove,
Endeavouring by a thouſand tricks to catch
The cunning, conſcious, half-averted glance
Of their regardleſs charmer. Should ſhe ſeem
Softening the leaſt approvance to beſtow,

Their colours burnish, and, by hope inspir'd,
They brisk advance; then, on a sudden struck,
Retire disorder'd; then again approach;
In fond rotation spread the spotted wing,
And shiver every feather with desire.

Connubial leagues agreed, to the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That Nature's *great command* may be obey'd:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulg'd in vain. Some to the holly-hedge
Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring: the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests.
Others apart far in the grassy dale,
Or roughening waste, their humble texture weave.
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms, or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the live-long day,
When by kind duty fix'd. Among the roots
Of hazel, pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes;
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumber'd wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house

Intent,

Intent. And often, from the careleſs back
Of herds and flocks a thouſand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobſerv'd,
Steal from the barn a ſtraw: till ſoft and warm,
Clean, and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam aſſiduous ſits,
Not to be tempted from her tender taſk,
Or by ſharp hunger, or by ſmooth delight,
Though the whole looſen'd Spring around her blows.
Her ſympathizing lover takes his ſtand
High on th' opponent bank, and ceaſeleſs ſings
The tedious time away; or elſe ſupplies
Her place a moment, while ſhe ſudden flits
To pick the ſcanty meal. Th' appointed time
With pious toil fulfil'd, the callow young,
Warm'd and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light,
A helpleſs family, demanding food
With conſtant clamour: O what paſſions then,
What melting ſentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents ſeize! Away they fly
Affectionate, and undeſiring bear
The moſt delicious morſel to their young;
Which equally diſtributed, again
The ſearch begins. Ev'n ſo a gentle pair,
By fortune ſunk, but form'd of generous mold,
And charm'd with cares beyond the vulgar breaſt,
In ſome lone cot amid the diſtant woods,
Suſtain'd alone by providential Heaven,
Oft, as they weeping eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

Nor

Nor toil alone they scorn: exalting love,
By the great Father of the Spring inspir'd,
Gives instant courage to the *fearful* race,
And to the *simple* art. With stealthy wing,
Should some rude foot their woody haunts molest,
Amid a neighbouring bush they silent drop,
And whirring thence, as if alarm'd, deceive
Th' unfeeling school-boy. Hence, around the head
Of wandering swain, the white-wing'd plover wheels
Her sounding flight, and then directly on
In long excursion skims the level lawn,
To tempt him from her nest. The wild-duck, hence,
O'er the rough moss, and o'er the trackless waste
The heath-hen flutters, pious fraud! to lead
The hot pursuing spaniel far astray.

Be not the muse asham'd, here to bemoan
Her brothers of the grove, by tyrant man
Inhuman caught, and in the narrow cage
From liberty confin'd, and boundless air.
Dull are the pretty slaves, their plumage dull,
Ragged, and all its brightening lustre lost;
Nor is that sprightly wildness in their notes,
Which, clear and vigorous, warbles from the beech.
O then, ye friends of love and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes, this barbarous art forbear;
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade.

But let not chief the nightingale lament
Her ruin'd care, too delicately fram'd
To brook the harsh confinement of the cage.

Oft

Oft when, returning with her loaded bill,
Th' aſtoniſh'd mother finds a vacant neſt,
By the hard hand of unrelenting clowns
Robb'd, to the ground the vain proviſion falls;
Her pinions ruffle, and, low-drooping, ſcarce
Can bear the mourner to the poplar ſhade;
Where, all abandon'd to deſpair, ſhe ſings
Her ſorrows through the night; and, on the bough,
Sole-ſitting, ſtill at every dying fall
Takes up again her lamentable ſtrain
Of winding woe; till, wide around, the woods
Sigh to her ſong, and with her wail reſound.

But now the feather'd youth their former bounds,
Ardent, diſdain; and, weighing oft their wings,
Demand the free poſſeſſion of the ſky:
This one glad office more, and then diſſolves
Parental love at once, now needleſs grown.
Unlaviſh'd Wiſdom never works in vain.
'Tis on ſome evening, ſunny, grateful, mild,
When nought but balm is breathing through the woods,
With yellow luſtre bright, that the new tribes
Viſit the ſpacious heavens, and look abroad
On nature's common far as they can ſee,
Or wing, their range and paſture. O'er the boughs
Dancing about, ſtill at the giddy verge
Their reſolution fails; their pinions ſtill,
In looſe libration ſtretch'd, to truſt the void
Trembling refuſe: till down before them fly
The parent-guides, and chide, exhort, command,
Or puſh them off. The ſurging air receives

Its

Its plumy burden; and their self-taught wings
Winnow the waving element. On ground
Alighted, bolder up again they lead,
Farther and farther on, the lengthening flight;
Till, vanish'd every fear, and every power
Rous'd into life and action, light in air
Th' acquitted parents see their soaring race,
And once rejoicing never know them more.
High from the summit of a craggy cliff,
Hung o'er the deep, such as amazing frowns
On utmost *Kilda's shore, whose lonely race
Resign the setting sun to Indian worlds,
The royal eagle draws his vigorous young,
Strong-pounc'd, and ardent with paternal fire.
Now fit to raise a kingdom of their own,
He drives them from his fort, the towering seat,
For ages of his empire; which, in peace,
Unstain'd he holds, while many a league to sea
He wings his course, and preys in distant isles.
Should I my steps turn to the rural seat,
Whose lofty elms, and venerable oaks,
Invite the rook, who high amid the boughs,
In early Spring, his airy city builds,
And ceaseless caws amusive; there, well-pleas'd,
I might the various polity survey
Of the mixt houshold kind. The careful hen
Calls all her chirping family around,
Fed and defended by the fearless cock;
Whose breast with ardour flames, as on he walks,

* The farthest of the western islands of Scotland.

Grace-

Graceful and crows defiance. In the pond,
The finely-checker'd duck, before her train,
Rows garrulous. The ſtately-ſailing ſwan
Gives out his ſnowy plumage to the gale;
And, arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his oſier-iſle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud threatening reddens; while the peacock ſpreads
His every-colour'd glory to the ſun,
And ſwims in radiant majeſty along.
O'er the whole homely ſcene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.
While thus the gentle tenants of the ſhade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, ruſh furious into flame,
And fierce deſire. Through all his luſty veins
The bull, deep-ſcorch'd, the raging paſſion feels.
Of paſture ſick, and negligent of food,
Scarce ſeen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample ſide the rambling ſprays
Luxuriant ſhoot; or through the mazy wood
Dejected wanders, nor th' inticing bud
Crops, though it preſſes on his careleſs ſenſe.
And oft, in jealous maddening fancy wrapt,
He ſeeks the fight; and, idly-butting, feigns
His rival gor'd in every knotty trunk.
Him ſhould he meet, the bellowing war begins:
Their eyes flath fury; to the hollow'd earth,
Whence the ſand flies, they mutter bloody deeds,

And, groaning deep, th' impetuous battle mix:
While the fair heifer, balmy breathing, near,
Stands kindling up their rage. The trembling steed,
With this hot impulse seiz'd in every nerve,
Nor heeds the rein, nor hears the sounding thong;
Blows are not felt; but, tossing high his head,
And by the well-known joy to distant plains
Attracted strong, all wild he bursts away;
O'er rocks, and woods, and craggy mountains flies:
And, neighing, on th' aërial summit takes
Th' exciting gale; then, steep-descending, cleaves
The headlong torrents foaming down the hills,
Ev'n where the madness of the straiten'd stream
Turns in black eddies round; such is the force
With which his frantic heart and sinews swell.
  Nor undelighted by the boundless Spring
Are the broad monsters of the foaming deep:
From the deep ooze and gelid cavern rous'd,
They flounce and tumble in unwieldly joy.
Dire were the strain, and dissonant, to sing
The cruel raptures of the savage kind:
How by this flame their native wrath sublim'd,
They roam, amid the fury of their heart,
The far-resounding waste in fiercer bands,
And growl their horrid loves. But this the theme
I sing, enraptur'd, to the British Fair,
Forbids, and leads me to the mountain-brow,
Where sits the shepherd on the grassy turf,
Inhaling, healthful, the descending sun.
Around him feeds his many-bleating flock,

Of

Of various cadence; and his ſportive lambs,
This way and that convoſ'd, in friſkful glee,
Their frolicks play. And now the ſprightly race
Invites them forth; when ſwift, the ſignal given,
They ſtart away, and ſweep the maſſy mound
That runs around the hill; the rampart once
Of iron war, in ancient barbarous times,
When diſunited Britain ever bled,
Loſt in eternal broil: ere yet ſhe grew
To this deep-laid indiſſoluble ſtate,
Where Wealth and Commerce lift their golden heads;
And o'er our labours, Liberty and Law,
Impartial, watch; the wonder of a world!
What is this *mighty Breath*, ye ſages, ſay,
That, in a powerful language, felt, not heard,
Inſtructs the fowls of heaven; and through their breaſt
Theſe arts of love diffuſes? What, but God?
Inſpiring God! who, boundleſs Spirit all,
And unremitting Energy, pervades,
Adjuſts, ſuſtains, and agitates the whole.
He ceaſeleſs works *alone*; and yet *alone*
Seems not to work: with ſuch perfection fram'd
Is this complex ſtupendous ſcheme of things.
But, though conceal'd, to every purer eye
Th' informing Author in his works appears:
Chief, lovely Spring, in thee, and thy ſoft ſcenes,
The Smiling God is ſeen; while water, earth,
And air, atteſt his bounty; which exalts
The brute creation to this finer thought,
And annual melts their undeſigning hearts
Profuſely thus in tenderneſs and joy.

Still let my ſong a nobler note aſſume,
And ſing th' infuſive force of Spring on Man;
When heaven and earth, as if contending, vye
To raiſe his being, and ſerene his ſoul.
Can he forbear to join the general ſmile
Of Nature? Can fierce paſſions vex his breaſt,
While every gale is peace, and every grove
Is melody? Hence! from the bounteous walks
Of flowing Spring, ye ſordid ſons of earth,
Hard, and unfeeling of another's woe!
Or only laviſh to yourſelves; away!
But come, ye generous minds, in whoſe wide thought,
Of all his works, creative Bounty burns
With warmeſt beam; and on your open front
And liberal eye, ſits, from his dark retreat
Inviting modeſt Want. Nor, till invok'd
Can reſtleſs goodneſs wait: your active ſearch
Leaves no cold wintery corner unexplor'd;
Like ſilent-working Heaven, ſurprizing oft
The lonely heart with unexpected good.
For you the roving ſpirit of the wind
Blows Spring abroad; for you the teeming clouds
Deſcend in gladſome plenty o'er the world;
And the ſun ſheds his kindeſt rays for you,
Ye flower of human race! In theſe green days,
Reviving ſickneſs lifts her languid head:
Life flows afreſh; and young-ey'd Health exalts
The whole creation round. Contentment walks
The ſunny glade, and feels an inward bliſs
Spring o'er his mind, beyond the power of kings

To

To purchaſe. Pure ſerenity apace
Induces thought, and contemplation ſtill.
By ſwift degrees the love of Nature works,
And warms the boſom; till at laſt ſublim'd
To rapture, and enthuſiaſtic heat,
We feel the preſent Deity, and taſte
The joy of God to ſee a happy world!
  Theſe are the ſacred feelings of thy heart,
Thy heart inform'd by reaſon's purer ray,
O Lyttleton the friend! thy paſſions thus
And meditations vary, as at large,
Courting the Muſe, through Hagley Park thou ſtray'ſt;
Thy Britiſh Temple! There along the dale,
With woods o'er-hung, and ſhagg'd with moſſy rocks,
Whence on each hand the guſhing waters play,
And down the rough caſcade white-daſhing fall,
Or gleam in lengthen'd viſta through the trees,
You ſilent ſteal; or ſit beneath the ſhade
Of ſolemn oaks, that tuft the ſwelling mounts
Thrown graceful round by Nature's careleſs hand,
And penſive liſten to the various voice
Of rural peace: the herds, the flocks, the birds,
The hollow-whiſpering breeze, the plaint of rills,
That, purling down amid the twiſted roots
Which creep around, their dewy murmurs ſhake
On the ſooth'd ear. From theſe abſtracted oft,
You wander through the philoſophic world;
Where in bright train continual wonders riſe,
Or to the curious or the pious eye.

And oft, conducted by hiſtoric truth,
You tread the long extent of backward time:
Planning, with warm benevolence of mind,
And honeſt zeal unwarp'd by party-rage,
Britannia's weal; how from the venal gulf
To raiſe her virtue, and her arts revive.
Or, turning thence thy view, theſe graver thoughts
The Muſes charm: while, with ſure taſte refin'd,
You draw th' inſpiring breath of ancient ſong;
Till nobly riſes, emulous, thy own.
Perhaps thy lov'd Lucinda ſhares thy walk,
With ſoul to thine, attun'd. Then Nature all
Wears to the lover's eye a look of love;
And all the tumult of a guilty world,
Toſt by ungenerous paſſions, ſinks away.
The tender heart is animated peace;
And as it pours its copious treaſures forth,
In varied converſe, ſoftening every theme,
You, frequent pauſing, turn, and from her eyes,
Where meeken'd ſenſe, and amiable grace,
And lively ſweetneſs dwell, enraptur'd, drink
That nameleſs ſpirit of ethereal joy,
Unutterable happineſs! which love,
Alone, beſtows, and on a *favour'd few*.
Meantime you gain the height, from whoſe fair brow
The burſting proſpect ſpreads immenſe around:
And ſnatch'd o'er hill and dale, and wood and lawn,
And verdant field, and darkening heath between,
And villages emboſom'd ſoft in trees,
And ſpiry towns by ſurging columns mark'd

Of

Of houſhold ſmoke, your eye excurſive roams:
Wide-ſtretching from the Hall, in whoſe kind haunt
The Hoſpitable Genius lingers ſtill,
To where the broken landſkip, by degrees,
Aſcending, roughens into rigid hills;
O'er which the Cambrian mountains, like far clouds
That ſkirt the blue horizon, duſky riſe.
Fluſh'd by the ſpirit of the genial year,
Now from the virgin's cheek a freſher bloom
Shoots, leſs and leſs, the live carnation round;
Her lips bluſh deeper ſweets; ſhe breathes of youth;
The ſhining moiſture ſwells into her eyes,
In brighter flow; her wiſhing boſom heaves,
With palpitations wild; kind tumults ſeize
Her veins, and all her yielding ſoul is love.
From the keen gaze her lover turns away,
Full of the dear extatic power, and ſick
With ſighing languiſhment. Ah then, ye fair!
Be greatly cautious of your ſliding hearts:
Dare not th' infectious ſigh; the pleading look,
Downcaſt, and low, in meek ſubmiſſion dreſt,
But full of guile. Let not the fervent tongue,
Prompt to deceive, with adulation ſmooth,
Gain on your purpos'd will. Nor in the bower,
Where woodbines flaunt, and roſes ſhed a couch,
While Evening draws her crimſon curtains round,
Truſt your ſoft minutes with betraying Man.
And let th' aſpiring youth beware of love,
Of the ſmooth glance beware; for 'tis too late,
When on his heart the torrent-ſoftneſs pours.

Then wiſdom proſtrate lies, and fading fame
Diſſolves in air away; while the fond ſoul,
Wrapt in gay viſions of unreal bliſs,
Still paints th' illuſive form; the kindling grace;
Th' inticing ſmile; the modeſt-ſeeming eye,
Beneath whoſe beauteous beams, belying heaven,
Lurk ſearchleſs cunning, cruelty, and death:
And ſtill falſe-warbling in his cheated ear,
Her Syren voice, enchanting, draws him on
To guileful ſhores, and meads of fatal joy.
Ev'n preſent, in the very lap of love
Inglorious laid; while muſic flows around,
Perfumes and oils, and wine, and wanton hours;
Amid the roſes fierce Repentance rears
Her ſhaky creſt: a quick returning pang
Shoots through the conſcious heart; where honour ſtill,
And great deſign, againſt the oppreſſive load
Of luxury, by fits, impatient heave.
But abſent, what fantaſtic woes arous'd,
Rage in each thought, by reſtleſs muſing fed,
Chill the warm cheek, and blaſt the bloom of life?
Neglected fortune flies; and ſliding ſwift,
Prone into ruin, fall his ſcorn'd affairs.
'Tis nought but gloom around: the darken'd ſun
Loſes his light. The roſy-boſom'd Spring
To weeping Fancy pines; and yon bright arch,
Contracted, bends into a duſky vault.
All Nature fades extinct; and ſhe alone
Heard, felt, and ſeen, poſſeſſes every thought,
Fills every ſenſe, and pants in every vein.

Books are but formal dulneſs, tedious friends;
And ſad amid the ſocial band he ſits,
Lonely, and unattentive. From his tongue
Th' unfiniſh'd period falls: while, borne away
On ſwelling thought, his wafted ſpirit flies
To the vain boſom of his diſtant fair;
And leaves the ſemblance of a lover, fix'd
In melancholy ſite, with head declin'd,
And love-dejected eyes. Sudden he ſtarts,
Shook from his tender trance, and reſtleſs runs
To glimmering ſhades, and ſympathetic glooms;
Where the dun umbrage o'er the falling ſtream,
Romantic, hangs; there through the penſive duſk
Strays, in heart-thrilling meditation loſt,
Indulging all to love: or on the bank
Thrown, amid drooping lilies, ſwells the breeze
With ſighs unceaſing, and the brook with tears.
Thus in ſoft anguiſh he conſumes the day,
Nor quits his deep retirement, till the moon
Peeps through the chambers of the fleecy eaſt,
Enlighten'd by degrees, and in her train
Leads on the gentle hours; then forth he walks,
Beneath the trembling languiſh of her beam,
With ſoften'd ſoul, and wooes the bird of eve
To mingle woes with his: or while the world
And all the ſons of Care lie huſh'd in ſleep,
Aſſociates with the midnight ſhadows drear;
And, ſighing to the lonely taper, pours
His idly-tortur'd heart into the page,
Meant for the moving meſſenger of love;

Where rapture burns on rapture, every line
With riſing frenzy fir'd. But if on bed
Delirious flung, ſleep from his pillow flies,
All night he toſſes, nor the balmy power
In any poſture finds; till the grey morn
Lifts her pale luſtre on the paler wretch,
Exanimate by love: and then perhaps
Exhauſted Nature ſinks a while to reſt,
Still interrupted by diſtracted dreams,
That o'er the ſick imagination riſe,
And in black colours paint the mimic ſcene.
Oft with th' enchantreſs of his ſoul he talks;
Sometimes in crowds diſtreſs'd; or if retir'd
To ſecret winding flower-enwoven bowers,
Far from the dull impertinence of Man,
Juſt as he, credulous, his endleſs cares
Begins to loſe in blind oblivious love,
Snatch'd from her yielded hand, he knows not how,
Through foreſts huge, and long untravel'd heaths
With deſolation brown, he wanders waſte,
In night and tempeſt wrapt; or ſhrinks aghaſt,
Back, from the bending precipice; or wades
The turbid ſtream below, and ſtrives to reach
The farther ſhore; where ſuccourleſs, and ſad,
She with extended arms his aid implores;
But ſtrives in vain: borne by th' outrageous flood
To diſtance down, he rides the ridgy wave,
Or whelm'd beneath the boiling eddy ſinks.
  Theſe are the charming agonies of love,
Whoſe miſery delights. But through the heart

Should

Should jealousy its venom once diffuse,
'Tis then delightful misery no more,
But agony unmix'd, incessant gall,
Corroding every thought, and blasting all
Love's paradise. Ye fairy prospects, then,
Ye beds of roses, and ye bowers of joy,
Farewel! Ye gleamings of departed peace,
Shine out your last! The yellow-tinging plague
Internal vision taints, and in a night
Of livid gloom imagination wraps.
Ah, then! instead of love-enliven'd cheeks,
Of sunny features, and of ardent eyes
With flowing rapture bright, dark looks succeed,
Suffus'd and glaring with untender fire;
A clouded aspect, and a burning cheek,
Where the whole poison'd soul, malignant, sits,
And frightens love away. Ten thousand fears
Invented wild, ten thousand frantic views
Of horrid rivals, hanging on the charms
For which he melts in fondness, eat him up
With fervent anguish, and consuming rage.
In vain reproaches lend their idle aid,
Deceitful pride, and resolution frail,
Giving false peace a moment. Fancy pours,
Afresh, her beauties on his busy thought,
Her first endearments twining round the soul,
With all the witchcraft of ensnaring love.
Straight the fierce storm involves his mind anew,
Flames through the nerves, and boils along the veins;
While anxious doubt distracts the tortur'd heart:

For

For ev'n the ſad aſſurance of his fears
Were eaſe to what he feels. Thus the warm youth,
Whom love deludes into his thorny wilds,
Through flowery-tempting paths, or leads a life
Of fever'd rapture, or of cruel care;
His brighteſt flames extinguiſh'd all, and all
His lively moments running down to waſte.
But happy they! the happieſt of their kind!
Whom gentler ſtarts unite, and in one fate
Their hearts, their fortunes, and their beings blend.
'Tis not the courſer tie of human laws,
Unnatural oft, and foreign to the mind,
That binds their peace, but harmony itſelf,
Attuning all their paſſions into love;
Where friendſhip full-exerts her ſofteſt power,
Perfect eſteem enliven'd by deſire
Ineffable, and ſympathy of ſoul;
Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundleſs confidence: for nought but love
Can anſwer love, and render bliſs ſecure.
Let him, ungenerous, who, alone intent
To bleſs himſelf, from ſordid parents buys
The loathing virgin, in eternal care,
Well-merited, conſume his nights and days:
Let barbarous nations, whoſe inhuman love
Is wild deſire, fierce as the ſuns they feel;
Let eaſtern tyrants, from the light of heaven
Seclude their boſom-ſlaves, meanly poſſeſs'd
Of a mere, lifeleſs, violated form:
While thoſe whom love cements in holy faith,

And equal tranſport, free as Nature live,
Diſdaining fear. What is the world to them,
Its pomp, its pleaſure, and its nonſenſe all!
Who in each other claſp whatever fair
High fancy forms, and laviſh hearts can wiſh;
Something than beauty dearer, ſhould they look
Or on the mind, or mind-illumin'd face;
Truth, goodneſs, honour, harmony, and love,
The richeſt bounty of indulgent Heaven.
Meantime a ſmiling offspring riſes round,
And mingles both their graces. By degrees,
The human bloſſom blows; and every day,
Soft as it rolls along, ſhews ſome new charm,
The father's luſtre, and the mother's bloom.
Then infant reaſon grows apace, and calls
For the kind hand of an aſſiduous care.
Delightful taſk! to rear the tender thought,
To teach the young idea how to ſhoot,
To pour the freſh inſtruction o'er the mind,
To breathe th' enlivening ſpirit, and to fix
The generous purpoſe in the glowing breaſt.
Oh, ſpeak the joy! ye, whom the ſudden tear
Surpriſes often, while you look around,
And nothing ſtrikes your eye but ſights of bliſs,
All various Nature preſſing on the heart:
An elegant ſufficiency, content,
Retirement, rural quiet, friendſhip, books,
Eaſe and alternate labour, uſeful life,
Progreſſive virtue, and approving Heaven.
Theſe are the matchleſs joys of virtuous love;

And

And thus their moments fly. The Seaſons thus,
As ceaſeleſs round a jarring world they roll,
Still find them happy; and conſenting Spring
Sheds her own roſy garland on their heads:
Till evening comes at laſt, ſerene and mild;
When, after the long vernal day of life,
Enamour'd more, as more remembrance ſwells
With many a proof of recollected love,
Together down they ſink in ſocial ſleep;
Together freed, their gentle ſpirits fly
To ſcenes where love and bliſs immortal reign.

SUMMER. 1727.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Invocation. Addreſs to Mr. Doddington. An introductory reflection on the motion of the heavenly bodies; whence the ſucceſſion of the ſeaſons. As the face of Nature in this ſeaſon is almoſt uniform, the progreſs of the poem is a deſcription of a ſummer's day. The dawn. Sun-riſing. Hymn to the ſun. Forenoon. Summer inſects deſcribed. Hay-making. Sheep-ſhearing. Noon-day. A woodland retreat. Groupe of herds and flocks. A ſolemn grove: how it affects a contemplative mind. A cataract, and rude ſcene. View of Summer in the torrid zone. Storm of thunder and lightning. A tale. The ſtorm over, a ſerene afternoon. Bathing. Hour of walking. Tranſition to the proſpect of a rich well-cultivated country; which introduces a panegyric on Great Britain. Sun-ſet. Evening. Night. Summer meteors. A comet. The whole concluding with the praiſe of philoſophy.

SUMMER.

FROM brightening fields of æther fair diſclos'd,
Child of the Sun, refulgent Summer comes,
In pride of youth, and felt through Nature's depth:
He comes attended by the ſultry *hours*,
And ever-fanning *breezes*, on his way;
While, from his ardent look, the turning Spring
Averts her bluſhful face; and earth, and ſkies,
All-ſmiling, to his hot dominion leaves.
Hence, let me haſte into the mid-wood ſhade,
Where ſcarce a ſun-beam wanders through the gloom;
And on the dark-green graſs, beſide the brink
Of haunted ſtream, that by the roots of oak
Rolls o'er the rocky channel, lie at large,
And ſing the glories of the circling year.
Come, Inſpiration! from thy hermit-ſeat,
By mortal ſeldom found: may Fancy dare,
From thy fix'd ſerious eye, and raptur'd glance
Shot on ſurrounding Heaven, to ſteal one look
Creative of the Poet, every power
Exalting to an ecſtaſy of ſoul.
And thou, my youthful Muſe's early friend,
In whom the human graces all unite:
Pure light of mind, and tenderneſs of heart;
Genius, and wiſdom; the gay ſocial ſenſe,

By decency chaſtis'd; goodneſs and wit,
In ſeldom-meeting harmony combin'd;
Unblemiſh'd honour, and an active zeal
For Britain's glory, Liberty, and Man:
O Doddington! attend my rural ſong,
Stoop to my theme, inſpirit every line,
And teach me to deſerve thy juſt applauſe.

With what an aweful world-revolving power
Were firſt th' unwieldy planets launch'd along
Th' illimitable void! Thus to remain,
Amid the flux of many thouſand years,
That oft has ſwept the toiling race of men,
And all their labour'd monuments away.
Firm, unremitting, matchleſs, in their courſe;
To the kind-temper'd change of night and day,
And of the ſeaſons ever ſtealing round,
Minutely faithful: Such th' all-perfect Hand!
That pois'd, impels, and rules the ſteady whole.

When now no more th' alternate Twins are fir'd,
And Cancer reddens with the ſolar blaze,
Short is the doubtful empire of the night;
And ſoon, obſervant of approaching day,
The meek-ey'd Morn appears, mother of dews,
At firſt faint-gleaming in the dappled eaſt:
Till far o'er æther ſpreads the widening glow;
And, from before the luſtre of her face,
White break the clouds away. With quicken'd ſtep,
Brown Night retires: Young Day pours in apace,
And opens all the lawny proſpect wide.
The dripping rock, the mountain's miſty top

Swell

Swell on the ſight, and brighten with the dawn.
Blue, through the duſk, the ſmoking currents ſhine;
And from the bladed field the fearful hare
Limps, aukward; while along the foreſt-glade
The wild deer trip, and often turning gaze
At early paſſenger. Muſic awakes
The native voice of undiſſembled joy;
And thick around the woodland hymns ariſe.
Rous'd by the cock, the ſoon clad ſhepherd leaves
His moſſy cottage, where with Peace he dwells;
And from the crouded fold, in order, drives
His flock, to taſte the verdure of the morn.
  Falſely luxurious, will not Man awake;
And, ſpringing from the bed of ſloth, enjoy
The cool, the fragrant, and the ſilent hour,
To meditation due and ſacred ſong?
For is there aught in ſleep can charm the wiſe?
To lie in dead oblivion, loſing half
The fleeting moments of too ſhort a life;
Total extinction of th' enlighten'd ſoul!
Or elſe to feveriſh vanity alive,
Wilder'd, and toſſing through diſtemper'd dreams?
Who would in ſuch a gloomy ſtate remain
Longer than Nature craves; when every Muſe
And every blooming pleaſure wait without,
To bleſs the wildly devious morning walk?
  But yonder comes the powerful King of Day,
Rejoicing in the eaſt. The leſſening cloud,
The kindling azure, and the mountain's brow
Illum'd with fluid gold, his near approach

Betoken glad. Lo; now, apparent all,
Aſlant the dew-bright earth, and colour'd air,
He looks in boundleſs majeſty abroad;
And ſheds the ſhining day, that burniſh'd plays
On rocks, and hills, and towers, and wandering ſtreams,
High-gleaming from afar. Prime chearer Light!
Of all material beings firſt, and beſt!
Efflux divine! Nature's reſplendent robe!
Without whoſe veſting beauty all were wrapt
In uneſſential gloom; and thou, O Son!
Soul of ſurrounding worlds! in whom beſt ſeen
Shines out thy Maker! may I ſing of thee?

'Tis by thy ſecret, ſtrong, attractive force,
As with a chain indiſſoluble bound,
Thy ſyſtem rolls entire; from the far bourne
Of utmoſt Saturn, wheeling wide his round
Of thirty years; to Mercury, whoſe diſk
Can ſcarce be caught by philoſophic eye,
Loſt in the near effulgence of thy blaze.

Informer of the planetary train!
Without whoſe quickening glance their cumbrous orbs
Were brute unlovely maſs, inert and dead,
And not, as now, the green abodes of life!
How many forms of being wait on thee!
Inhaling ſpirit; from th' unfetter'd mind,
By thee ſublim'd, down to the daily race,
The mixing myriads of thy ſetting beam.

The vegetable world is alſo thine,
Parent of Seaſons! who the pomp precede
That waits thy throne, as through thy vaſt domain,

Annual,

Annual, along the bright ecliptic road,
In world-rejoicing ſtate, it moves ſublime.
Mean-time th' expecting nations, circled gay
With all the various tribes of foodful earth,
Implore thy bounty, or ſend grateful up
A common hymn: while, round thy beaming car,
High-ſeen, the Seaſons lead, in ſprightly dance
Harmonious knit, the roſy-finger'd Hours,
The Zephyrs floating looſe, the timely Rains,
Of bloom ethereal the light-footed Dews,
And ſoften'd into joy the ſurly Storms.
Theſe, in ſucceſſive turn, with laviſh hand,
Shower every beauty, every fragrance ſhower,
Herbs, flowers, and fruits; till, kindling at thy touch,
From land to land is fluſh'd the vernal year.

Nor to the ſurface of enliven'd earth,
Graceful with hills and dales, and leafy woods,
Her liberal treſſes, is thy force confin'd:
But to the bowel'd cavern darting deep,
The mineral kinds confeſs thy mighty power.
Effulgent, hence the veiny marble ſhines;
Hence Labour draws his tools; hence burniſh'd War
Gleams on the day; the nobler works of Peace
Hence bleſs mankind, and generous Commerce binds
The round of nations in a golden chain.

Th' unfruitful rock itſelf, impregn'd by thee,
In dark retirement forms the lucid ſtone.
The lively diamond drinks thy pureſt rays,
Collected light, compact; that, poliſh'd bright,
And all its native luſtre let abroad,

Dares, as it ſparkles on the fair-one's breaſt,
With vain ambition emulate her eyes.
At thee the ruby lights its deepening glow,
And with a waving radiance inward flames.
From thee the Sapphire, ſolid æther, takes
Its hue cerulean; and, of evening tinct,
The purple-ſtreaming amethyſt is thine.
With thy own ſmile the yellow topaz burns,
Nor deeper verdure dyes the robe of Spring,
When firſt ſhe gives it to the ſouthern gale,
Than the green emerald ſhows. But, all combin'd,
Thick through the whitening opal play thy beams;
Or, flying ſeveral from its ſurface, form
A trembling variance of revolving hues,
As the ſite varies in the gazer's hand.
The very dead creation, from thy touch,
Aſſumes a mimic life. By thee refin'd,
In brighter mazes the relucent ſtream
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt,
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,
Softens at thy return. The deſart joys
Wildly, through all his melancholy bounds.
Rude ruins glitter; and the briny deep,
Seen from ſome pointed promontory's top,
Far to the blue horizon's utmoſt verge,
Reſtleſs, reflects a floating gleam. But this,
And all the much-tranſported Muſe can ſing,
Are to thy beauty, dignity, and uſe,
Unequal far; great delegated ſource
Of light, and life, and grace, and joy below!

How

How ſhall I then attempt to ſing of Him!
Who, Light Himſelf, in uncreated light
Inveſted deep, dwells awefully retir'd
From mortal eye, or angel's purer ken;
Whoſe ſingle ſmile has, from the firſt of time,
Fill'd, o'erflowing, all thoſe lamps of Heaven,
That beam for ever through the boundleſs ſky:
But, ſhould he hide his face, th' aſtoniſh'd ſun,
And all th' extinguiſh'd ſtars, would looſening reel
Wide from their ſpheres, and Chaos come again.
And yet was every faultering tongue of Man,
Almighty Father! ſilent in thy praiſe,
Thy works themſelves would raiſe a general voice,
Ev'n in the depth of ſolitary woods
By human foot untrod; proclaim thy power,
And to the quire celeſtial Thee reſound,
Th' eternal cauſe, ſupport, and end of all!
To me be Nature's volume broad-diſplay'd;
And to peruſe its all-inſtructing page,
Or, haply catching inſpiration thence,
Some eaſy paſſage, raptur'd, to tranſlate,
My ſole delight; as through the falling glooms
Penſive I ſtray, or with the riſing dawn
On Fancy's eagle-wing excurſive ſoar.
Now, flaming up the heavens, the potent ſun
Melts into limpid air the high-rais'd clouds,
And morning fogs, that hover'd round the hills
In party-colour'd bands; till wide unveil'd
The face of Nature ſhines, from where earth ſeems,
Far ſtretch'd around, to meet the bending ſphere.

Half in a bluſh of cluſtering roſes loſt,
Dew-dropping Coolneſs to the ſhade retires;
There, on the verdant turf, or flowery bed,
By gelid founts and careleſs rills to muſe;
While tyrant Heat, diſpreading through the ſky,
With rapid ſway, his burning influence darts
On man, and beaſt, and herb, and tepid ſtream.

Who can unpitying ſee the flowery race,
Shed by the morn, their new-fluſh'd bloom reſign,
Before the parching beam? So fade the fair,
When fevers revel through their azure veins.
But one, the lofty follower of the ſun,
Sad when he ſits, ſhuts up her yellow leaves,
Drooping all night; and, when he warm returns,
Points her enamour'd boſom to his ray.

Home, from his morning taſk, the ſwain retreats;
His flock before him ſtepping to the fold:
While the full-udder'd mother lows around
The chearful cottage, then expecting food,
The food of innocence and health! The daw,
The rook and magpie, to the grey-grown oaks
That the calm village in their verdant arms,
Sheltering, embrace, direct their lazy flight;
Where on the mingling boughs they ſit embower'd,
All the hot noon, till cooler hours ariſe.
Faint, underneath, the houſhold fowls convene;
And, in a corner of the buzzing ſhade,
The houſe-dog, with the vacant greyhound, lies,
Out-ſtretch'd, and ſleepy. In his ſlumbers, one
Attacks the nightly thief, and one exults

O'er

O'er hill and dale; till, waken'd by the waſp,
They ſtarting ſnap. Nor ſhall the Muſe diſdain
To let the little noiſy ſummer-race
Live in her lay, and flutter through her ſong:
Not mean, though ſimple; to the ſun ally'd,
From him they draw their animating fire.
Wak'd by his warmer ray, the reptile young
Come wing'd abroad; by the light air upborn,
Lighter, and full of ſoul. From every chink,
And ſecret corner, where they ſlept away
The wintery ſtorms; or riſing from their tombs,
To higher life; by myriads, forth at once,
Swarming they pour; of all the vary'd hues
Their beauty-beaming parent can diſcloſe.
Ten thouſand forms! ten thouſand different tribes!
People the blaze. To ſunny waters ſome
By fatal inſtinct fly; where on the pool
They, ſportive, wheel; or, ſailing down the ſtream,
Are ſnatch'd immediate by the quick-ey'd trout,
Or darting ſalmon. Through the green-wood glade
Some love to ſtray; there lodg'd, amus'd and fed,
In the freſh leaf. Luxurious, others make
The meads their choice, and viſit every flower,
And every latent herb: for the ſweet taſk,
To propagate their kinds, and where to wrap,
In what ſoft beds, their young yet undiſclos'd,
Employs their tender care. Some to the houſe,
The fold, and dairy, hungry, bend their flight;
Sip round the pail, or taſte the curdling cheeſe:
Oft, inadvertent, from the milky ſtream

They meet their fate; or, weltering in the bowl,
With powerleſs wings around them wrapt, expire.
But chief to heedleſs flies the window proves
A conſtant death; where, gloomily retir'd,
The villain ſpider lives, cunning, and fierce,
Mixture abhorr'd! Amid a mangled heap
Of carcaſes, in eager watch he ſits,
O'erlooking all his waving ſnares around.
Near the dire cell the dreadleſs wanderer oft
Paſſes, as oft the ruffian ſhows his front;
The prey at laſt enſnar'd, he dreadful darts,
With rapid glide, along the leaning line;
And, fixing in the wretch his cruel fangs,
Strikes backward grimly pleas'd: the fluttering wing
And ſhriller ſound declare extreme diſtreſs,
And aſk the helping hoſpitable hand.
Reſounds the living ſurface of the ground:
Nor undelightful is the ceaſeleſs hum,
To him who muſes through the woods at noon:
Or drowſy ſhepherd, as he lies reclin'd,
With half-ſhut eyes, beneath the floating ſhade
Of willows grey, cloſe-crowding o'er the book.
Gradual, from theſe what numerous kinds deſcend,
Evading ev'n the microſcopic eye!
Full Nature ſwarms with life; one wondrous maſs
Of animals, or atoms organiz'd,
Waiting the *vital Breath*, when Parent-Heaven
Shall bid his ſpirit blow. The hoary fen,
In putrid ſteams, emits the living cloud
Of peſtilence. Through ſubterranean cells,

Where

Where ſearching ſun-beams ſcarce can find a way,
Earth animated heaves. The flowery leaf
Wants not its ſoft inhabitants. Secure,
Within its winding citadel, the ſtone
Holds multitudes. But chief the foreſt-boughs,
That dance unnumber'd to the playful breeze,
The downy orchard, and the melting pulp
Of mellow fruit, the nameleſs nations feed
Of evaneſcent inſects. Where the pool
Stands mantled o'er with green, inviſible,
Amid the floating verdure millions ſtray.
Each liquid too, whether it pierces, ſooths,
Inflames, refreſhes, or exalts the taſte,
With various forms abounds. Nor is the ſtream
Of pureſt cryſtal, nor the lucid air,
Though one tranſparent vacancy it ſeems,
Void of their unſeen people. Theſe, conceal'd
By the kind art of forming Heaven, eſcape
The groſſer eye of Man: for, if the worlds
In worlds incloſ'd ſhould on his ſenſes burſt,
From cates ambroſial, and the nectar'd bowl,
He would abhorrent turn; and in dead night,
When ſilence ſleeps o'er all, be ſtunn'd with noiſe.

Let no preſuming impious railer tax
Creative Wiſdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwiſe, of which the ſmalleſt part
Exceeds the narrow viſion of her mind?
As if upon a full-proportion'd dome,

On

On ſwelling columns heav'd, the pride of art!
A critic-fly, whoſe feeble ray ſcarce ſpreads
An inch around, with blind preſumption bold,
Should dare to tax the ſtructure of the whole.
And lives the man, whoſe univerſal eye
Has ſwept at once th' unbounded ſcheme of things;
Mark'd their dependence ſo, and firm accord,
As with unfaultering accent to conclude
That *this* availeth nought? Has any ſeen
The mighty chain of beings, leſſening down
From Infinite Perfection to the brink
Of dreary *nothing*, deſolate abyſs!
From which aſtoniſh'd thought, recoiling, turns?
Till then alone let zealous praiſe aſcend,
And hymns of holy wonder, to that Power
Whoſe wiſdom ſhines as lovely on our minds,
As on our ſmiling eyes his ſervant ſon.

Thick in yon ſtream of light, a thouſand ways,
Upward, and downward, thwarting, and convolv'd,
The quivering nations ſport; till, tempeſt-wing'd,
Fierce Winter ſweeps them from the face of day.
Ev'n ſo luxurious men, unheeding, paſs
An idle ſummer life in fortune's ſhine,
A ſeaſon's glitter! Thus they flutter on
From toy to toy, from vanity to vice;
Till, blown away by death, oblivion comes
Behind, and ſtrikes them from the book of life.

Now ſwarms the village o'er the jovial mead:
The ruſtic youth, brown with meridian toil,
Healthful and ſtrong; full as the ſummer roſe

Blown

Blown by prevailing ſuns, the ruddy maid,
Half naked, ſwelling on the ſight, and all
Her kindled graces, burning o'er her cheek.
Ev'n ſtooping age is here: and infant-hands
Trail the long rake, or, with the fragrant load
O'ercharg'd, amid the kind oppreſſion roll.
Wide flies the tedded grain; all in a row
Advancing broad, or wheeling round the field,
They ſpread their breathing harveſt to the ſun,
That throws refreſhful round a rural ſmell:
Or, as they rake the green-appearing ground,
And drive the duſky wave along the mead,
The ruſſet hay-cock riſes thick behind,
In order gay. While, heard from dale to dale,
Waking the breeze, reſounds the blended voice
Of happy labour, love, and ſocial glee.

Or ruſhing thence, in one diffuſive band,
They drive the troubled flocks, by many a dog
Compell'd, to where the mazy-running brook
Forms a deep pool; this bank abrupt and high,
And that fair ſpreading in a pebbled ſhore.
Urg'd to the giddy brink, much is the toil,
The clamour much, of men, and boys, and dogs,
Ere the ſoft fearful people to the flood
Commit their woolly ſides. And oft the ſwain,
On ſome impatient ſeizing, hurls them in:
Embolden'd then, nor heſitating more,
Faſt, faſt, they plunge amid the flaſhing wave,
And panting labour to the fartheſt ſhore.
Repeated this, till deep the well-waſh'd fleece

Has

Has drunk the flood, and from his lively haunt
The trout is baniſh'd by the ſordid ſtream;
Heavy, and dripping, to the breezy brow
Slow move the harmleſs race; where, as they ſpread
Their ſwelling treaſures to the ſunny ray,
Inly diſtu.b'd, and wondering what this wild
Outrageous tumult means, their loud complaints
The country fill; and, toſs'd from rock to rock,
Inceſſant bleatings run around the hills.
At laſt, of ſnowy white, the gather'd flocks
Are in the wattled pen innumerous preſs'd,
Head above head: and, rang'd in luſty rows,
The ſhepherds ſit, and whet the ſounding ſhears.
The houſewife waits to roll her fleecy ſtores,
With all her gay-dreſt maids attending round.
One, chief in gracious dignity enthron'd,
Shines o'er the reſt, the paſtoral queen, and rays
Her ſmiles, ſweet-beaming, on her ſhepherd-king;
While the glad circle round them yield their ſouls
To feſtive mirth, and wit that knows no gall.
Meantime, their joyous taſk goes on apace:
Some mingling ſtir the melted tar, and ſome,
Deep on the new-ſhorn vagrant's heaving ſide,
To ſtamp his maſter's cypher ready ſtand;
Others th' unwilling wether drag along;
And, glorying in his might, the ſturdy boy
Holds by the twiſted horns th' indignant ram.
Behold where bound, and of its robe bereft,
By needy man, that all-depending lord,
How meek, how patient, the mild creature lies!

What

What ſoftneſs in its melancholy face,
What dumb complaining innocence appears!
Fear not, ye gentle tribes, 'tis not the knife
Of horrid ſlaughter that is o'er you wav'd;
No, 'tis the tender ſwain's well-guided ſhears,
Who having now, to pay his annual care,
Borrow'd your fleece, to you a cumbrous load,
Will ſend you bounding to your hills again.

A ſimple ſcene! yet hence Britannia ſees
Her ſolid grandeur riſe: hence ſhe commands
Th' exalted ſtores of every brighter clime,
The treaſures of the ſun without his rage:
Hence, fervent all, with culture, toil, and arts,
Wide glows her land: her dreadful thunder hence
Rides o'er the waves ſublime, and now, ev'n now,
Impending hangs o'er Gallia's humbled coaſt;
Hences rules the circling deep, and awes the world.

'Tis raging noon; and, vertical, the ſun
Darts on the head direct his forceful rays.
O'er heaven and earth, far as the ranging eye
Can ſweep, a dazzling deluge reigns; and all
From pole to pole is undiſtinguiſh'd blaze.
In vain the ſight, dejected to the ground,
Stoops for relief; thence hot-aſcending ſteams,
And keen reflection pain. Deep to the root
Of vegetation parch'd, the cleaving fields
And ſlippery lawn an arid hue diſcloſe,
Blaſt Fancy's bloom, and wither ev'n the ſoul.
Echo no more returns the chearful ſound
Of ſharpening ſcythe: the mower ſinking heaps

O'er

O'er him the humid hay, with flowers perfum'd;
And scarce a chirping grass-hopper is heard
Through the dumb mead. Distressful nature pants.
The very streams look languid from afar;
Or, through th' unsheltered glade, impatient seem
To hurl into the covert of the grove.

All-conquering Heat, oh, intermit thy wrath!
And on my throbbing temples potent thus
Beam not so fierce! Incessant still you flow,
And still another fervent flood succeeds,
Pour'd on the head profuse. In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and hotter hours approach.
Thrice happy he! who, on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain, forest-crown'd,
Beneath the whole collected shade reclines:
Or in the gelid caverns, woodbine-wrought,
And fresh bedew'd with ever-spouting streams,
Sits coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unsatisfied and sick, tosses in noon:
Emblem instructive of the virtuous man,
Who keeps his temper'd mind serene and pure,
And every passion aptly harmoniz'd,
Amid a jarring world with vice inflam'd.

Welcome, ye shades! ye bowery thickets, hail!
Ye lofty pines! ye venerable oaks!
Ye ashes wild, resounding o'er the steep!
Delicious is your shelter to the soul,
As to the hunted hart the sallying spring,
Or stream full-flowing, that his swelling sides

Laves,

Laves, as he floats along the herbag'd brink.
Cool, through the nerves, your pleaſing comfort glides;
The heart beats glad; the freſh-expanded eye
And ear reſume their watch; the ſinews knit;
And life ſhoots ſwift through all the lighten'd limbs.
Around th' adjoining brook, that purls along
The vocal grove, now fretting o'er a rock,
Now ſcarcely moving through a reedy pool,
Now ſtarting to a ſudden ſtream, and now
Gently diffus'd into a limpid plain;
A various groupe the herds and flocks compoſe,
Rural confuſion! on the graſſy bank
Some ruminating lie; while others ſtand
Half in the flood, and, often bending, ſip
The circling ſurface. In the middle droops
The ſtrong laborious ox, of honeſt front,
Which incompos'd he ſhakes; and from his ſides
The troublous inſects laſhes with his tail,
Returning ſtill. Amid his ſubjects ſafe,
Slumbers the monarch-ſwain; his careleſs arm
Thrown round his head, on downy moſs ſuſtain'd;
Here laid his ſcrip, with wholeſome viands fill'd;
There, liſtening every noiſe, his watchful dog.
Light fly his ſlumbers, if perchance a flight
Of angry gad-flies, faſten on the herd;
That ſtartling ſcatters from the ſhallow brook,
In ſearch of laviſh ſtream. Toſſing the foam,
They ſcorn the keeper's voice, and ſcour the plain,
Through all the bright ſeverity of noon;

While,

While, from their labouring breasts, a hollow moan
Proceeding, runs low-bellowing round the hills.
Oft in this season too the horse, provok'd,
While his big sinews full of spirits swell,
Trembling with vigour, in the heat of blood,
Springs the high fence; and, o'er the field effus'd,
Darts on the gloomy flood, with stedfast eye,
And heart estrang'd to fear: his nervous chest,
Luxuriant, and erect! the seat of strength!
Bears down th' opposing stream: quenchless his thirst;
He takes the river at redoubled draughts;
And with wide nostrils, snorting, skims the wave.
Still let me pierce into the midnight depth
Of yonder grove, of wildest largest growth:
That, forming high in air a woodland quire,
Nods o'er the mount beneath. At every step,
Solemn, and slow, the shadows blacker fall,
And all is aweful listening gloom around.
These are the haunts of Meditation, these
The scenes where ancient bards th' inspiring breath,
Extatic, felt; and, from this world retir'd,
Convers'd with angels and immortal forms,
On gracious errands bent: to save the fall
Of virtue struggling on the brink of vice;
In waking whispers, and repeated dreams,
To hint pure thought, and warn the favour'd soul
For future trials fated to prepare;
To prompt the poet, who devoted gives
His Muse to better themes; to soothe the pangs
Of dying worth, and from the patriot's breast

(Back-

(Backward to mingle in deteſted war,
But foremoſt when engag'd) to turn the death;
And numberleſs ſuch offices of love
Daily, and nightly, zealous to perform.
Shook ſudden from the boſom of the ſky,
A thouſand ſhapes or glide athwart the duſk,
Or ſtalk majeſtic on. Deep-rous'd, I feel
A ſacred terror, a ſevere delight,
Creep through my mortal frame; and thus, methinks,
A voice, than human more, th' abſtracted ear
Of fancy ſtrikes. " Be not of us afraid,
" Poor kindred man! thy fellow-creatures, we
" From the ſame Parent-Power our beings drew,
" The ſame our Lord, and laws, and great purſuit.
" Once ſome of us, like thee, through ſtormy life,
" Toil'd, tempeſt-beaten, ere we could attain
" This holy calm, this harmony of mind,
" Where purity and peace immingle charms.
" Then fear not us; but with reſponſive ſong,
" Amid theſe dim receſſes, undiſturb'd
" By noiſy folly and diſcordant vice,
" Of Nature ſing with us, and Nature's God.
" Here frequent, at the viſionary hour,
" When muſing midnight reigns or ſilent noon,
" Angelic harps are in full concert heard,
" And voices chaunting from the wood-crown'd hill,
" The deepening dale, or inmoſt ſylvan glade:
" A privilege beſtow'd by us, alone,
" On Contemplation, or the hallow'd ear
" Of Poet, ſwelling to ſeraphic ſtrain "

And art thou, * Stanley, of that ſacred band?
Alas, for us too ſoon! Though rais'd above
The reach of human pain, above the flight
Of human joy; yet, with a mingled ray
Of ſadly-pleas'd remembrance, muſt thou feel
A mother's love, a mother's tender woe:
Who ſeeks thee ſtill, in many a former ſcene;
Seeks thy fair form, thy lovely beaming eyes,
Thy pleaſing converſe, by gay lively ſenſe
Inſpir'd: where moral wiſdom mildly ſhone,
Without the toil of art; and virtue glow'd,
In all her ſmiles, without forbidding pride.
But, O thou beſt of parents! wipe thy tears;
Or rather to Parental Nature pay
The tears of grateful joy, who for a while
Lent thee this younger ſelf, this opening bloom
Of thy enlighten'd mind and gentle worth.
Believe the Muſe: the wintery blaſt of death
Kills not the buds of virtue; no, they ſpread,
Beneath the heavenly beam of brighter ſuns,
Through endleſs ages, into higher powers.
Thus up the mount, in aëry viſion rapt,
I ſtray, regardleſs whither; till the ſound
Of a near fall of water every ſenſe
Wakes from the charm of thought: ſwift-ſhrinking
I check my ſteps, and view the broken ſcene. [back,
Smooth to the ſhelving brink a copious flood
Rolls fair, and placid; where collected all,

* A young lady, who died at the age of eighteen, in the year 1738. See her epitaph in Vol. LV.

In

In one impetuous torrent, down the ſteep
It thundering ſhoots, and ſhakes the country round.
At firſt, an azure ſheet, it ruſhes broad;
Then whitening by degrees, as prone it falls,
And from the loud-reſounding rocks below
Daſh'd in a cloud of foam, it ſends aloft
A hoary miſt, and forms a ceaſeleſs ſhower.
Nor can the tortur'd wave here find repoſe:
But, raging ſtill amid the ſhaggy rocks,
Now flaſhes o'er the ſcatter'd fragments, now
Aſlant the hollow channel rapid darts;
And, falling faſt from gradual ſlope to ſlope,
With wild infracted courſe, and leſſen'd roar,
It gains a ſafer bed, and ſteals, at laſt,
Along the mazes of the quiet vale.
Invited from the cliff, to whoſe dark brow
He clings, the ſteep-aſcending eagle ſoars,
With upward pinions through the flood of day;
And, giving full his boſom to the blaze,
Gains on the ſun; while all the tuneful race,
Smit by afflictive noon, diſorder'd droop,
Deep in the thicket; or, from bower to bower
Reſponſive, force an interrupted ſtrain.
The ſtock-dove only through the foreſt cooes,
Mournfully hoarſe; oft ceaſing from his plaint,
Short interval of weary woe! again
The ſad idea of his murder'd mate,
Struck from his ſide by ſavage fowler's guile,
Acroſs his fancy comes; and then reſounds
A louder ſong of ſorrow through the grove.

Beſide the dewy border let me ſit,
All in the freſhneſs of the humid air;
There in that hollow'd rock, groteſque and wild,
An ample chair moſs-lin'd, and over head
By flowering umbrage ſhaded: where the bee
Strays diligent, and with th' extracted balm
Of fragrant-woodbine loads his little thigh.
Now, while I taſte the ſweetneſs of the ſhade,
While Nature lies around deep-lull'd in Noon,
Now come bold Fancy, ſpread a daring flight,
And view the wonders of the *torrid Zone:*
Climes unrelenting! with whoſe rage compar'd,
Yon blaze is feeble, and yon ſkies are cool.
See, how at once the bright effulgent ſun,
Riſing direct, ſwift chaces from the ſky
The ſhort-liv'd twilight; and with ardent blaze
Looks gaily fierce through all the dazzling air:
He mounts his throne; but kind before him ſends,
Iſſuing from out the portals of the morn,
The * *general Breeze*, to mitigate his fire,
And breathe refreſhment on a fainting world.
Great are the ſcenes, with dreadful beauty crown'd
And barbarous wealth, that ſee each circling year,
Returning ſuns and † *double ſeaſons* paſs:

* Which blows conſtantly between the tropics from the eaſt, or the collateral points, the north-eaſt and ſouth-eaſt: cauſed by the preſſure of the rarefied air on that before it, according to the diurnal motion of the ſun from eaſt to weſt.

† In all climates between the tropics, the ſun, as he paſſes and repaſſes in his annual motion, is twice a year vertical, which produces this effect.

Rocks

Rocks rich in gems, and mountains big with mines,
That on the high equator ridgy riſe,
Whence many a burſting ſtream auriferous plays:
Majeſtic woods, of every vigorous green,
Stage above ſtage, high waving o'er the hills;
Or to the far horizon wide diffus'd,
A boundleſs deep immenſity of ſhade.
Here lofty trees, to ancient ſong unknown,
The noble ſons of potent heat and floods
Prone ruſhing from the clouds, rear high to heaven
Their thorny ſtems, and broad around them throw
Meridian gloom. Here, in eternal prime,
Unnumber'd fruits of keen delicious taſte
And vital ſpirit, drink amid the cliffs,
And burning ſands that bank the ſhrubby vales,
Redoubled day, yet in their rugged coats
A friendly juice to cool its rage contain.
Bear me, Pomona! to thy citron groves;
To where the lemon and the piercing lime,
With the deep orange, glowing through the green,
Their lighter glories blend. Lay me reclin'd
Beneath the ſpreading tamarind that ſhakes,
Fann'd by the breeze, its fever-cooling fruit.
Deep in the night the maſſy locuſt ſheds
Quench my hot limbs: or lead me through the maze,
Embowering endleſs, of the Indian fig;
Or, thrown at gayer eaſe, on ſome fair brow,
Let me behold, by breezy murmurs cool'd,
Broad o'er my head the verdant cedar wave,
And high palmetos lift their graceful ſhade.

Or ſtretch'd amid theſe orchards of the ſun,
Give me to drain the cocoa's milky bowl,
And from the palm to draw its freſhening wine!
More bounteous far than all the frantic juice
Which Bacchus pours. Nor, on its ſlender twigs
Low-bending, be the full pomegranate ſcorn'd;
Nor, creeping through the woods, the gelid race
Of berries. Oft in humble ſtation dwells
Unboaſtful worth, above faſtidious pomp.
Witneſs, thou beſt Anâna, thou the pride
Of vegetable life, beyond whate'er
The poets imag'd in the golden age:
Quick let me ſtrip thee of thy tufty coat,
Spread thy ambroſial ſtores, and feaſt with Jove!
From theſe the proſpect varies. Plains immenſe
Lie ſtretch'd below, interminable meads
And vaſt ſavannahs, where the wandering eye,
Unfixt, is in a verdant ocean loſt.
Another Flora there, of bolder hues,
And richer ſweets, beyond our garden's pride,
Plays o'er the fields, and ſhowers with ſudden hand
Exuberant ſpring; for oft theſe vallies ſhift
Their green-embroider'd robe to fiery brown,
And ſwift to green again, as ſcorching ſuns,
Or ſtreaming dews and torrent rains, prevail.
Along theſe lonely regions, where retir'd,
From little ſcenes of art, great Nature dwells
In aweful ſolitude, and nought is ſeen
But the wild herds that own no maſter's ſtall,
Prodigious rivers roll their fattening ſeas;

On

On whose luxuriant herbage, half conceal'd,
Like a fall'n cedar, far diffus'd his train,
Cas'd in green scales, the crocodile extends.
The flood disparts: behold! in plaited mail,
* Behemoth rears his head. Glanc'd from his side,
The darted steel in idle shivers flies:
He fearless walks the plain, or seeks the hills;
Where, as he crops his varied fare, the herds,
In widening circle round, forget their food,
And at the harmless stranger wondering gaze.
Peaceful, beneath primæval trees, that cast
Their ample shade o'er Niger's yellow stream,
And where the Ganges rolls his sacred wave;
Or mid the central depth of blackening woods,
High-rais'd in solemn theatre around,
Leans the huge elephant: wisest of brutes!
O truly wise! with gentle might endow'd,
Though powerful, not destructive! Here he sees
Revolving ages sweep the changeful earth,
And empires rise and fall; regardless he
Of what the never-resting race of Men
Project: thrice happy! could he 'scape their guile,
Who mine, from cruel avarice, his steps;
Or with his towery grandeur swell their state,
The pride of kings! or else his strength pervert,
And bid him rage amid the mortal fray,
Astonish'd at the madness of mankind.

Wide o'er the winding umbrage of the floods,
Like vivid blossoms glowing from afar,

* The Hippopotamus, or river-horse.

Thick ſwarm the brighter birds. For Nature's hand,
That with a ſportive vanity has deck'd
The plumy nations, there her gayeſt hues
Profuſely pours. * But, if ſhe bids them ſhine,
Array'd in all the beauteous beams of day,
Yet, frugal ſtill, ſhe humbles them in ſong.
Nor envy we the gaudy robes they lent
Proud Montezuma's realm, whoſe legions caſt
A boundleſs radiance waving on the ſun,
While Philomel is ours; while in our ſhades,
Through the ſoft ſilence of the liſtening night,
The ſober-ſuited ſongſtreſs trills her lay.
But come, my Muſe, the deſart-barrier burſt,
A wild expanſe of lifeleſs ſand and ſky:
And, ſwifter than the toiling caravan,
Shoot o'er the vale of Sennar; ardent climb
The Nubian mountains, and the ſecret bounds
Of jealous Abyſſinia boldly pierce.
Thou art no ruffian, who beneath the maſk
Of ſocial commerce com'ſt to rob their wealth;
No *holy Fury* thou, blaſpheming Heaven,
With conſecrated ſteel to ſtab their peace,
And through the land, yet red from civil wounds,
To ſpread the purple tyranny of Rome.
Thou, like the harmleſs bee, may'ſt freely range,
From mead to mead bright with exalted flowers,
From jaſmine grove to grove, may'ſt wander gay,

* In all the regions of the torrid zone, the birds, though more beautiful in their plumage, are obſerved to be leſs melodious than ours.

Through

Through palmy ſhades and aromatic woods,
That grace the plains, inveſt the peopled hills,
And up the more than Alpine mountains wave.
There on the breezy ſummit, ſpreading fair,
For many a league; or on ſtupendous rocks,
That from the ſun-redoubling valley lift,
Cool to the middle air, their lawny tops;
Where palaces, and fanes, and villas riſe;
And gardens ſmile around, and culter'd fields;
And fountains guſh; and careleſs herds and flocks
Securely ſtray; a world within itſelf,
Diſdaining all aſſault: there let me draw
Ethereal ſoul, there drink reviving gales,
Profuſely breathing from the ſpicy groves,
And vales of fragrance; there at diſtance hear
The roaring floods, and cataracts, that ſweep
From diſembowel'd earth the virgin gold;
And o'er the varied landſkip, reſtleſs, rove,
Fervent with life of every fairer kind:
A land of wonders! which the ſun ſtill eyes
With ray direct, as of the lovely realm
Enamour'd, and delighting there to dwell.
How chang'd the ſcene! In blazing height of noon,
The ſun, oppreſs'd, is plung'd in thickeſt gloom.
Still Horror reigns, a dreary twilight round,
Of ſtruggling night and day malignant mix'd.
For to the hot equator crowding faſt,
Where, highly rarefy'd, the yielding air
Admits their ſtream, inceſſant vapours roll,
Amazing clouds on clouds continual heap'd!

Or whirl'd tempeſtuous by the guſty wind,
Or ſilent borne along, heavy, and ſlow,
With the big ſtores of ſteaming oceans charg'd.
Meantime, amid theſe upper ſeas, condens'd
Around the cold aërial mountain's brow,
And by conflicting winds together daſh'd,
The Thunder holds his black tremendous throne:
From cloud to cloud the rending Lightnings rage;
Till, in the furious elemental war
Diſſolv'd, the whole precipitated maſs,
Unbroken floods and ſolid torrents pours.

The treaſures theſe, hid from the bounded ſearch
Of ancient knowledge; whence, with annual pomp,
Rich king of floods! o'erflows the ſwelling Nile.
From his two ſprings, in Gojam's ſunny realm,
Pure-welling out, he through the lucid lake
Of fair Dambea rolls his infant-ſtream.
There, by the Naiads nurs'd, he ſports away
His playful youth, amid the fragrant iſles,
That with unfading verdure ſmile around.
Ambitious, thence the manly river breaks;
And, gathering many a flood, and copious fed
With all the mellow'd treaſures of the ſky,
Winds in progreſſive majeſty along:
Through ſplendid kingdoms now devolves his maze,
Now wanders wild o'er ſolitary tracts
Of life-deſerted ſand; till, glad to quit
The joyleſs deſart, down the Nubian rocks
From thundering ſteep to ſteep, he pours his urn,
And Egypt joys beneath the ſpreading wave.

His

His brother Niger, too, and all the floods
In which the full-form'd maids of Afric lave
Their jetty limbs; and all that from the tract
Of woody mountains ſtretch'd through gorgeous Ind
Fall on Cormandel's coaſt, or Malabar;
From * Menam's orient ſtream, that nightly ſhines
With inſect-lamps, to where Aurora ſheds
On Indus' ſmiling banks the roſy ſhower:
All, at this bounteous ſeaſon, ope their urns,
And pour untoiling harveſt o'er the land.

Nor leſs thy world, Columbus, drinks, refreſh'd,
The laviſh moiſture of the melting year.
Wide o'er his iſles, the branching Oronoque
Rolls a brown deluge; and the native drives
To dwell aloft on life-ſufficing trees,
At once his dome, his robe, his food, and arms.
Swell'd by a thouſand ſtreams, impetuous hurl'd
From all the roaring Andes, huge deſcends
The mighty † Orellana. Scarce the Muſe
Dares ſtretch her wing o'er this enormous maſs
Of ruſhing water; ſcarce ſhe dares attempt
The ſealike Plata; to whoſe dread expanſe,
Continuous depth, and wondrous length of courſe,
Our floods are rills With unabated force,
In ſilent dignity they ſweep along,
And traverſe realms unknown, and blooming wilds,

* The river that runs through Siam; on whoſe banks a vaſt multitude of thoſe inſects called fire-flies, make a beautiful appearance in the night.

† The river of the Amazons.

And

And fruitful deſarts, worlds of ſolitude,
Where the ſun ſmiles and ſeaſons teem in vain,
Unſeen, and unenjoy'd. Forſaking theſe,
O'er peopled plains they fair-diffuſive flow,
And many a nation feed, and circle ſafe,
In their ſoft boſom, many a happy iſle;
The ſeat of blameleſs Pan, yet undiſturb'd
By chriſtian crimes and Europe's cruel ſons.
Thus pouring on they proudly ſeek the deep,
Whoſe vanquiſh'd tide, recoiling from the ſhock,
Yields to the liquid weight of half the globe;
And Ocean trembles for his green domain.
But what avails this wondrous waſte of wealth?
This gay profuſion of luxurious bliſs?
This pomp of Nature? what their balmy meads,
Their powerful herbs, and Ceres void of pain?
By vagrant birds diſpers'd, and wafting winds,
What their unplanted fruits? what the cool draughts,
Th' ambroſial food, rich gums, and ſpicy health,
Their foreſts yield? their toiling inſects what,
Their ſilky pride, and vegetable robes?
Ah! what avail their fatal treaſures, hid
Deep in the bowels of the pitying earth,
Golconda's gems, and ſad Potoſi's mines;
Where dwelt the gentleſt children of the ſun?
What all that Afric's golden rivers roll,
Her odorous woods, and ſhining ivory ſtores?
Ill-fated race! the ſoftening arts of Peace,
Whate'er the humanizing Muſes teach;
The godlike wiſdom of the temper'd breaſt;

Pro-

Progreſſive truth, the patient force of thought;
Inveſtigation calm, whoſe ſilent powers
Command the world; the Light that leads to Heaven;
Kind equal rule, the government of laws,
And all-protecting Freedom, which alone
Suſtains the name and dignity of Man:
Theſe are not theirs. The parent-ſun himſelf
Seems o'er this world of ſlaves to tyrannize;
And, with oppreſſive ray, the roſeat bloom
Of beauty blaſting, gives the gloomy hue,
And feature groſs: or worſe, to ruthleſs deeds,
Mad jealouſy, blind rage, and fell revenge,
Their fervid ſpirit fires. Love dwells not there,
The ſoft regards, the tenderneſs of life,
The heart-ſhed tear, th' ineffable delight
Of ſweet humanity: theſe court the beam
Of milder climes; in ſelfiſh fierce deſire,
And the wild fury of voluptuous ſenſe,
There loſt. The very brute creation there
This rage partakes, and burns with horrid fire.
Lo! the green ſerpent, from his dark abode,
Which ev'n Imagination fears to tread,
At noon forth-iſſuing, gathers up his train
In orbs immenſe, then, darting out anew,
Seeks the refreſhing fount; by which diffus'd,
He throws his folds: and while, with threatening tongue,
And deathful jaws erect, the monſter curls
His flaming creſt, all other thirſt appall'd,
Or ſhivering flies, or check'd at diſtance ſtands,
Nor dares approach. But ſtill more direful he,

The

The ſmall cloſe-lurking miniſter of fate,
Whoſe high-concocted venom through the veins
A rapid lightning darts, arreſting ſwift
The vital current. Form'd to humble man,
This child of vengeful Nature! There, ſublim'd
To fearleſs luſt of blood, the ſavage race
Roam, licens'd by the ſhading hour of guilt,
And foul miſdeed, when the pure day has ſhut
His ſacred eye. The tiger darting fierce
Impetuous on the prey his glance has doom'd:
The lively-ſhining leopard, ſpeckled o'er
With many a ſpot, the beauty of the waſte:
And, ſcorning all the taming arts of Man,
The keen hyena, felleſt of the fell.
Theſe, ruſhing from th' inhoſpitable woods
Of Mauritania, or the tufted iſles,
That verdant riſe amid the Libyan wild,
Innumerous glare around their ſhaggy king,
Majeſtic, ſtalking o'er the printed ſand;
And, with imperious and repeated roars,
Demand their fated food. The fearful flocks
Crowd near the guardian ſwain; the nobler herds,
Where round their lordly bull, in rural eaſe,
They ruminating lie, with horror hear
The coming rage. Th' awaken'd village ſtarts;
And to her fluttering breaſt the mother ſtrains
Her thoughtleſs infant. From the Pirate's den,
Or ſtern Morocco's tyrant fang eſcap'd,
The wretch half-wiſhes for his bonds again:

While,

While, uproar all, the wilderneſs reſounds,
From Atlas eaſtward to the frighted Nile.
Unhappy he! who from the firſt of joys,
Society, cut off, is left alone
Amid this world of death. Day after day,
Sad on the jutting eminence he ſits,
And views the main that ever toils below;
Still fondly forming in the fartheſt verge,
Where the round æther mixes with the wave,
Ships, dim diſcover'd, dropping from the clouds;
At evening, to the ſetting ſun he turns
A mournful eye, and down his dying heart
Sinks helpleſs; while the wonted roar is up,
And hiſs continual through the tedious night.
Yet here, ev'n here, into theſe black abodes
Of monſters unappall'd, from ſtooping Rome,
And guilty Cæſar, Liberty retir'd,
Her Cato following through Numidian wilds:
Diſdainful of Campania's gentle plains,
And all the green delights Auſonia pours;
When for them ſhe muſt bend the ſervile knee,
And fawning take the ſplendid robber's boon.
Nor ſtop the terrors of theſe regions here.
Commiſſion'd demons oft, angels of wrath,
Let looſe the raging elements. Breath'd hot,
From all the boundleſs furnace of the ſky,
And the wide glittering waſte of burning ſand,
A ſuffocating wind the pilgrim ſmites
With inſtant death. Patient of thirſt and toil,
Son of the deſart! ev'n the camel feels,

Shot

Shot through his wither'd heart, the fiery blaſt.
Or from the black-red æther, burſting broad,
Sallies the ſudden whirlwind. Strait the ſands,
Commov'd around, in gathering eddies play:
Nearer and nearer ſtill they darkening come;
Till, with the general all-involving ſtorm
Swept up, the whole continuous wilds ariſe;
And by their noon-day fount dejected thrown,
Or ſunk at night in ſad diſaſtrous ſleep,
Beneath deſcending hills, the caravan
Is buried deep. In Cairo's crowded ſtreets
Th' impatient merchant, wondering, waits in vain,
And Mecca ſaddens at the long delay.
But chief at ſea, whoſe every flexile wave
Obeys th' blaſt, th' aërial tumult ſwells.
In the dread ocean, undulating wide,
Beneath the radiant line that girts the globe,
The circling * Typhon, whirl'd from point to point,
Exhauſting all the rage of all the ſky,
And dire * Ecnephia reign. Amid the heavens,
Falſely ſerene, deep in a cloudy † ſpeck
Compreſs'd, the mighty tempeſt brooding dwells:
Of no regard, ſave to the ſkilful eye,
Piery and foul, the ſmall prognoſtick hangs
Aloft, or on the promontory's brow
Muſters its force. A faint deceitful calm,

* Typhon and Ecnephia, names of particular ſtorms or hurricanes, known only between the tropics.

† Called by ſailors the Ox-eye, being in appearance at firſt no bigger.

A flut-

A fluttering gale the demon ſends before,
To tempt the ſpreading ſail. Then down at once,
Precipitant, deſcends a mingled maſs
Of roaring winds, and flame, and ruſhing floods.
In wild amazement fix'd the ſailor ſtands.
Art is too ſlow: by rapid fate oppreſs'd,
His broad-wing'd veſſel drinks the whelming tide,
Hid in the boſom of the black abyſs.
With ſuch mad ſeas the daring * Gama fought,
For many a day, and many a dreadful night,
Inceſſant, labouring round the *ſtormy Cape*;
By bold ambition led, and bolder thirſt
Of gold. For then from ancient gloom emerg'd
The riſing world of trade: the Genius, then,
Of navigation, that, in hopeleſs ſloth,
Had ſlumber'd on the vaſt Atlantic deep,
For idle ages, ſtarting, heard at laſt
The † Luſitanian Prince; who, Heaven-inſpir'd,
To love of uſeful glory rous'd mankind,
And in unbounded Commerce mix'd the world.
Increaſing ſtill the terrors of theſe ſtorms,
His jaws horrific arm'd with threefold fate,
Here dwells the direful ſhark. Lur'd by the ſcent
Of ſteaming crowds, of rank diſeaſe, and death,
Behold! he ruſhing cuts the briny flood,

* Vaſco de Gama, the firſt who ſailed round Africa, by the Cape of Good Hope, to the Eaſt Indies.

† Don Henry, third ſon to John the Firſt, king of Portugal. His ſtrong genius to the diſcovery of new countries was the chief ſource of all the modern improvements in navigation.

Swift as the gale can bear the ſhip along;
And, from the partners of that cruel trade,
Which ſpoils unhappy Guinea of her ſons,
Demands his ſhare of prey; demands themſelves.
The ſtormy fates deſcend: one death involves
Tyrants and ſlaves; when ſtrait, their mangled limbs
Craſhing at once, he dyes the purple ſeas
With gore, and riots in the vengeful meal.
When o'er this world, by equinoctial rains
Flooded immenſe, looks out the joyleſs ſun,
And draws the copious ſteam: from ſwampy fens,
Where putrefaction into life ferments,
And breathes deſtructive myriads; or from woods,
Impenetrable ſhades, receſſes foul,
In vapours rank and blue corruption wrapt,
Whoſe gloomy horrors yet no deſperate foot
Has ever dar'd to pierce; then, waſteful, forth
Walks the dire Power of peſtilent diſeaſe.
A thouſand hideous fiends her courſe attend,
Sick Nature blaſting, and to heartleſs woe,
And feeble deſolation, caſting down
The towering hopes and all the pride of Man.
Such as, of late, at Carthagena quench'd
The Britiſh fire. You, gallant Vernon, ſaw
The miſerable ſcene; you, pitying, ſaw
To infant-weakneſs ſunk the warrior's arm;
Saw the deep-racking pang, the ghaſtly form,
The lip pale-quivering, and the beamleſs eye
No more with ardour bright: you heard the groans
Of agonizing ſhips from ſhore to ſhore;

Heard

Heard, nightly plung'd amid the sullen waves,
The frequent corse; while, on each other fix'd,
In sad presage, the blank assistants seem'd,
Silent, to ask, whom Fate would next demand.
What need I mention those inclement skies,
Where, frequent o'er the sickening city, Plague,
The fiercest child of Nemesis divine,
Descends? * From Ethiopia's poison'd woods
From stifled Cairo's filth, and fetid fields
With locust-armies putrefying heap'd,
This great destroyer sprung. Her aweful rage
The brutes escape: Man is her destin'd prey,
Intemperate Man! and, o'er his guilty domes,
She draws a close incumbent cloud of death;
Uninterrupted by the living winds,
Forbid to blow a wholesome breeze; and stain'd
With many a mixture by the sun, suffus'd,
Of angry aspect. Princely wisdom, then,
Dejects his watchful eye; and from the hand
Of feeble Justice, ineffectual, drop
The sword and balance: mute the voice of joy,
And hush'd the clamour of the busy world.
Empty the streets, with uncouth verdure clad;
Into the worst of desarts sudden turn'd
The chearful haunt of Men, unless escap'd
From the doom'd house, where matchless horror reigns,
Shut up by barbarous fear, the smitten wretch,
With frenzy wild, breaks loose; and, loud to heaven

* These are the causes supposed to be the first origin of the Plague, in Dr. Mead's elegant book on that subject.

Screaming, the dreadful policy arraigns,
Inhuman, and unwiſe. The ſullen door,
Yet uninfected, on its cautious hinge
Fearing to turn, abhors ſociety:
Dependants, friends, relations, Love himſelf,
Savag'd by woe, forget the tender tie,
The ſweet engagement of the feeling heart.
But vain their ſelfiſh care: the circling ſky,
The wide enlivening air, is full of fate;
And, ſtruck by turns, in ſolitary pangs
They fall, unbleſt, untended, and unmourn'd.
Thus o'er the proſtrate city black Deſpair
Extends her raven wing; while, to complete
The ſcene of deſolation, ſtretch'd around,
The grim guards ſtand, denying all retreat,
And give the flying wretch a better death.

Much yet remains unſung: the rage intenſe
Of brazen-vaulted ſkies, of iron fields,
Where drought and famine ſtarve the blaſted year:
Fir'd by the torch of noon to tenfold rage,
Th' infuriate hill that ſhoots the pillar'd flame;
And, rous'd within the ſubterranean world,
Th' expanding earthquake, that reſiſtleſs ſhakes
Aſpiring cities from their ſolid baſe,
And buries mountains in the flaming gulf.
But 'tis enough; return, my vagrant Muſe:
A nearer ſcene of horror calls thee home.

Behold, ſlow-ſettling o'er the lurid grove
Unuſual darkneſs broods; and growing gains
The full poſſeſſion of the ſky, ſurcharg'd

With

With wrathful vapour, from the ſecret beds,
Where ſleep the mineral generations, drawn.
Thence nitre, ſulphur, and the fiery ſpume
Of fat bitumen, ſteaming on the day,
With various-tinctur'd trains of latent flame,
Pollute the ſky, and in yon baleful cloud,
A reddening gloom, a magazine of fate,
Ferment; till, by the touch ethereal rous'd,
The daſh of clouds, or irritating war
Of fighting winds, while all is calm below,
They furious ſpring. A boding ſilence reigns,
Dread through the dun expanſe; ſave the dull ſound
That from the mountain, previous to the ſtorm,
Rolls o'er the muttering earth, diſturbs the flood,
And ſhakes the foreſt-leaf without a breath.
Prone, to the loweſt vale, th' aërial tribes
Deſcend: the tempeſt-loving raven ſcarce
Dares wing the dubious duſk. In rueful gaze
The cattle ſtand, and on the ſcowling heavens
Caſt a deploring eye; by man forſook,
Who to the crowded cottage hies him faſt,
Or ſeeks the ſhelter of the downward cave.
'Tis liſtening fear and dumb amazement all:
When to the ſtartled eye the ſudden glance
Appears far ſouth, eruptive through the cloud;
And following ſlower, in exploſion vaſt,
The Thunder raiſes his tremendous voice.
At firſt, heard ſolemn o'er the verge of heaven,
The tempeſt growls; but as it nearer comes,
And rolls its aweful burden on the wind,

The lightnings flash a larger curve, and more
The noise astounds: till over head a sheet
Of livid flame discloses wide; then shuts,
And opens wider; shuts and opens still
Expansive, wrapping æther in a blaze.
Follows the loosen'd aggravated roar,
Enlarging, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crush'd horrible, convulsing heaven and earth.
Down comes a deluge of sonorous hail,
Or prone-descending rain. Wide-rent, the clouds
Pour a whole flood; and yet, its flame unquench'd,
Th' unconquerable lightning struggles through,
Ragged and fierce, or in red whirling balls,
And fires the mountains with redoubled rage.
Black from the stroke, above, the smouldering pine
Stands a sad shatter'd trunk; and, stretch'd below,
A lifeless groupe the blasted cattle lie:
Here the soft flocks, with that same harmless look
They wore alive, and ruminating still
In fancy's eye; and there the frowning bull,
And ox half-rais'd. Struck on the castled cliff,
The venerable tower and spiry fane
Resign their aged pride. The gloomy woods
Start at the flash, and from their deep recess,
Wide-flaming out, their trembling inmates shake.
Amid Carnarvon's mountains rages loud
The repercussive roar: with mighty crush,
Into the flashing deep, from the rude rocks
Of Penmanmaur heap'd hideous to the sky,
Tumble the smitten cliffs; and Snowden's peak,

Dis-

Diſſolving, inſtant yields his wintery load.
Far-ſeen, the heights of heathy Cheviot blaze,
And Thulé bellows through her utmoſt iſles.
Guilt hears appall'd, with deeply troubled thought.
And yet not always on the guilty head
Deſcends the fated flaſh. Young Celadon
And his Amelia were a matchleſs pair;
With equal virtue form'd, and equal grace,
The ſame, diſtinguiſh'd by their ſex alone:
Hers the mild luſtre of the blooming morn,
And his the radiance of the riſen day.
They lov'd: but ſuch their guileleſs paſſion was,
As in the dawn of time inform'd the heart
Of innocence, and undiſſembling truth.
'Twas friendſhip heighten'd by the mutual wiſh,
Th' enchanting hope, and ſympathetic glow,
Beam'd from the mutual eye. Devoting all
To love, each was to each a dearer ſelf;
Supremely happy in th' awaken'd power
Of giving joy. Alone, amid the ſhades,
Still in harmonious intercourſe they liv'd
The rural day, and talk'd the flowing heart,
Or ſigh'd and look'd unutterable things.
So paſs'd their life, a clear united ſtream,
By care unruffled; till, in evil hour,
The tempeſt caught them on the tender walk,
Heedleſs how far, and where its mazes ſtray'd,
While, with each other bleſt, creative love
Still bade eternal Eden ſmile around.
Preſaging inſtant fate, her boſom heav'd

Unwonted ſighs, and ſtealing oft a look
Of the big gloom on Celadon her eye
Fell tearful, wetting her diſorder'd cheek.
In vain aſſuring love, and confidence
In Heaven, repreſs'd her fear; it grew, and ſhook
Her frame near diſſolution. He perceiv'd
Th' unequal conflict; and as angels look
On dying ſaints, his eyes compaſſion ſhed,
With love illumin'd high. "Fear not, he ſaid,
"Sweet innocence! thou ſtranger to offence,
"And inward ſtorm! He, who yon ſkies involves
"In frowns of darkneſs, ever ſmiles on thee
"With kind regard. O'er thee the ſecret ſhaft
"That waſtes at midnight, or th' undreaded hour
"Of noon, flies harmleſs: and that very voice
"Which thunders terror through the guilty heart,
"With tongues of ſeraphs whiſpers peace to thine.
"'Tis ſafety to be near thee ſure, and thus
"To claſp perfection!" From his void embrace,
Myſterious heaven! that moment, to the ground,
A blacken'd corſe, was ſtruck the beauteous maid.
But who can paint the lover, as he ſtood,
Pierc'd by ſevere amazement, hating life,
Speechleſs, and fix'd in all the death of woe!
So, faint reſemblance! on the marble tomb,
The well-diſſembled mourner ſtooping ſtands,
For ever ſilent, and for ever ſad.

As from the face of heaven the ſhatter'd clouds
Tumultuous rove, th' interminable ſky
Sublimer ſwells, and o'er the world expands

A purer

A purer azure. Through the lighten'd air
A higher luſtre and a clearer calm,
Diffuſive, tremble; while, as if in ſign
Of danger paſt, a glittering robe of joy,
Set off abundant by the yellow ray,
Inveſts the fields; and nature ſmiles reviv'd.

'Tis beauty all, and grateful ſong around,
Join'd to the low of kine, and numerous bleat
Of flocks thick-nibbling through the clover'd vale.
And ſhall the hymn be marr'd by thankleſs man,
Moſt favour'd; who with voice articulate
Should lead the chorus of this lower world?
Shall he, ſo ſoon forgetful of the hand
That huſh'd the thunder, and ſerenes the ſky,
Extinguiſh'd feel that ſpark the tempeſt wak'd,
That ſenſe of powers exceeding far his own,
Ere yet his feeble heart has loſt its fears?

Chear'd by the milder beam, the ſprightly youth
Speeds to the well-known pool, whoſe cryſtal depth
A ſandy bottom ſhews. A while he ſtands
Gazing th' inverted landſkip, half afraid
To meditate the blue profound below;
Then plunges headlong down the circling flood.
His ebon treſſes and his roſy cheek
Inſtant emerge; and through th' obedient wave,
At each ſhort breathing by his lip repel'd,
With arms and legs according well, he makes,
As humour leads, an eaſy-winding path:
While, from his poliſh'd ſides, a dewy light
Effuſes on the pleas'd ſpectators round.

This

This is the pureſt exerciſe of health,
The kind refreſher of the ſummer heats;
Nor, when cold Winter keens the brightening flood,
Would I weak-ſhivering linger on the brink.
Thus life redoubles, and is oft preſerv'd,
By the bold ſwimmer, in the ſwift illapſe
Of accident diſaſtrous. Hence the limbs
Knit into force; and the ſame Roman arm,
That roſe victorious o'er the conquer'd earth,
Firſt learn'd, while tender, to ſubdue the wave.
Ev'n from the body's purity, the mind
Receives a ſecret ſympathetic aid.

Cloſe in the covert of an hazel copſe,
Where winded into pleaſing ſolitudes
Runs out the rambling dale, young Damon ſat
Penſive, and pierc'd with love's delightful pangs.
There to the ſtream that down the diſtant rocks
Hoarſe-murmuring fell, and plaintive breeze that play'd
Among the bending willows, falſely he
Of Muſidora's cruelty complain'd.
She felt his flame; but deep within her breaſt,
In baſhful coyneſs, or in maiden pride,
The ſoft return conceal'd; ſave when it ſtole
In ſide-long glances from her downcaſt eye,
Or from her ſwelling ſoul in ſtifled ſighs.
Touch'd by the ſcene, no ſtranger to his vows,
He fram'd a melting lay, to try her heart;
And, if an infant paſſion ſtruggled there,
To call that paſſion forth. Thrice happy ſwain!
A lucky chance, that oft decides the fate

Of

Of mighty monarchs, then decided thine.
For, lo! conducted by the laughing Loves,
This cool retreat his Muſidora ſought:
Warm in her cheek the ſultry ſeaſon glow'd;
And, rob'd in looſe array, ſhe came to bathe
Her fervent limbs in the refreſhing ſtream.
What ſhall he do? In ſweet confuſion loſt,
And dubious flutterings, he a while remain'd:
A pure ingenuous elegance of ſoul,
A delicate refinement, known to few,
Perplex'd his breaſt, and urg'd him to retire:
But love forbade. Ye prudes in virtue, ſay,
Say, ye ſevereſt, what would you have done?
Meantime, this fairer nymph than ever bleſt
Arcadian ſtream, with timid eye around
The banks ſurveying, ſtrip'd her beauteous limbs,
To taſte the lucid coolneſs of the flood.
Ah, then! not Paris on the piny top
Of Ida panted ſtronger, when aſide
The rival-goddeſſes the veil divine
Caſt unconfin'd, and gave him all their charms,
Than, Damon, thou; as from the ſnowy leg,
And ſlender foot, th' inverted ſilk ſhe drew;
As the ſoft touch diſſolv'd the virgin zone;
And, through the parting robe, th' alternate breaſt,
With youth wild-throbbing, on thy lawleſs gaze
In full luxuriance roſe. But, deſperate youth,
How durſt thou riſque the ſoul diſtracting view;
As from her naked limbs, of glowing white,
Harmonious ſwell'd by Nature's fineſt hand,

In folds looſe-floating fell the fainter lawn;
And fair-expos'd ſhe ſtood, ſhrunk from herſelf,
With fancy bluſhing, at the doubtful breeze
Alarm'd, and ſtarting like the fearful fawn?
Then to the flood ſhe ruſh'd; the parted flood
Its lovely gueſt with cloſing waves receiv'd;
And every beauty ſoftening, every grace
Fluſhing anew, a mellow luſtre ſhed:
As ſhines the lily through the cryſtal mild;
Or as the roſe amid the morning dew
Freſh from Aurora's hand, more ſweetly glows.
While thus ſhe wanton'd, now beneath the wave
But ill-conceal'd; and now with ſtreaming locks,
That half-embrac'd her in a humid veil,
Riſing again, the latent Damon drew
Such maddening draughts of beauty to the ſoul,
As for a while o'erwhelm'd his raptur'd thought
With luxury too-daring. Check'd, at laſt,
By love's reſpectful modeſty, he deem'd
The theft profane, if aught profane to love
Can e'er be deem'd; and, ſtruggling from the ſhade,
With headlong hurry fled: but firſt theſe lines,
Trac'd by his ready pencil, on the bank
With trembling hand he threw. "Bathe on, my fair,
"Yet unbeheld, ſave by the ſacred eye
"Of faithful love: I go to guard thy haunt,
"To keep from thy receſs each vagrant foot,
"And each licentious eye." With wild ſurpriſe,
As if to marble ſtruck, devoid of ſenſe,
A ſtupid moment motionleſs ſhe ſtood:

So

So ſtands the * ſtatue that enchants the world,
So bending tries to veil the matchleſs boaſt,
The mingled beauties of exulting Greece.
Recovering, ſwift ſhe flew to find thoſe robes
Which bliſsful Eden knew not; and, array'd
In careleſs haſte, th' alarming paper ſnatch'd.
But, when her Damon's well-known hand ſhe ſaw,
Her terrors vaniſh'd, and a ſofter train
Of mixt emotions, hard to be deſcrib'd,
Her ſudden boſom ſeiz'd: ſhame void of guilt,
The charming bluſh of innocence, eſteem
And admiration of her lover's flame,
By modeſty exalted: ev'n a ſenſe
Of ſelf-approving beauty ſtole acroſs
Her buſy thought. At length, a tender calm
Huſh'd by degrees the tumult of her ſoul;
And on the ſpreading beech, that o'er the ſtream
Incumbent hung, ſhe with the ſylvan pen
Of rural lovers this confeſſion carv'd,
Which ſoon her Damon kiſs'd with weeping joy:
" Dear youth! ſole judge of what theſe verſes mean,
" By fortune too much favour'd, but by love,
" Alas! not favour'd leſs, be ſtill as now
" Diſcreet: the time may come you need not fly."
The ſun has loſt his rage: his downward orb
Shoots nothing now but animating warmth,
And vital luſtre; that, with various ray,
Lights up the clouds, thoſe beauteous robes of heaven,
Inceſſant roll'd into romantic ſhapes,

* The Venus of Medici.

The

The dream of waking fancy! Broad below,
Cover'd with ripening fruits, and swelling fast
Into the perfect year, the pregnant earth
And all her tribes rejoice. Now the soft hour
Of walking comes: for him who lonely loves
To seek the distant hills, and there converse
With Nature; there to harmonize his heart,
And in pathetic song to breathe around
The harmony to others. Social friends,
Attun'd to happy unison of soul;
To whose exalting eye a fairer world,
Of which the vulgar never had a glimpse,
Displays its charms; whose minds are richly fraught
With philosophic stores, superior light;
And in whose breast, enthusiastic, burns
Virtue, the sons of interest deem romance;
Now call'd abroad enjoy the falling day:
Now to the verdant Portico of woods,
To Nature's vast Lycéum, forth they walk;
By that kind School where no proud master reigns,
The full free converse of the friendly heart,
Improving and improv'd. Now from the world,
Sacred to sweet retirement, lovers steal,
And pour their souls in transport, which the Sire
Of love approving hears, and *calls it good.*
Which way, Amanda, shall we bend our course?
The choice perplexes. Wherefore should we chuse?
All is the same with thee. Say, shall we wind
Along the streams? or walk the smiling mead?
Or court the forest-glades? or wander wild

Among

Among the waving harveſts? or aſcend,
While radiant Summer opens all its pride,
Thy hill, delightful * Shene? Here let us ſweep
The boundleſs landſkip: now the raptur'd eye,
Exulting ſwift, to huge Auguſta ſend,
Now to the † Siſter-Hills that ſkirt her plain,
To lofty Harrow now, and now to where
Majeſtic Windſor lifts his princely brow.
In lovely contraſt to this glorious view
Calmly magnificent, then will we turn
To where the ſilver Thames firſt rural grows.
There let the feaſted eye unwearied ſtray;
Luxurious, there, rove through the pendent woods
That nodding hang o'er Harrington's retreat;
And, ſtooping thence to Ham's embowering walks,
Beneath whoſe ſhades, in ſpotleſs peace retir'd,
With Her the pleaſing partner of his heart,
The worthy Queenſberry yet laments his Gay,
And poliſh'd Cornbury wooes the willing Muſe,
Slow let us trace the matchleſs Vale of Thames;
Fair-winding up to where the Muſes haunt
In Twit'nam's bowers, and for their Pope implore
The healing God ‡; to royal Hampton's pile,
To Clermont's terraſs'd height, and Eſher's groves,
Where in the ſweeteſt ſolitude, embrac'd
By the ſoft windings of the ſilent Mole,
From courts and ſenates Pelham finds repoſe,

* The old name of Richmond, ſignifying in Saxon *ſhining* or *ſplendor*.

† Highgate and Hamſtead. ‡ In his laſt ſickneſs.

In-

Inchanting vale! beyond whate'er the Muſe
Has of Achaia or Heſperia ſung!
O vale of bliſs! O ſoftly-ſwelling hills!
On which the *Power of Cultivation* lies,
And joys to ſee the wonders of his toil.
Heavens! what a goodly proſpect ſpreads around,
Of hills, and dales, and woods, and lawns, and ſpires,
And glittering towns, and gilded ſtreams, till all
The ſtretching landſkip into ſmoke decays!
Happy Brittannia! where, the Queen of Arts,
Inſpiring vigour, Liberty abroad
Walks, unconfin'd, ev'n to thy fartheſt cots,
And ſcatters plenty with unſparing hand.
Rich is thy ſoil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy ſtreams unfailing in the Summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy vallies float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberleſs; while, roving round their ſides,
Bellow the blackening herds in luſty droves.
Beneath thy meadows glow, and riſe unquell'd
Againſt the mower's ſcythe. On every hand
Thy villas ſhine. Thy country teems with wealth;
And property aſſures it to the ſwain,
Pleas'd, and unwearied, in his guarded toil.
Full are thy cities with the ſons of art;
And trade and joy, in every buſy ſtreet,
Mingling are heard: ev'n Drudgery himſelf,
As at the car he ſweats, or duſty hews
The palace-ſtone looks gay. Thy crowded ports,
Where riſing maſts an endleſs proſpect yield,

With

With labour burn, and echo to the ſhouts
Of hurried ſailor, as he hearty waves
His laſt adieu, and, looſening every ſheet,
Reſigns the ſpreading veſſel to the wind.
  Bold, firm, and graceful, are thy generous youth,
By hardſhip ſinew'd, and by danger fir'd,
Scattering the nations where they go; and firſt
Or on the liſted plain, or ſtormy ſeas.
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful fires preſide;
In genius, and ſubſtantial learning, high;
For every virtue, every worth renown'd;
Sincere, plain-hearted, hoſpitable, kind;
Yet, like the muſtering thunder, when provok'd,
The dread of tyrants, and the ſole reſource
Of thoſe that under grim oppreſſion groan.
  Thy Sons of Glory many! Alfred thine,
In whom the ſplendor of heroic war,
And more heroic peace, when govern'd well,
Combine; whoſe hallow'd names the Virtues ſaint,
And *his own* Muſes love; the beſt of *kings!*
With him thy Edwards and thy Henrys ſhine,
Names dear to Fame; the firſt who deep impreſs'd
On haughty Gaul the terror of thy arms,
That awes her genius ſtill. In *ſtateſmen* thou,
And *patriots*, fertile. Thine a ſteady More,
Who, with a generous, though miſtaken zeal,
Withſtood a brutal tyrant's uſeful rage,
Like Cato firm, like Ariſtides juſt,
Like rigid Cincinnatus nobly poor,

A dauntleſs ſoul erect, who ſmil'd on death.
Frugal and wiſe, a Walſingham is thine;
A Drake, who made thee miſtreſs of the deep,
And bore thy name in thunder round the world.
Then flam'd thy ſpirit high: but who can ſpeak
The numerous worthies of the Maiden Reign?
In Raleigh mark their every glory mix'd;
Raleigh, the ſcourge of Spain! whoſe breaſt with all
The ſage, the patriot, and the hero, burn'd.
Nor ſunk his vigour, when a coward-reign
The warrior fetter'd, and at laſt reſign'd,
To glut the vengeance of a vanquiſh'd foe.
Then, active ſtill and unreſtrain'd, his mind
Explor'd the vaſt extent of ages paſt,
And with his priſon-hours enrich'd the world;
Yet found no times, in all the long reſearch,
So glorious, or ſo baſe, as thoſe he prov'd,
In which he conquer'd, and in which he bled.
Nor can the Muſe the gallant Sidney paſs,
The plume of war! with early laurels crown'd,
The Lover's myrtle, and the Poet's bay.
A Hamden too is thine, illuſtrious land,
Wiſe, ſtrenuous, firm, of unſubmitting ſoul,
Who ſtem'd the torrent of a downward age
To ſlavery prone, and bade thee riſe again,
In all thy native pomp of freedom bold.
Bright, at his call, thy age of *men* effulg'd,
Of men on whom late time a kindling eye
Shall turn, and tyrants tremble while they read.
Bring every ſweeteſt flower, and let me ſtrew

The

The grave where Ruſſel lies; whoſe temper'd blood,
With calmeſt chearfulneſs for thee reſign'd,
Stain'd the ſad annals of a giddy reign;
Aiming at lawleſs power, though meanly ſunk
In looſe inglorious luxury. With him
His friend, the * Britiſh Caſſius, fearleſs bled;
Of high determin'd ſpirit, roughly brave,
By ancient learning to th' enlighten'd love
Of ancient freedom warm'd. Fair they renown
In aweful *Sages* and in noble *Bards*;
Soon as the light of dawning Science ſpread
Her orient ray, and wak'd the Muſes' ſong.
Thine is a Bacon; hapleſs in his choice,
Unfit to ſtand the civil ſtorm of ſtate,
And through the ſmooth barbarity of courts,
With firm, but pliant virtue, forward ſtill
To urge his courſe: him for the ſtudious ſhade
Kind Nature form'd, deep, comprehenſive, clear,
Exact, and elegant; in one rich ſoul,
Plato, the Stagyrite, and Tully join'd.
The great deliverer he! who from the gloom
Of cloiſter'd monks, and jargon-teaching ſchools,
Led forth the true Philoſophy, there long
Held in the magic chain of words and forms,
And definitions void: he led her forth,
Daughter of Heaven! that, ſlow-aſcending ſtill,
Inveſtigating ſure the chain of things,
With radiant finger points to Heaven again.

* Algernon Sidney.

The generous * Aſhley thine, the friend of man;
Who ſcann'd his Nature with a brother's eye,
His weakneſs prompt to ſhade to raiſe his aim,
To touch the finer movements of the mind,
And with the *moral beauty* charm the heart.
Why need I name thy Boyle, whoſe pious ſearch
Amid the dark receſſes of his works,
The great Creator ſought? And why thy Locke,
Who made the whole internal world his own?
Let Newton, *pure Intelligence*, whom God
To mortals lent, to trace his boundleſs works
From laws ſublimely ſimple, ſpeak thy fame
In all philoſophy. For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakeſpeare thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable Muſe
Of claſſic ages in thy Milton met?
A genius univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos, as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair, as Heaven ſublime.
Nor ſhall my verſe that elder bard forget,
The gentle Spenſer, Fancy's pleaſing ſon;
Who, like a copious river, pour'd his ſong
O'er all the mazes of enchanted ground:
Nor thee, his ancient maſter, laughing ſage,
Chaucer, whoſe native manners-painting verſe,
Well-moraliz'd, ſhines through the Gothic cloud
Of time and language o'er thy genius thrown.

* Anthony Aſhley Cooper, Earl of Shafteſbury.

May my ſong ſoften, as thy Daughters I,
Britannia, hail! for beauty is their own,
The feeling heart, ſimplicity of life,
And elegance, and taſte: the faultleſs form,
Shap'd by the hand of harmony; the cheek,
Where the live crimſon, through the native white
Soft-ſhooting, o'er the face diffuſes bloom,
And every nameleſs grace; the parted lip,
Like the red roſe-bud moiſt with morning-dew,
Breathing delight; and, under flowing jet,
Or ſunny ringlets, or of circling brown,
The neck ſlight-ſhaded, and the ſwelling breaſt;
The look reſiſtleſs, piercing to the ſoul,
And by the ſoul inform'd, when dreſt in love
She ſits high-ſmiling in the conſcious eye.
Iſland of bliſs! amid the ſubject ſeas,
That thunder round thy rocky coaſts, ſet up,
At once the wonder, terror, and delight,
Of diſtant nations; whoſe remoteſt ſhores
Can ſoon be ſhaken by thy naval arm;
Not to be ſhook thyſelf, but all aſſaults
Baffling, as thy hoar cliffs the loud ſea-wave.
O Thou! by whoſe almighty *nod* the ſcale
Of empire riſes, or alternate falls,
Send forth the ſaving Virtues round the land,
In bright patrol: white Peace, and ſocial Love;
The tender-looking Charity, intent,
On gentle deeds, and ſhedding tears through ſmiles;
Undaunted Truth, and Dignity of mind;
Courage compos'd, and keen; ſound Temperance,

Healthful in heart and look; clear Chaſtity,
With bluſhes reddening as ſhe moves along,
Diſorder'd at the deep regard ſhe draws;
Rough Induſtry; Activity untir'd,
With copious life inform'd, and all awake:
While in the radiant front, ſuperior ſhines
That firſt paternal virtue, *Public Zeal*;
Who throws o'er all an equal wide ſurvey,
And, ever muſing on the common weal,
Still labours glorious with ſome great deſign.
Low walks the ſun, and broadens by degrees,
Juſt o'er the verge of day. The ſhifting clouds
Aſſembled gay, a richly-gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his ſetting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean ſmile immenſe. And now,
As if his weary chariot ſought the bowers
Of Amphitritè, and her tending nymphs,
(So Grecian fable ſung) he dips his orb;
Now half-immers'd; and now a golden curve
Gives one bright glance, then total diſappears.
For ever running an enchanted round,
Paſſes the day, deceitful, vain, and void;
As fleets the viſion o'er the formful brain,
This moment hurrying wild th' impaſſion'd ſoul,
The next in nothing loſt. 'Tis ſo to him,
The dreamer of this earth, an idle blank:
A ſight of horror to the cruel wretch,
Who, all day long in ſordid pleaſure roll'd,
Himſelf an uſeleſs load, has ſquander'd vile,
Upon his ſcoundrel train, what might have chear'd

A droop-

A drooping family of modeſt worth.
But to the generous ſtill-improving mind,
That gives the hopeleſs heart to ſing for joy,
Diffuſing kind beneficence around,
Boaſtleſs, as now deſcends the ſilent dew;
To him the long review of order'd life
Is inward rapture, only to be felt.

Confeſs'd from yonder ſlow-extinguiſh'd clouds,
All æther ſoftening, ſober Evening takes
Her wonted ſtation in the middle air;
A thouſand *ſhadows* at her beck. Firſt *this*
She ſends on earth; then *that* of deeper dye
Steals ſoft behind; and then a *deeper* ſtill,
In circle following circle, gathers round,
To cloſe the face of things. A freſher gale
Begins to wave the wood, and ſtir the ſtream,
Sweeping with ſhadowy guſt the fields of corn;
While the quail clamours for his running mate.
Wide o'er the thiſtly lawn, as ſwells the breeze,
A whitening ſhower of vegetable down
Amuſive floats. The kind impartial care
Of Nature nought diſdains: thoughtful to feed
Her loweſt ſons, and clothe the coming year,
From field to field the feather'd ſeeds ſhe wings.

His folded flock ſecure, the ſhepherd home
Hies, merry-hearted; and by turns relieves
The ruddy milk-maid of her brimming pail;
The beauty whom perhaps his witleſs heart,
Unknowing what the joy-mixt anguiſh means,
Sincerely loves, by that beſt language ſhewn

Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
Onward they paſs, o'er many a panting height
And valley ſunk, and unfrequented; where
At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
In various game, and revelry, to paſs
The ſummer-night, as village-ſtories tell.
But far about they wander from the grave
Of him, whom his ungentle fortune urg'd
Againſt his own ſad breaſt to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is alſo ſhunn'd; whoſe mournful chambers hold,
So night-ſtruck Fancy dreams, the yelling ghoſt.
Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glow-worm lights his gem; and, through the dark,
A moving radiance twingles. Evening yields
The world to Night; not in her winter-robe
Of maſſy Stygian woof, but looſe array'd
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th' imperfect ſurfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the ſtraining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and ſtreams,
And rocks, and mountains-tops, that long retain'd
Th' aſcending gleam, are all one ſwimming ſcene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary viſion turns; where, leading ſoft
The ſilent hours of love, with pureſt ray
Sweet Venus ſhines; and from her genial riſe,
When day-light ſickens till it ſprings afreſh,
Unrival'd reigns, the faireſt lamp of night.
As thus th' effulgence tremulous I drink,

With

With cheriſh'd gaze, the lambent lightnings ſhoot
Acroſs the ſky; or horizontal dart
In wondrous ſhapes: by fearful murmuring crowds
Portentous deem'd. Amid the radiant orbs,
That more than deck, that animate the ſky,
The life-infuſing ſuns of other worlds;
Lo! from the dread immenſity of ſpace
Returning, with accelerated courſe,
The ruſhing comet to the ſun deſcends;
And as he ſinks below the ſhading earth,
With aweful train projected o'er the heavens,
The guilty nations tremble. But, above
Thoſe ſuperſtitious horrors that enſlave
The fond ſequacious herd, to myſtic faith
And blind amazement prone, th' enlighten'd few,
Whoſe godlike minds philoſophy exalts,
The glorious ſtranger hail. They feel a joy
Divinely great; they in their powers exult,
That wondrous force of thought, which mounting ſpurns
This duſky ſpot, and meaſures all the ſky;
While, from his far excurſion through the wilds
Of barren æther, faithful to his time,
They ſee the blazing wonder riſe anew,
In ſeeming terror clad, but kindly bent
To work the will of all-ſuſtaining Love:
From his huge vapoury train perhaps to ſhake
Reviving moiſture on the numerous orbs,
Through which his long ellipſis winds; perhaps
To lend new fuel to declining ſuns,
To light up worlds, and feed th' eternal fire.

With

With thee, ſerene Philoſophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my ſong!
Effuſive ſource of evidence, and truth!
A luſtre ſhedding o'er th' ennobled mind,
Stronger than ſummer-noon; and pure as that,
Whoſe mild vibrations ſoothe the parted ſoul,
New to the dawning of celeſtial day.
Hence through her nouriſh'd powers, enlarg'd by thee,
She ſprings aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling maſs of low deſires,
That bind the fluttering crowd: and, angel-wing'd,
The heights of ſcience and of virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with Nature round,
Or in the ſtarry regions, or th' abyſs,
To Reaſon's and to Fancy's eye diſplay'd:
The *Firſt* up-tracing, from the dreary void,
The chain of cauſes and effects to Him,
The world-producing Eſſence, who alone
Poſſeſſes being; while the *Laſt* receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier ſenſe,
Diffuſive painted on the rapid mind.

Tutor'd by thee, hence Poetry exalts
Her voice to ages; and informs the page
With muſic, image, ſentiment, and thought,
Never to die! the treaſure of mankind!
Their higheſt honour, and their trueſt joy!

Without thee what were unenlighten'd man?
A ſavage roaming through the woods and wilds,

In

In queſt of prey; and with th' unfaſhion'd fur
Rough-clad; devoid of every finer art,
And elegance of life. Nor happineſs
Domeſtic, mix'd of tenderneſs and care,
Nor moral excellence, nor ſocial bliſs,
Nor guardian law were his; nor various ſkill
To turn the furrow, or to guide the tool
Mechanic; nor the heaven-conducted prow
Of navigation bold, that fearleſs braves
The burning line, or dares the wintery pole;
Mother ſevere of infinite delights!
Nothing, ſave rapine, indolence, and guile,
And woes on woes, a ſtill-revolving train!
Whoſe horrid circle had made human life
That non-exiſtence worſe: but, taught by thee,
Ours are the plans of policy and peace;
To live like brothers, and conjunctive all
Embelliſh life. While thus laborious crowds
Ply the tough oar, Philoſophy directs
The ruling helm; or like the liberal breath
Of potent heaven, inviſible, the ſail
Swells out, and bears th' inferior world along.
Nor to this evaneſcent ſpeck of earth
Poorly confin'd, the radiant tracts on high
Are her exalted range; intent to gaze
Creation through; and, from that full complex
Of never-ending wonders, to conceive
Of the Sole Being right, who *ſpoke the Word*,
And Nature mov'd complete. With inward view,
Thence on th' ideal kingdom ſwift ſhe turns

Her

Her eye; and inſtant, at her powerful glance,
Th' obedient phantoms vaniſh or appear;
Compound, divide, and into order ſhift,
Each to his rank, from plain preception up
To the fair forms of Fancy's fleeting train:
To reaſon then, deducing truth from truth;
And notion quite abſtract; where firſt begins
The world of ſpirits, action all, and life
Unfetter'd, and unmixt. But here the cloud,
So wills Eternal Providence, ſits deep.
Enough for us to know that this dark ſtate,
In wayward paſſions loſt, and vain purſuits,
This Infancy of Being, cannot prove
The final iſſue of the works of God,
By boundleſs Love and perfect Wiſdom form'd,
And ever riſing with the riſing mind.

A U T U M N. 1730.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſſed to Mr. Onſlow. A proſpect of the fields ready for harveſt. Reflections in praiſe of induſtry raiſed by that view, Reaping. A tale relative to it. A harveſt-ſtorm. Shooting and hunting, their barbarity. A ludicrous account of fox-hunting. A view of an orchard. Wall-fruit. A vineyard. A deſcription of fogs, frequent in the latter part of Autumn: whence a digreſſion, enquiring into the riſe of fountains and rivers. Birds of ſeaſon conſidered, that now ſhift their habitation. The prodigious number of them that cover the northern and weſtern iſles of Scotland. Hence a view of the country. A proſpect of the diſcoloured, fading woods. After a gentle duſky day, moon-light. Autumnal meteors. Morning: to which ſucceeds a calm, pure, ſun-ſhiny day, ſuch as uſually ſhuts up the ſeaſon. The harveſt being gathered-in, the country diſſolved in joy. The whole concludes with a panegyric on a philoſophical country life.

AUTUMN.

CROWN'D with the ſickle and the wheaten ſheaf,
While Autumn, nodding o'er the yellow plain,
Comes jovial on: the Doric reed once more,
Well pleas'd, I tune. Whate'er the Wintery froſt
Nitrous prepar'd; the various-bloſſom'd Spring
Put in white promiſe forth; and Summer ſuns
Concocted ſtrong, ruſh boundleſs now to view,
Full, perfect all, and ſwell my glorious theme.
Onſlow! the Muſe, ambitious of thy name,
To grace, inſpire, and dignify her ſong,
Would from the *Public Voice* thy gentle ear
A while engage. Thy noble care ſhe knows,
The patriot virtues that diſtend thy thought,
Spread on thy front, and in thy boſom glow;
While liſtening ſenates hang upon thy tongue,
Devolving through the maze of eloquence
A roll of periods ſweeter than her ſong.
But ſhe too pants for public virtue; ſhe
Though weak of power, yet ſtrong in ardent will,
Whene'er her country ruſhes on her heart,
Aſſumes a bolder note, and fondly tries
To mix the patriot's with the poet's flame.
When the bright Virgin gives the beauteous days,
And Libra weighs in equal ſcales the year;

From

From heaven's high cope the fierce effulgence ſhook
Of parting ſummer, a ſerener blue,
With golden light enliven'd, wide inveſts
The happy world. Attemper'd ſuns ariſe,
Sweet-beam'd, and ſhedding oft through lucid clouds
A pleaſing calm; while broad, and brown, below
Extenſive harveſt hang the heavy head.
Rich, ſilent, deep, they ſtand; for not a gale
Rolls its light billows o'er the bending plain:
A calm of plenty! till the ruffled air
Falls from its poiſe, and gives the breeze to blow.
Rent is the fleecy mantle of the ſky;
The clouds fly different; and the ſudden ſun
By fits effulgent gilds th' illumin'd field,
And black by fits the ſhadows ſweep along.
A gaily-checker'd heart-expanding view,
Far as the circling eye can ſhoot around,
Unbounded toſſing in a flood of corn.

Theſe are thy bleſſings, Induſtry! rough power;
Whom labour ſtill attends, and ſweat, and pain;
Yet the kind ſource of every gentle art,
And all the ſoft civility of life:
Raiſer of human-kind! by Nature caſt,
Naked, and helpleſs, out amid the woods
And wilds, to rude inclement elements;
With various ſeeds of art deep in the mind
Implanted, and profuſely pour'd around
Materials infinite; but idle all.
Still unexerted, in th' unconſcious breaſt,
Slept the lethargic powers; corruption ſtill,

Vora-

Voracious, ſwallow'd what the liberal hand
Of bounty ſcatter'd o'er the ſavage year:
And ſtill the ſad barbarian, roving, mix'd
With beaſts of prey; or for his acorn-meal
Fought the fierce tuſky boar; a ſhivering wretch!
Aghaſt, and comfortleſs, when the bleak north,
With winter charg'd, let the mix'd tempeſt fly,
Hail, rain, and ſnow, and bitter-breathing froſt:
Then to the ſhelter of the hut he fled;
And the wild ſeaſon, ſordid, pin'd away.
For home he had not; home is the reſort
Of love, of joy, of peace and plenty, where,
Supported and ſupporting, poliſh'd friends,
And dear relations mingle into bliſs.
But this the rugged ſavage never felt,
Ev'n deſolate in crowds; and thus his days
Roll'd heavy, dark, and unenjoy'd along:
A waſte of time! till Induſtry approach'd,
And rous'd him from his miſerable ſloth:
His faculties unfolded; pointed out
Where laviſh Nature the directing hand
Of Art demanded; ſhew'd him how to raiſe
His feeble force by the mechanic powers,
To dig the mineral from the vaulted earth,
On what to turn the piercing rage of fire,
On what the torrent, and the gather'd blaſt;
Gave the tall ancient foreſt to his axe;
Taught him to chip the wood, and hew the ſtone,
Till by degrees the finiſh'd fabric roſe;
Tore from his limbs the blood-polluted fur,

And wrapt them in the woolly veſtment warm,
Or bright in gloſſy ſilk, and flowing lawn;
With wholeſome viands fill'd his table, pour'd
The generous glaſs around, inſpir'd to wake
The life-refining ſoul of decent wit:
Nor ſtop'd at barren bare neceſſity;
But, ſtill advancing bolder, led him on
To pomp, to pleaſure, elegance, and grace;
And, breathing high ambition through his ſoul,
Set ſcience, wiſdom, glory, in his view,
And bade him be the Lord of all below.

Then gathering men their natural powers combin'd,
And form'd a Publick; to the general good
Submitting, aiming, and conducting all.
For this the Patriot-Council met, the full,
The free, and fairly repreſented *whole*;
For this they plann'd the holy guardian laws,
Diſtinguiſh'd orders, animated arts,
And, with joint force Oppreſſion chaining, ſet
Imperial Juſtice at the helm; yet ſtill
To them accountable; nor ſlaviſh dream'd
That toiling millions muſt reſign their weal,
And all the honey of their ſearch, to ſuch
As for themſelves alone themſelves have rais'd.

Hence every form of cultivated life
In order ſet, protected, and inſpir'd,
Into perfection wrought. Uniting all
Society grew numerous, high, polite,
And happy. Nurſe of art! the city rear'd
In beauteous pride her tower-encircled head;

And, ſtretching ſtreet on ſtreet, by thouſands drew,
From twining woody haunts, or the tough yew
To bows ſtrong-ſtraining, her aſpiring ſons.
Then Commerce brought into the public walk
The buſy merchant; the big warehouſe built;
Rais'd the ſtrong crane; choak'd up the loaded ſtreet
With foreign plenty; and thy ſtream, O Thames,
Large, gentle, deep, majeſtic, king of floods!
Choſe for his grand reſort. On either hand,
Like a long wintery foreſt, groves of maſts
Shot up their ſpires; the bellying ſheet between
Poſſeſs'd the breezy void; the ſooty hulk
Steer'd ſluggiſh on; the ſplendid barge along
Row'd, regular, to harmony; around,
The boat, light ſkimming, ſtretch'd its oary wings;
While deep the various voice of fervent toil
From bank to bank increas'd; whence ribb'd with oak
To bear the Britiſh Thunder, black, and bold,
The roaring veſſel ruſh'd into the main.
Then too the pillar'd dome, magnific, heav'd
Its ample roof; and Luxury within
Pour'd out her glittering ſtores; the canvas ſmooth,
With glowing life protuberant, to the view
Embodied roſe; the ſtatue ſeem'd to breathe,
And ſoften into fleſh, beneath the touch
Of forming art, imagination-fluſh'd.
All is the gift of Induſtry; whate'er
Exalts, embelliſhes, and renders life
Delightful. Penſive Winter chear'd by him
Sits at the ſocial fire, and happy hears

Th' excluded tempeſt idly rave along;
His harden'd fingers deck the gaudy Spring;
Without him Summer were an arid waſte;
Nor to th' Autumnal months could thus tranſmit
Thoſe full, mature, immeaſurable ſtores,
That, waving round, recall my wandering ſong.

Soon as the morning trembles o'er the ſky,
And, unperceiv'd, unfolds the ſpreading day;
Before the ripen'd field the reapers ſtand,
In fair array; each by the laſs he loves,
To bear the rougher part, and mitigate
By nameleſs gentle offices her toil.
At once they ſtoop and ſwell the luſty ſheaves;
While through their chearful band the rural talk,
The rural ſcandal, and the rural jeſt,
Fly harmleſs, to deceive the tedious time,
And ſteal unfelt the ſultry hours away.
Behind the maſter walks, builds-up the ſhocks;
And, conſcious, glancing oft on every ſide
His ſated eye, feels his heart heave with joy.
The gleaners ſpread around, and here and there,
Spike after ſpike, their ſcanty harveſt pick.
Be not too narrow, huſbandmen! but fling
From the full ſheaf, with charitable ſtealth,
The liberal handful. Think, oh, grateful think!
How good the God of Harveſt is to you;
Who pours abundance o'er your flowing fields;
While theſe unhappy partners of your kind
Wide-hover round you like the fowls of heaven,
And aſk their humble dole. The various turns

Of

Of fortune ponder; that your ſons may want
What now, with hard reluctance, faint, ye give.
The lovely young Lavinia once had friends;
And Fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For, in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and Heaven,
She, with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhunn'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all
Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair-proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs; for lovelineſs

Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of Appenine,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet Lavinia; till, at length, compel'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean Palemon's fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous, and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as Arcadian ſong
Tranſmits from ancient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor Lavinia drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her downcaſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,

Should

Should his heart own a gleaner in the field:
And thus in secret to his soul he sigh'd.
" What pity! that so delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening sense
" And more than vulgar goodness seem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of some indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old Acasto's line; and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its rise;
" Now to the dust gone down; his houses, lands,
" And once fair-spreading family, dissolv'd.
" 'Tis said that in some lone obscure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance sad, and decent pride,
" Far from those scenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitless search could never find.
" Romantic wish! would this the daughter were!"
When, strict enquiring, from herself he found
She was the same, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful Acasto; who can speak
The mingled passions that surpris'd his heart,
And through his nerves in shivering transport ran?
Then blaz'd his smother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity, wept at once.
Confus'd, and frighten'd at his sudden tears,
Her rising beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus Palemon, passionate and just,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his soul.

" And art thou then Acasto's dear remains?
" She, whom my restless gratitude has sought
" So long in vain? O, heavens! the very same,
" The soften'd image of my noble friend,
" Alive his every look, his every feature,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than Spring!
" Thou sole surviving blossom from the root
" That nourish'd up my fortune! Say, ah where,
" In what sequester'd desert, hast thou drawn
" The kindest aspect of delighted Heaven?
" Into such beauty spread, and blown so fair;
" Though poverty's cold wind, and crushing rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy, on thy tender years?
" O let me now, into a richer soil,
" Transplant thee safe! where vernal suns, and showers,
" Diffuse their warmest, largest influence;
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh, it ill befits
" Acasto's daughter, his whose open stores,
" Though vast, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuse of those harvest-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendship I enjoy.
" Then throw that shameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to such a rugged task;
" The fields, the master, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various blessings which thy house
" Has on me lavish'd, thou wilt add that bliss,
" That dearest bliss, the power of blessing thee!"

Here

Here ceas'd the youth, yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for Lavinia's fate;
Amaz'd, and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

Defeating oft the labours of the year,
The ſultry ſouth collects a potent blaſt.
At firſt, the groves are ſcarcely ſeen to ſtir
Their trembling tops; and a ſtill murmur runs
Along the ſoft-inclining fields of corn.
But as th' aërial tempeſt fuller ſwells,
And in one mighty ſtream, inviſible,
Immenſe, the whole excited atmoſphere,
Impetuous ruſhes o'er the ſounding world:
Strain'd to the root, the ſtooping foreſt pours
A ruſtling ſhower of yet untimely leaves,
High-beat, the circling mountains eddy in,
From the bare wild, the diſſipated ſtorm,

And send it in a torrent down the vale.
Expos'd, and naked, to its utmost rage,
Through all the sea of harvest rolling round,
The billowy plain floats wide; nor can evade,
Though pliant to the blast, its seizing force;
Or whirl'd in air, or into vacant chaff
Shook waste. And sometimes too a burst of rain,
Swept from the black horizon, broad, descends
In one continuous flood. Still over head
The mingling tempest weaves its gloom, and still
The deluge deepens; till the fields around
Lie sunk, and flatted, in the sordid wave.
Sudden, the ditches swell; the meadows swim.
Red, from the hills, innumerable streams
Tumultuous roar; and high above its banks
The river lift; before whose rushing tide,
Herds, flocks, and harvests, cottages, and swains,
Roll mingled down; all that the winds had spar'd
In one wild moment ruin'd; the big hopes,
And well-earn'd treasures of the painful year.
Fled to some eminence, the husbandman
Helpless beholds the miserable wreck
Driving along; his drowning ox at once
Descending, with his labours scatter'd round,
He sees; and instant o'er his shivering thought
Comes Winter unprovided, and a train
Of clamant children dear. Ye masters, then,
Be mindful of the rough laborious hand,
That sinks you soft in elegance and ease;
Be mindful of those limbs in russet clad

Whose

Whose toil to yours is warmth, and graceful pride;
And, oh! be mindful of that sparing board,
Which covers yours with luxury profuse,
Makes your glass sparkle, and your sense rejoice!
Nor cruelly demand what the deep rains
And all-involving winds have swept away.
Here the rude clamour of the sportsman's joy,
The gun fast-thundering, and the winded horn,
Would tempt the Muse to sing the *rural game*:
How, in his mid-career, the spaniel struck,
Stiff, by the tainted gale, with open nose,
Out-stretch'd, and finely sensible, *draws* full,
Fearful, and cautious, on the latent prey;
As in the sun the circling covey bask
Their varied plumes, and watchful every way,
Through the rough stubble turn the secret eye.
Caught in the meshy snare, in vain they beat
Their idle wings, entangled more and more:
Nor on the surges of the boundless air,
Though borne triumphant, are they safe; the gun,
Glanc'd just, and sudden, from the fowler's eye
O'ertakes their sounding pinions; and again,
Immediate, brings them from the towering wing,
Dead to the ground; or drives them wide-dispers'd,
Wounded, and wheeling various, down the wind.

These are not subjects for the peaceful Muse,
Nor will she stain with such her spotless song;
Then most delighted, when she social sees
The whole mix'd animal-creation round
Alive, and happy. 'Tis not joy to her,

This

This falsely-chearful barbarous game of death;
This rage of pleasure, which the restless youth
Awakes, impatient, with the gleaming morn;
When beasts of prey retire, that all night long,
Urg'd by necessity, had rang'd the dark,
As if their conscious ravage shun'd the light,
Asham'd. Not so the steady tyrant man,
Who with the thoughtless insolence of power
Inflam'd, beyond the most infuriate wrath
Of the worst monster that e'er roam'd the waste,
For sport alone pursues the cruel chace,
Amid the beamings of the gentle days.
Upbraid, ye ravening tribes, our wanton rage,
For hunger kindles you, and lawless want;
But lavish fed, in Nature's bounty roll'd,
To joy at anguish, and delight in blood,
Is what your horrid bosoms never knew.
Poor is the triumph o'er the timid hare!
Scar'd from the corn, and now to some lone seat
Retir'd: the rushy fen; the ragged furze,
Stretch'd o'er the stony heath; the stubble chapt;
The thistly lawn; the thick entangled broom;
Of the same friendly hue, the wither'd fern;
The fallow ground laid open to the sun,
Concoctive; and the nodding sandy bank,
Hung o'er the mazes of the mountain brook.
Vain is her best precaution; though she sits
Conceal'd, with folded years; unsleeping eyes,
By Nature rais'd to take th' horizon in;
And head couch'd close betwixt her hairy feet,

In

In act to spring away. The scented dew
Betrays her early labyrinth; and deep,
In scatter'd sullen openings, far behind,
With every breeze she hears the coming storm.
But nearer, and more frequent, as it loads
The sighing gale, she springs amaz'd, and all
The savage soul of game is up at once:
The pack full-opening, various; the shrill horn
Resounded from the hills; the neighing steed,
Wild for the chace; and the loud hunter's shout;
O'er a weak, harmless, flying creature, all
Mix'd in mad tumult, and discordant joy.

The stag too, singled from the herd, where long
He rang'd the branching monarch of the shades,
Before the tempest drives. At first, in speed
He, sprightly, puts his faith; and, rous'd by fear,
Gives all his swift aërial soul to flight;
Against the breeze he darts, that way the more
To leave the lessening murderous cry behind:
Deception short! though fleeter than the winds
Blown o'er the keen-air'd mountains by the north,
He bursts the thickets, glances through the glades,
And plunges deep into the wildest wood;
If slow, yet sure, adhesive to the track
Hot-steaming, up behind him come again
Th' inhuman route, and from the shady depth
Expel him, circling through his every shift.
He sweeps the forest oft; and sobbing sees
The glades, mild opening to the golden day;
Where, in kind contest, with his butting friends

He

He wont to ſtruggle, or his loves enjoy.
Oft in the full-deſcending flood he tries
To loſe the ſcent, and lave his burning ſides:
Oft ſeeks the herd; the watchful herd, alarm'd,
With ſelfiſh care avoid a brother's woe.
What ſhall he do? His once ſo vivid nerves,
So full of buoyant ſpirit, now no more
Inſpire the courſe; but fainting breathleſs toil,
Sick, ſeizes on his heart: he ſtands at bay;
And puts his laſt weak refuge in deſpair.
The big round tears run down his dappled face;
He groans in anguiſh; while the growling pack,
Blood-happy, hang at his fair jutting cheſt,
And mark his beauteous checker'd ſides with gore.
Of this enough. But if the ſylvan youth,
Whoſe fervent blood boils into violence,
Muſt have the chace; behold, deſpiſing flight,
The rous'd-up lion, reſolute, and ſlow,
Advancing full on the protended ſpear,
And coward-band, that circling wheel aloof.
Slunk from the cavern, and the troubled wood,
See the grim wolf; on him his ſhaggy foe
Vindictive fix, and let the ruffian die:
Or, growling horrid, as the brindled boar
Grins fell deſtruction, to the monſter's heart
Let the dart lighten from the nervous arm.
Theſe Britain knows not; give, ye Britons, then
Your ſportive fury, pityleſs, to pour
Looſe on the nightly robber of the fold:
Him, from his craggy winding haunts unearth'd,

Let

Let all the thunder of the chace purſue.
Throw the broad ditch behind you; o'er the hedge
High-bound, reſiſtleſs; nor the deep moraſs
Refuſe, but through the ſhaking wilderneſs
Pick your nice way; into the perilous flood
Bear fearleſs, of the raging inſtinct full;
And as you ride the torrent, to the banks
Your triumph ſound ſonorous, running round,
From rock to rock, in circling echoes toſt;
Then ſcale the mountains to their woody tops;
Ruſh down the dangerous ſteep; and o'er the lawn,
In fancy ſwallowing up the ſpace between,
Pour all your ſpeed into the rapid game,
For happy he! who tops the wheeling chace;
Has every maze evolv'd, and every guile
Diſclos'd; who knows the merits of the pack;
Who ſaw the villain ſeiz'd, and dying hard,
Without complaint, though by an hundred mouths
Relentleſs torn: O glorious he, beyond
His daring peers! when the retreating horn
Calls them to ghoſtly halls of grey renown,
With woodland honours grac'd; the fox's fur,
Depending decent from the roof; and ſpread
Round the drear walls, with antick figures fierce,
The ſtag's large front: he then is loudeſt heard,
When the night ſtaggers with ſeverer toils,
With feats Theſſalian Centaurs never knew,
And their repeated wonders ſhake the dome.
But firſt the fuel'd chimney blazes wide;
The tankards foam; and the ſtrong table groans

Beneath

Beneath the ſmoking ſurloin, ſtretch'd immenſe
From ſide to ſide; in which, with deſperate knife,
They deep inciſion make, and talk the while
Of England's glory, ne'er to be defac'd
While hence they borrow vigour: or amain
Into the paſty plung'd, at intervals,
If ſtomach keen can intervals allow,
Relating all the glories of the chace.
Then fated Hunger bids his brother Thirſt
Produce the mighty bowl; the mighty bowl,
Swell'd high with fiery juice, ſteams liberal round
A potent gale, delicious as the breath
Of Maia to the love-ſick ſhepherdeſs,
On violets diffus'd, while ſoft ſhe hears
Her panting ſhepherd ſtealing to her arms.
Nor wanting is the brown October, drawn,
Mature and perfect, from his dark retreat
Of thirty years; and now his honeſt front
Flames in the light refulgent, not afraid
Ev'n with the vineyard's beſt produce to vie.
To cheat the thirſty moments, Whiſt a while
Walks his dull round, beneath a cloud of ſmoke,
Wreath'd, fragrant, from the pipe; or the quick dice,
In thunder leaping from the box, awake
The ſounding gammon: while romp-loving miſs
Is haul'd about, in gallantry robuſt.
At laſt theſe puling idleneſſes laid
Aſide, frequent and full, the dry divan
Cloſe in firm circle; and ſet, ardent, in
For ſerious drinking. Nor evaſion ſly,

Nor

Nor ſober ſhift, is to the puking wretch
Indulg'd apart; but earneſt, brimming bowls
Lave every ſoul, the table floating round,
And pavement, faithleſs to the ſuddled foot.
Thus as they ſwim in mutual ſwill, the talk,
Vociferous at once from twenty tongues,
Reels faſt from theme to theme; from horſes, hounds,
To church or miſtreſs, politics or ghoſt,
In endleſs mazes, intricate, perplex'd.
Mean-time, with ſudden interruption, loud,
Th' impatient catch burſts from the joyous heart;
That moment touch'd is every kindred ſoul;
And, opening in a full-mouth'd *cry* of joy,
The laugh, the ſlap, the jocund curſe, go round;
While, from their ſlumbers ſhook, the kennel'd hounds
Mix in the muſic of the day again.
As when the tempeſt, that has vex'd the deep
The dark night long, with fainter murmurs falls:
So gradual ſinks their mirth. Their feeble tongues
Unable to take up the cumbrous word,
Lie quite diſſolv'd. Before their maudlin eyes,
Seen dim, and blue, the double tapers dance,
Like the ſun wading through the miſty ſky.
Then ſliding ſoft, they drop. Confus'd above,
Glaſſes and bottles, pipes and gazetteers,
As if the table ev'n itſelf was drunk,
Lie a wet broken ſcene; and wide, below,
Is heap'd the ſocial ſlaughter; where aſtride
The *lubber Power* in filthy triumph ſits,
Slumberous, inclining ſtill from ſide to ſide,

And ſteeps them drench'd in potent ſleep till morn.
Perhaps ſome doctor, of tremendous paunch,
Aweful and deep, a black abyſs of drink,
Out-lives them all; and from his bury'd flock
Retiring, full of rumination ſad,
Laments the weakneſs of theſe latter times.
But if the rougher ſex by this fierce ſport
Is hurried wild, let not ſuch horrid joy
E'er ſtain the boſom of the Britiſh Fair.
Far be the ſpirit of the chace from them!
Uncomely courage, unbeſeeming ſkill;
To ſpring the fence, to rein the prancing ſteed;
The cap, the whip, the maſculine attire;
In which they roughen to the ſenſe, and all
The winning ſoftneſs of their ſex is loſt.
In them 'tis graceful to diſſolve at woe;
With every motion, every word, to wave
Quick o'er the kindling cheek the ready bluſh;
And from the ſmalleſt violence to ſhrink
Unequal, then the loveliest in their fears;
And by this ſilent adulation, ſoft,
To their protection more engaging man.
O may their eyes no miſerable ſight,
Save weeping lovers, ſee! a nobler game,
Through Love's enchanting wiles purſued, yet fled,
In chace ambiguous. May their tender limbs
Float in the looſe ſimplicity of dreſs!
And, faſhion'd all to harmony, alone
Know they to ſeize the captivated ſoul,
In rapture warbled from love-breathing lips;

To teach the lute to languiſh; with ſmooth ſtep,
Diſcloſing motion in its every charm,
To ſwim along, and ſwell the mazy dance;
To train the foliage o'er the ſnowy lawn;
To guide the pencil, turn the tuneful page;
To lend new flavour to the fruitful year,
And heighten Nature's dainties: in their race
To rear their graces into ſecond life;
To give ſociety its higheſt taſte;
Well-order'd home man's beſt delight to make;
And by ſubmiſſive wiſdom, modeſt ſkill,
With every gentle care-eluding art,
To raiſe the virtues, animate the bliſs,
And ſweeten all the toils of human life:
This be the female dignity, and praiſe.
Ye ſwains, now haſten to the hazel bank;
Where, down yon dale, the wildly-winding brook
Falls hoarſe from ſteep to ſteep. In cloſe array,
Fit for the thickets and the tangling ſhrub,
Ye virgins come. For you their lateſt ſong
The woodlands raiſe; the cluſtering nuts for you
The lover finds amid the ſecret ſhade;
And, where they burniſh on the topmoſt bough,
With active vigour cruſhes down the tree;
Or ſhakes them ripe from the reſigning huſk,
A gloſſy ſhower, and of an ardent brown,
As are the ringlets of Melinda's hair:
Melinda! form'd with every grace complete,
Yet theſe neglecting, above beauty wiſe,
And far tranſcending ſuch a vulgar praiſe.

Hence from the busy joy-resounding fields,
In chearful error, let us tread the maze
Of Autumn, unconfin'd; and taste, reviv'd,
The breath of orchard big with bending fruit.
Obedient to the breeze and beating ray,
From the deep-loaded bough a mellow shower
Incessant melts away. The juicy pear
Lies, in a soft profusion, scatter'd round.
A various sweetness swells the gentle race;
By Nature's all-refining hand prepar'd;
Of temper'd sun, and water, earth, and air,
In ever-changing composition mixt.
Such, falling frequent through the chiller night,
The fragrant stores, the wide-projected heaps
Of apples, which the lusty-handed year,
Innumerous, o'er the blushing orchard shakes.
A various spirit, fresh, delicious, keen,
Dwells in their gelid pores; and, active, points
The piercing cyder for the thirsty tongue:
Thy *native* theme, and boon inspirer too,
Phillips, Pomona's bard, the second thou
Who nobly durst, in rhyme-unfetter'd verse,
With British freedom sing the British song:
How, from Silurian vats, high-sparkling wines
Foam in transparent floods; some strong, to cheer
The wintery revels of the labouring hind;
And tasteful some, to cool the summer-hours.

In this glad season, while his sweetest beams
The sun sheds equal o'er the meeken'd day;
Oh, lose me in the green delightful walks

Of,

Of, Doddington, thy ſeat, ſerene, and plain;
Where ſimple Nature reigns; and every view,
Diffuſive, ſpreads the pure Dorſetian downs,
In boundleſs proſpect: yonder ſhagg'd with wood,
Here rich with harveſt, and there white with flocks!
Meantime the grandeur of thy lofty dome,
Far-ſplendid, ſeizes on the raviſh'd eye.
New beauties riſe with each revolving day;
New columns ſwell; and ſtill the freſh Spring finds
New plants to quicken, and new groves to green.
Full of thy genius all! the Muſes' ſeat:
Where in the ſecret bower, and winding walk,
For virtuous Young and thee they twine the bay.
Here wandering oft, fir'd with the reſtleſs thirſt
Of thy applauſe, I ſolitary court
Th' inſpiring breeze: and meditate the book
Of Nature ever open: aiming thence,
Warm from the heart, to learn the moral ſong.
Here, as I ſteal along the ſunny wall,
Where Autumn baſks, with fruit empurpled deep,
My pleaſing theme continual prompts my thought:
Preſents the downy peach; the ſhining plumb;
The ruddy, fragrant nectarine; and dark,
Beneath his ample leaf, the luſcious fig.
The vine too here her curling tendrils ſhoots;
Hangs out her cluſters, glowing to the ſouth;
And ſcarcely wiſhes for a warmer ſky.
Turn we a moment Fancy's rapid flight
To vigorous ſoils, and climes of fair extent;
Where, by the potent ſun elated high,

The vineyard ſwells refulgent on the day;
Spreads o'er the vale; or up the mountain climbs,
Profuſe; and drinks amid the ſunny rocks;
From cliff to cliff increas'd, the heighten'd blaze.
Low bend the weighty boughs. The cluſters clear,
Half through the foliage ſeen, or ardent flame,
Or ſhine tranſparent; while perfection breathes
White o'er the turgent film the living dew.
As thus they brighten with exalted juice,
Touch'd into flavour by the mingling ray;
The rural youth and virgins o'er the field,
Each fond for each to cull th' autumnal prime,
Exulting rove, and ſpeak the vintage nigh.
Then comes the cruſhing ſwain; the country floats,
And foams unbounded with the maſhy flood;
That by degrees fermented and refin'd,
Round the rais'd nations pours the cup of joy:
The claret ſmooth, red as the lip we preſs
In ſparkling fancy, while we drain the bowl;
The mellow-taſted Burgundy; and quick,
As is the wit it gives, the gay Champagne.
Now, by the cool declining year condens'd,
Deſcend the copious exhalations, check'd
As up the middle ſky unſeen they ſtole,
And roll the doubling fogs around the hill.
No more the mountain, horrid, vaſt, ſublime,
Who pours a ſweep of rivers from his ſides,
And high between contending kingdoms rears
The rocky long diviſion, fills the view
With great variety; but in a night

Of

Of gathering vapour, from the baffled ſenſe
Sinks dark and dreary. Thence expanding far,
The huge duſk, gradual, ſwallows up the plain:
Vaniſh the woods; the dim-ſeen river ſeems
Sullen, and ſlow, to roll the miſty wave.
Ev'n in the height of noon oppreſt, the ſun
Sheds weak, and blunt, his wide-refracted ray;
Whence glaring oft, with many a broaden'd orb,
He frights the nations. Indiſtinct on earth,
Seen through the turbid air, beyond the life
Objects appear; and, wilder'd, o'er the waſte
The ſhepherd ſtalks gigantic. Till at laſt
Wreath'd dun around, in deeper circles ſtill
Succeſſive cloſing, ſits the general fog
Unbounded o'er the world; and, mingling thick,
A formleſs grey confuſion covers all.
As when of old (ſo ſung the Hebrew Bard)
Light, uncollected, through the chaos urg'd
Its infant way; nor Order yet had drawn
His lovely train from out the dubious gloom.
These roving miſts, that conſtant now begin
To ſmoke along the hilly country, theſe,
With weighty rains, and melted Alpine ſnows,
The mountain-ciſterns fill, thoſe ample ſtores
Of water, ſcoop'd among the hollow rocks;
Whence guſh the ſtreams, the ceaſeleſs fountains play,
And their unfailing wealth the rivers draw.
Some ſages ſay, that, where the numerous wave
For ever laſhes the reſounding ſhore,
Drill'd through the ſandy ſtratum, every way,

The waters with the ſandy ſtratum riſe;
Amid whoſe angles infinitely ſtrain'd,
They joyful leave their jaggy ſalts behind,
And clear and ſweeten, as they ſoak along.
Nor ſtops the reſtleſs fluid, mounting ſtill,
Though oft amidſt th' irriguous vale it ſprings;
But to the mountain courted by the ſand,
That leads it darkling on in faithful maze,
Far from the parent-main, it boils again
Freſh into day; and all the glittering hill
Is bright with ſpouting rills. But hence this vain
Amuſive dream! why ſhould the waters love
To take ſo far a journey to the hills,
When the ſweet vallies offer to their toil
Inviting quiet, and a nearer bed?
Or if, by blind ambition led aſtray,
They muſt aſpire; why ſhould they ſudden ſtop
Among the broken mountain's ruſhy dells,
And, ere they gain its higheſt peak, deſert
Th' attractive ſand that charm'd their courſe ſo long?
Beſides, the hard agglomerating ſalts,
The ſpoil of ages, would impervious choak
Their ſecret channels; or, by ſlow degrees,
High as the hills protrude the ſwelling vales:
Old Ocean too, ſuck'd through the porous globe,
Had long ere now forſook his horrid bed,
And brought Deucalion's watery times again.

Say then, where lurk the vaſt eternal ſprings,
That, like creating Nature, lie conceal'd
From mortal eye, yet with their laviſh ſtores

Refreſh

Refresh the globe, and all its joyous tribes?
O, thou pervading Genius, given to man,
To trace the secrets of the dark abyss,
O, lay the mountains bare! and wide display
Their hidden structure to th' astonish'd view!
Strip from the branching Alps their piny load;
The huge incumbrance of horrific woods
From Asian Taurus, from Imaus stretch'd
Athwart the roving Tartar's sullen bounds!
Give opening Hemus to my searching eye,
And high Olympus pouring many a stream!
O, from the sounding summits of the north,
The Dofrine Hills, through Scandinavia roll'd
To farthest Lapland and the frozen main;
From lofty Caucasus, far-seen by those
Who in the Caspian and black Euxine toil;
From cold Riphean Rocks, which the wild Russ
Believes the **stony girdle* of the world;
And all the dreadful mountains, wrapt in storm,
Whence wide Siberia draws her lonely floods;
O, sweep th' eternal snows! Hung o'er the deep,
That ever works beneath his sounding base,
Bid Atlas, propping heaven, as poets feign,
His subterranean wonders spread! unveil
The miny caverns, blazing on the day,
Of Abyssinia's cloud compelling cliffs,

* The Muscovites call the Riphean Mountains Weliki Cameny-poys, that is, *the great stony Girdle*: because they suppose them to encompass the whole earth.

And

And of the bending † Mountains of the Moon!
O'ertopping all these giant sons of earth,
Let the dire Andes, from the radiant line
Stretch'd to the stormy seas that thunder round
The southern pole, their hideous deeps unfold!
Amazing scene! Behold! the glooms discloſe,
I see the rivers in their infant beds!
Deep, deep I hear them, labouring to get free!
I see the leaning strata, artful rang'd;
The gaping fissures to receive the rains,
The melting snows, and ever-dripping fogs.
Strow'd bibulous above I see the sands,
The pebbly gravel next, the layers then
Of mingled moulds, of more retentive earths,
The gutter'd rocks, and mazy-running clefts;
That, while the stealing moisture they transmit,
Retard its motion, and forbid its waste.
Beneath th' inceſſant weeping of these drains,
I see the rocky syphons stretch'd immense,
The mighty reservoirs, of harden'd chalk,
Or stiff compacted clay, capacious form'd.
O'erflowing thence, the congregated stores,
The crystal treasures of the liquid world,
Through the stirr'd sands a bubbling passage burst;
And swelling out, around the middle steep,
Or from the bottoms of the bosom'd hills,
In pure effusion flow. United, thus,
Th' exhaling sun, the vapour-burden'd air,

† A range of mountains in Africa, that surround almost all Monomotapa.

The

The gelid mountains, that to rain condens'd
These vapours in continual current draw,
And send them, o'er the fair-divided earth,
In bounteous rivers to the deep again,
A social commerce hold, and firm support
The full-adjusted harmony of things.
When Autumn scatters his departing gleams,
Warn'd of approaching Winter, gather'd, play
The swallow-people; and toss'd wide around,
O'er the calm sky, in convolution swift,
The feather'd eddy floats: rejoicing once,
Ere to their wintery slumbers they retire;
In clusters clung, beneath the mouldering bank,
And where, unpierc'd by frost, the cavern sweats,
Or rather into warmer climes convey'd,
With other kindred birds of season, there
They twitter chearful, till the vernal months
Invite them welcome back: for, thronging, now
Innumerous wings are in commotion all.
Where the Rhine loses his majestic force
In Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,
By diligence amazing, and the strong
Unconquerable hand of Liberty,
The stork-assembly meets; for many a day,
Consulting deep, and various, ere they take
Their arduous voyage through the liquid sky.
And now their rout design'd, their leaders chose,
Their tribes adjusted, clean'd their vigorous wings;
And many a circle, many a short essay,
Wheel'd round and round, in congregation full

The figur'd flight aſcends; and, riding high
Th' aërial billows, mixes with the clouds.
Or where the Northern ocean, in vaſt whirls,
Boils round the naked melancholy iſles
Of fartheſt Thulé, and th' Atlantic ſurge
Pours in among the ſtormy Hebrides;
Who can recount what tranſmigrations there
Are annual made? what nations come and go?
And how the living clouds on clouds ariſe?
Infinite wings! till all the plume-dark air
And rude reſounding ſhore are one wild cry.
Here the plain harmleſs native his ſmall flock,
And herd diminutive of many hues,
Tends on the little iſland's verdant ſwell,
The ſhepherd's ſea-girt reign; or, to the rocks
Dire-clinging, gathers his ovarious food;
Or ſweeps the fiſhy ſhore; or treaſures up
The plumage, riſing full, to form the bed
Of luxury. And here a while the Muſe,
High hovering o'er the broad cœrulean ſcene,
Sees Caledonia, in romantic view:
Her airy mountains, from the waving main,
Inveſted with a keen diffuſive ſky,
Breathing the ſoul acute; her foreſts huge,
Incult, robuſt, and tall, by Nature's hand
Planted of old; her azure lakes between,
Pour'd out extenſive, and of watery wealth
Full; winding deep, and green, her fertile vales;
With many a cool tranſlucent brimming flood
Waſh'd lovely from the Tweed (pure *parent ſtream*,

Whoſe

Whose pastoral banks first heard my Doric reed,
With, sylvan Jed, thy tributary brook)
To where the north-inflated tempest foams
O'er Orca's or Betubium's highest peak:
Nurse of a people, in misfortune's school
Train'd up to hardy deeds; soon visited
By Learning, when before the Gothic rage
She took her western flight. A manly race,
Of unsubmitting spirit, wise, and brave;
Who still through bleeding ages struggled hard,
(As well unhappy Wallace can attest,
Great patriot-hero! ill-requited chief!)
To hold a generous undiminish'd state;
Too much in vain! Hence of unequal bounds
Impatient, and by tempting glory borne
O'er every land, for every land their life
Has flow'd profuse, their piercing genius plann'd,
And swell'd the pomp of peace their faithful toil.
As from their own clear north, in radiant streams,
Bright over Europe bursts the Boreal Morn.

Oh, is there not some patriot, in whose power
That best, that godlike Luxury is plac'd,
Of blessing thousands, thousands yet unborn,
Through late posterity? some, large of soul,
To chear dejected industry? to give
A double harvest to the pining swain?
And teach the labouring hind the sweets of toil?
How, by the finest art, the native robe
To weave; how, white as Hyperborean snow,
To form the lucid lawn; with venturous oar

How

How to daſh wide the billow; nor look on,
Shamefully paſſive, while Batavian fleets
Defraud us of the glittering finny ſwarms,
That heave our friths, and crowd upon our ſhores;
How all-enlivening trade to rouſe, and wing
The proſperous ſail, from every growing port,
Uninjur'd, round the ſea-encircled globe;
And thus, in ſoul united as in name,
Bid Britain reign the miſtreſs of the deep?

Yes, there are ſuch. And full on thee, Argyll,
Her hope, her ſtay, her darling, and her boaſt,
From her firſt patriots and her heroes ſprung,
Thy fond imploring country turns her eye;
In thee, with all a mother's triumph, ſees
Her every virtue, every grace combin'd,
Her genius, wiſdom, her engaging turn,
Her pride of honour, and her courage try'd,
Calm, and intrepid, in the very throat
Of ſulphurous war, on Teniers' dreadful field.
Nor leſs the palm of peace inwreathes thy brow:
For, powerful as thy ſword, from thy rich tongue
Perſuaſion flows, and wins the high debate;
While mix'd in thee combine the charm of youth,
The force of manhood, and the depth of age.
Thee, Forbes, too, whom every worth attends,
As truth ſincere, as weeping friendſhip kind,
Thee, truly generous, and in ſilence great,
Thy country feels through her reviving arts,
Plann'd by thy wiſdom, by thy ſoul inform'd;
And ſeldom has ſhe known a friend like thee.

But see the fading many-colour'd woods,
Shade deepening over shade, the country round
Imbrown; a crowded umbrage, dusk, and dun,
Of every hue, from wan-declining green
To sooty dark. These now the lonesome Muse,
Low-whispering, lead into their leaf-strown walks,
And give the season in its latest view.
Meantime, light-shadowing all, a sober calm
Fleeces unbounded æther; whose least wave
Stands tremulous, uncertain where to turn
The gentle current: while illumin'd wide,
The dewy-skirted clouds imbibe the sun,
And through their lucid veil his soften'd force
Shed o'er the peaceful world. Then is the time,
For those whom wisdom and whom Nature charm,
To steal themselves from the degenerate crowd,
And soar above this little scene of things;
To tread low-thoughted vice beneath their feet;
To soothe the throbbing passions into peace;
And woo lone Quiet in her silent walks.
Thus solitary, and in pensive guise,
Oft let me wander o'er the russet mead,
And through the sadden'd grove, where scarce is heard
One dying strain, to chear the woodman's toil.
Haply some widow'd songster pours his plaint,
Far, in faint warblings, through the tawny copse.
While congregated thrushes, linnets, larks,
And each wild throat, whose artless strains so late
Swell'd all the music of the swarming shades,
Robb'd of their tuneful souls, now shivering sit

On

On the dead tree, a dull deſpondent flock;
With not a brightneſs waving o'er their plumes,
And nought ſave chattering diſcord in their note.
O, let not, aim'd from ſome inhuman eye,
The gun the muſic of the coming year
Deſtroy; and harmleſs, unſuſpecting harm,
Lay the weak tribes a miſerable prey,
In mingled murder, fluttering on the ground!

The pale deſcending year, yet pleaſing ſtill,
A gentler mood inſpires; for now the leaf
Inceſſant ruſtles from the mournful grove;
Oft ſtartling ſuch as, ſtudious, walk below,
And ſlowly circles through the waving air.
But ſhould a quicker breeze amid the boughs
Sob, o'er the ſky the leafy deluge ſtreams;
Till choak'd, and matted with the dreary ſhower,
The foreſt-walks, at every riſing gale,
Roll wide the wither'd waſte, and whiſtle bleak.
Fled is the blaſted verdure of the fields;
And, ſhrunk into their beds, the flowery race
Their ſunny robes reſign. Ev'n what remain'd
Of ſtronger fruits falls from the naked tree;
And woods, fields, gardens, orchards, all around
The deſolated proſpect thrills the ſoul.

He comes! he comes! in every breeze the Power
Of Philoſophic Melancholy comes!
His near approach the ſudden-ſtarting tear,
The glowing cheek, the mild dejected air,
The ſoften'd feature, and the beating heart,
Pierc'd deep with many a virtuous pang, declare.

O'er

O'er all the ſoul his ſacred influence breathes!
Inflames imagination; through the breaſt
Infuſes every tenderneſs; and far
Beyond dim earth exalts the ſwelling thought.
Ten thouſand thouſand fleet ideas, ſuch
As never mingled with the vulgar dream,
Crowd faſt into the Mind's creative eye.
As faſt the correſpondent paſſions riſe,
As varied, and as high: Devotion rais'd
To rapture, and divine aſtoniſhment;
The love of nature unconfin'd, and, chief,
Of human race; the large ambitious wiſh,
To make them bleſt; the ſigh for ſuffering worth
Loſt in obſcurity; the noble ſcorn
Of tyrant-pride; the fearleſs great reſolve;
The wonder which the dying patriot draws,
Inſpiring glory through remoteſt time;
Th' awaken'd throb for virtue, and for fame;
The ſympathies of love, and friendſhip dear;
With all the *ſocial offspring of the heart.*

Oh, bear me to vaſt embowering ſhades,
To twilight groves, and viſionary vales;
To weeping grottoes, and prophetic glooms;
Where angel forms athwart the ſolemn duſk
Tremendous ſweep, or ſeem to ſweep along;
And voices more than human, through the void
Deep-ſounding, ſeize th' enthuſiaſtic ear!

Or is this gloom too much? Then lead, ye powers,
That o'er the garden and the rural ſeat
Preſide, which ſhining through the chearful land

In countleſs numbers bleſt Britannia ſees;
O, lead me to the wide-extended walks,
The fair majeſtic paradiſe of Stowe *!
Not Perſian Cyrus on Ionia's ſhore
E'er ſaw ſuch ſylvan ſcenes; ſuch various art
By genius fir'd, ſuch ardent genius tam'd
By cool judicious art; that, in the ſtrife,
All-beauteous Nature fears to be outdone.
And there, O Pitt, thy country's early boaſt,
There let me ſit beneath the ſhelter'd ſlopes,
Or in that † Temple where, in future times,
Thou well ſhalt merit a diſtinguiſh'd name;
And, with thy converſe bleſt, catch the laſt ſmiles
Of Autumn beaming o'er the yellow woods.
While there with thee th' inchanted round I walk,
The regulated wild, gay Fancy then
Will tread in thought the groves of Attic Land;
Will from thy ſtandard taſte refine her own,
Correct her pencil to the pureſt truth
Of Nature, or, the unimpaſſion'd ſhades
Forſaking, raiſe it to the human mind.
Or if hereafter ſhe, with *juſter* hand,
Shall draw the tragic ſcene, inſtruct her thou,
To mark the varied movements of the heart,
What every decent character requires,
And every paſſion ſpeaks: O, through her ſtrain
Breathe thy pathetic eloquence! that moulds
Th' attentive ſenate, charms, perſuades, exalts,

* The ſeat of the Lord Viſcount Cobham.

† The temple of Virtue in Stowe-Gardens.

Of

Of honeſt zeal th' indignant lightning throws,
And ſhakes corruption on her venal throne.
While thus we talk, and through Elyſian Vales
Delighted rove, perhaps a ſigh eſcapes:
What pity, Cobham, thou thy verdant files
Of order'd trees ſhouldſt here inglorious range,
Inſtead of ſquadrons flaming o'er the field,
And long embattled hoſts! when the proud foe,
The faithleſs vain diſturber of mankind,
Inſulting Gaul, has rous'd the world to war;
When keen, once more, within their bounds to preſs
Thoſe poliſh'd robbers, thoſe ambitious ſlaves,
The Britiſh Youth would hail thy wiſe command,
Thy temper'd ardor, and thy veteran ſkill.
The weſtern ſun withdraws the ſhorten'd day;
And humid evening, gliding o'er the ſky,
In her chill progreſs, to the ground condens'd
The vapours throws. Where creeping waters ooze,
Where marſhes ſtagnate, and where rivers wind,
Cluſter the rolling fogs, and ſwim along
The duſky-mantled lawn. Mean-while the moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking through the ſcatter'd clouds,
Shews her broad viſage in the crimſon'd eaſt.
Turn'd to the ſun direct, her ſpotted diſk,
Where mountains riſe, umbrageous dales deſcend,
And caverns deep, as optic tube deſcries,
A ſmaller earth, gives us his blaze again,
Void of its flame, and ſheds a ſofter day.
Now through the paſſing cloud ſhe ſeems to ſtoop,
Now up the pure cœrulean rides ſublime.

Wide the pale deluge floats, and ſtreaming mild
O'er the ſky'd mountain to the ſhadowy vale,
While rocks and floods reflect the quivering gleam,
The whole air whitens with a boundleſs tide
Of ſilver radiance, trembling round the world.
But when half blotted from the ſky her light,
Fainting, permits the ſtarry fires to burn
With keener luſtre through the depth of heaven;
Or near extinct her deaden'd orb appears,
And ſcarce appears, of ſickly beamleſs white;
Oft in this ſeaſon, ſilent from the north
A blaze of meteors ſhoots: enſweeping firſt
The lower ſkies, they all at once converge
High to the crown of heaven, and all at once
Relapſing quick as quickly reaſcend,
And mix, and thwart, extinguiſh, and renew,
All æther courſing in a maze of light.
From look to look, contagious through the crowd,
The panic runs, and into wondrous ſhapes
Th' appearance throws: armies in meet array,
Throng'd with aërial ſpears and ſteeds of fire;
Till the long lines of full-extended war
In bleeding fight commixt, the ſanguine flood
Rolls a broad ſlaughter o'er the plains of heaven.
As thus they ſcan the viſionary ſcene,
On all ſides ſwells the ſuperſtitious din,
Incontinent; and buſy frenzy talks
Of blood and battle; cities overturn'd,
And late at night in ſwallowing earthquake ſunk,
Or hideous wrapt in fierce aſcending flame;

Of

Of fallow famine, inundation, ſtorm;
Of peſtilence, and every great diſtreſs;
Empires ſubvers'd, when ruling fate has ſtruck
Th' unalterable hour: ev'n Nature's ſelf
Is deem'd to totter on the brink of time.
Not ſo the man of philoſophic eye,
And inſpect ſage; the waving brightneſs he
Curious ſurveys, inquiſitive to know
The cauſes, and materials, yet unfix'd,
Of this appearance beautiful and new.
Now black, and deep, the night begins to fall,
A ſhade immenſe. Sunk in the quenching gloom,
Magnificent and vaſt, are heaven and earth.
Order confounded lies; all beauty void;
Diſtinction loſt; and gay variety
One univerſal blot: ſuch the fair power
Of light, to kindle and create the whole.
Drear is the ſtate of the benighted wretch,
Who then, bewilder'd, wanders through the dark,
Full of pale fancies, and chimeras huge;
Nor viſited by one directive ray,
From cottage ſtreaming, or from airy hall.
Perhaps, impatient as he ſtumbles on,
Struck from the root of ſlimy ruſhes, blue,
The wild-fire ſcatters round, or gather'd trails
A length of flame deceitful o'er the moſs:
Whither decoy'd by the fantaſtic blaze,
Now loſt, and now renew'd, he ſinks abſorpt,
Rider and horſe, amid the miry gulf:
While ſtill, from day to day, his pining wife

And plaintive children his return await,
In wild conjecture loſt. At other times,
Sent by the *better Genius* of the night,
Innoxious, gleaming on the horſe's mane,
The meteor ſits; and ſhews the narrow path,
That winding leads through pits of death, or elſe
Inſtructs him how to take the dangerous ford.
The lengthen'd night elaps'd, the morning ſhines
Serene, in all her dewy beauty bright,
Unfolding fair the laſt autumnal day.
And now the mounting ſun diſpels the fog;
The rigid hoar-froſt melts before his beam;
And hung on every ſpray, on every blade
Of graſs, the myriad dew-drops twinkle round.
Ah, ſee, where robb'd, and murder'd, in that pit
Lies the ſtill heaving hive! at evening ſnatch'd,
Beneath the cloud of guilt-concealing night,
And fix'd o'er ſulphur: while, not dreaming ill,
The happy people, in their waxen cells,
Sat tending public cares, and planning ſchemes
Of temperance, for Winter poor; rejoic'd
To mark, full flowing round, their copious ſtores.
Sudden the dark oppreſſive ſteam aſcends;
And, us'd to milder ſcents, the tender race,
By thouſands, tumble from their honey'd domes,
Convolv'd, and agonizing in the duſt.
And was it then for this you roam'd the Spring,
Intent from flower to flower? for this you toil'd
Ceaſeleſs the burning Summer-heats away?
For this in Autumn ſearch'd the blooming waſte,

Nor

Nor loſt one ſunny gleam? for this ſad fate?
O, man! tyrannic lord! how long, how long,
Shall proſtrate Nature groan beneath your rage,
Awaiting renovation? when oblig'd,
Muſt you deſtroy? Of their ambroſial food
Can you not borrow; and, in juſt return,
Afford them ſhelter from the wintery winds?
Or, as the ſharp year pinches, with their own
Again regale them on ſome ſmiling day?
See where the ſtony bottom of their town
Looks deſolate, and wild; with here and there
A helpleſs number, who the ruin'd ſtate
Survive, lamenting weak, caſt out to death.
Thus a proud city, populous and rich,
Full of the works of peace, and high in joy,
At theatre or feaſt, or ſunk in ſleep,
(As late, Palermo, was thy fate) is ſeiz'd
By ſome dread earthquake, and convulſive hurl'd
Sheer from the black foundation, ſtench involv'd,
Into a gulf of blue ſulphureous flame.
Hence every harſher ſight! for now the day,
O'er heaven and earth diffus'd, grows warm, and high,
Infinite ſplendor! wide inveſting all.
How ſtill the breeze! ſave what the filmy threads
Of dew evaporate bruſhes from the plain.
How clear the cloudleſs ſky! how deeply ting'd
With a peculiar blue! th' ethereal arch
How ſwell'd immenſe! amid whoſe azure thron'd
The radiant ſun how gay! how calm below
The gilded earth! the harveſt-treaſures all

Now gather'd in, beyond the rage of ſtorms,
Sure to the ſwain; the circling fence ſhut up;
And inſtant Winter's utmoſt rage defy'd.
While, looſe to feſtive joy, the country round
Laughs with the loud ſincerity of mirth,
Shook to the wind their cares. The toil-ſtrung youth,
By the quick ſenſe of muſic taught alone,
Leaps wildly graceful in the lively dance.
Her every charm abroad, the village-toaſt,
Young, buxom, warm, in native beauty rich,
Darts not unmeaning looks; and, where her eye
Points an approving ſmile, with double force,
The cudgel rattles, and the wreſtler twines.
Age too ſhines out; and, garrulous, recounts
The feats of youth. Thus they rejoice; nor think
That, with to-morrow's ſun, their annual toil
Begins again the never-ceaſing round.

Oh, knew he but his happineſs, of men
The happieſt he! who, far from public rage,
Deep in the vale, with a *choice few* retir'd,
Drinks the pure pleaſures of the Rural Life.
What though the dome be wanting, whoſe proud gate,
Each morning, vomits out the ſneaking crowd
Of flatterers falſe, and in their turn abus'd?
Vile intercourſe! What though the glitt'ring robe,
Of every hue reflected light can give,
Or floating looſe, or ſtiff with mazy gold,
The pride and gaze of fools! oppreſs him not?
What though, from utmoſt land and ſea purvey'd,
For him each rarer tributary life

Bleeds

Bleeds not, and his insatiate table heaps
With luxury and death? what though his bowl
Flames not with costly juice: nor sunk in beds,
Oft of gay care, he tosses out the night,
Or melts the thoughtless hours in idle state?
What though he knows not those fantastic joys,
That still amuse the wanton, still deceive;
A face of pleasure, but a heart of pain;
Their hollow moments undelighted all?
Sure peace is his; a solid life, estrang'd
To disappointment, and fallacious hope:
Rich in content, in Nature's bounty rich,
In herbs and fruits; whatever greens the Spring,
When heaven descends in showers; or bends the bough
When Summer reddens, and when Autumn beams;
Or in the wintery glebe whatever lies
Conceal'd, and fattens with the richest sap:
These are not wanting; nor the milky drove,
Luxuriant, spread o'er all the lowing vale;
Nor bleating mountains; nor the chide of streams,
And hum of bees, inviting sleep sincere
Into the guiltless breast, beneath the shade,
Or thrown at large amid the fragrant hay;
Nor aught besides of prospect, grove, or song,
Dim grottoes, gleaming lakes, and fountains clear.
Here too dwells simple truth; plain innocence;
Unsullied beauty; sound unbroken youth,
Patient of labour, with a little pleas'd;
Health ever blooming; unambitious toil;
Calm contemplation, and poetic ease.

Let

Let others brave the flood in queſt of gain,
And beat, for joyleſs months, the gloomy wave.
Let ſuch as deem it glory to deſtroy,
Ruſh into blood, the ſack of cities ſeek;
Unpierc'd, exulting in the widow's wail,
The virgin's ſhriek, and infant's trembling cry.
Let ſome, far diſtant from their native ſoil,
Urg'd or by want or harden'd avarice,
Find other lands beneath another ſun.
Let *this* through cities work his eager way,
By regal outrage and eſtabliſh'd guile,
The ſocial ſenſe extinct; and *that* ferment
Mad into tumult the ſeditious herd,
Or melt them down to ſlavery. Let *theſe*
Inſnare the wretched in the toils of law,
Fomenting diſcord, and perplexing right,
An iron race! and *thoſe* of fairer front,
But equal inhumanity, in courts,
Deluſive pomp, and dark cabals, delight;
Wreathe the deep bow, diffuſe the lying ſmile,
And tread the weary labyrinth of ſtate.
While he, from all the ſtormy paſſions free
That reſtleſs men involve, hears, and but hears,
At diſtance ſafe, the human tempeſt roar,
Wrapt cloſe in conſcious peace. The fall of kings,
The rage of nations, and the cruſh of ſtates,
Move not the man, who, from the world eſcap'd,
In ſtill retreats, and flowery ſolitudes,
To Nature's voice attends, from month to month,
And day to day, through the revolving year;

Admiring

Admiring, ſees her in her every ſhape;
Feels all her ſweet emotions at his heart;
Takes what ſhe liberal gives, nor thinks of more.
He, when young Spring protrudes the burſting gems,
Marks the firſt bud, and ſucks the healthful gale
Into his freſhen'd ſoul; her genial hours
He full enjoys; and not a beauty blows,
And not an opening bloſſom breathes in vain.
In Summer he, beneath the living ſhade,
Such as o'er frigid Tempe wont to wave,
Or Hemus cool, reads what the Muſe, of theſe,
Perhaps, has in immortal numbers ſung;
Or what ſhe dictates writes: and oft, an eye
Shot round, rejoices in the vigorous year.
When Autumn's yellow luſtre gilds the world,
And tempts the ſickled ſwain into the field,
Seiz'd by the general joy, his heart diſtends
With gentle throws; and through the tepid gleams
Deep muſing, then he *beſt* exerts his ſong.
Ev'n Winter, wild to him, is full of bliſs.
The mighty tempeſt, and the hoary waſte,
Abrupt, and deep, ſtretch'd o'er the buried earth,
Awake to ſolemn thought. At night the ſkies,
Diſcloſ'd, and kindled, by refining froſt,
Pours every luſtre on th' exalted eye.
A friend, a book, the ſtealing hours ſecure,
And mark them down for wiſdom. With ſwift wing,
O'er land and ſea imagination roams;
Or truth, divinely breaking on his mind,
Elates his being, and unfolds his powers;

Or in his breaſt heroic virtue burns.
The touch of kindred too and love he feels;
The modeſt eye, whoſe beams on his alone
Extatic ſhine; the little ſtrong embrace
Of prattling children, twin'd around his neck,
And emulous to pleaſe him, calling forth
The fond parental ſoul. Nor purpoſe gay,
Amuſement, dance, or ſong, he ſternly ſcorns;
For happineſs and true philoſophy
Are of the ſocial ſtill, and ſmiling kind.
This is the life which thoſe who fret in guilt,
And guilty cities, never knew; the life,
Led by primeval ages, uncorrupt,
When angels dwelt, and God himſelf, with man!
Oh, Nature! all-ſufficient! over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonder there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profuſely ſcatter'd o'er the blue immenſe,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws,
Give me to ſcan; through the diſcloſing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral *ſtrata* there;
Thruſt, blooming, thence the vegetable world;
O'er that the riſing ſyſtem, more complex,
Of animals; and higher ſtill, the mind,
The varied ſcene of quick-compounded thought,
And where the mixing paſſions endleſs ſhift;
Theſe ever open to my raviſh'd eye;
A ſearch, the flight of time can ne'er exhauſt!
But if to that unequal; if the blood,

In ſluggiſh ſtreams about my heart, forbid
That *beſt* ambition; under cloſing ſhades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook,
And whiſper to my dreams. From Thee begin,
Dwell all on Thee, with Thee conclude my ſong;
And let me never, never ſtray from Thee! 1371

WINTER.

W I N T E R. 1726.

ARGUMENT.

The ſubject propoſed. Addreſs to the earl of Wilmington. Firſt approach of Winter. According to the natural courſe of the ſeaſon, various ſtorms deſcribed. Rain. Wind. Snow. The driving of the ſnows: a man periſhing among them; whence reflections on the wants and miſeries of human life. The wolves deſcending from the Alps and Apennines. A winter evening deſcribed: as ſpent by philoſophers; by the country people; in the city. Froſt. A view of Winter within the Polar Circle. A thaw. The whole concluding with moral reflections on a future ſtate.

WINTER.

SEE, Winter comes, to rule the varied year,
Sullen and sad, with all his rising train:
Vapours, and Clouds, and Storms. Be these my theme,
These! that exalt the soul to solemn thought,
And heavenly musing. Welcome, kindred glooms!
Congenial horrors, hail! with frequent foot,
Pleas'd have I, in my chearful morn of life,
When nurs'd by careless solitude I liv'd,
And sung of Nature with unceasing joy,
Pleas'd have I wander'd through your rough domain;
Trod the pure virgin-snows, myself as pure;
Heard the winds roar, and the big torrent burst;
Or seen the deep fermenting tempest brew'd,
In the grim evening sky. Thus pass'd the time,
Till through the lucid chambers of the south
Look'd out the joyous Spring, look'd out, and smil'd.
To thee, the patron of *her first* essay,
The Muse, O Wilmington! renews her song.
Since has she rounded the revolving year:
Skim'd the gay Spring; on eagle-pinions borne,
Attempted through the Summer-blaze to rise;
Then swept o'er Autumn with the shadowy gale;
And now among the wintery clouds again,
Roll'd in the doubling storm, she tries to soar;

To swell her note with all the rushing winds;
To suit her sounding cadence to the floods;
As is her theme, her numbers wildly great:
Thrice happy! could she fill thy judging ear
With bold description, and with manly thought.
Nor art thou skill'd in aweful schemes alone,
And how to make a mighty people thrive:
But equal goodness, sound integrity,
A firm unshaken uncorrupted soul
Amid a sliding age, and burning strong,
Not vainly blazing for thy country's weal,
A steady spirit regularly free;
These, each exalting each, the statesman light
Into the patriot; these, the public hope
And eye to thee converting, bid the Muse
Record what envy dares not flattery call.

Now when the chearless empire of the sky
To Capricorn the Centaur Archer yields,
And fierce Aquarius stains th' inverted year;
Hung o'er the farthest verge of heaven, the sun
Scarce spreads through æther the dejected day.
Faint are his gleams, and ineffectual shoot
His struggling rays, in horizontal lines,
Through the thick air; as, cloath'd in cloudy storm,
Weak, wan, and broad, he skirts the southern sky;
And, soon-descending, to the long dark night,
Wide-shading all, the prostrate world resigns.
Nor is the night unwish'd; while vital heat,
Light, life, and joy, the dubious day forsake.
Meantime, in sable-cincture, shadows vast,

Deep-

Deep-ting'd and damp, and congregated clouds,
And all the vapoury turbulence of heaven,
Involve the face of things. Thus Winter falls,
A heavy gloom oppreſſive o'er the world,
Through nature ſhedding influence malign,
And rouſes up the ſeeds of dark diſeaſe.
The ſoul of man dies in him, loathing life,
And black with more than melancholy views.
The cattle droop; and o'er the furrow'd land,
Freſh from the plough, the dun diſcolour'd flocks,
Untended ſpreading, crop the wholeſome root.
Along the woods, along the mooriſh fens,
Sighs the ſad Genius of the coming ſtorm;
And up among the looſe disjointed cliffs,
And fractur'd mountains wild, the brawling brook
And cave, preſageful, ſend a hollow moan,
Reſounding long in liſtening Fancy's ear.
Then comes the father of the tempeſt forth,
Wrapt in black glooms. Firſt joyleſs rains obſcure
Drive through the mingling ſkies with vapour foul;
Daſh on the mountain's brow, and ſhake the woods,
That grumbling wave below. Th' unſightly plain
Lies a brown deluge; as the low-bent clouds
Pour flood on flood, yet unexhauſted ſtill
Combine, and deepening into night ſhut up
The day's fair face. The wanderers of heaven,
Each to his home, retire; ſave thoſe that love
To take their paſtime in the troubled air,
Or ſkimming flutter round the dimply pool.
The cattle from th' untaſted fields return,

And aſk, with meaning lowe, their wonted ſtalls,
Or ruminate in the contiguous ſhade.
Thither the houſhold feathery people crowd,
The creſted cock, with all his female train,
Penſive, and dripping; while the cottage-hind
Hangs o'er th' enlivening blaze, and taleful there
Recounts his ſimple frolick: much he talks,
And much he laughs, nor recks the ſtorm that blows
Without, and rattles on his humble roof.

Wide o'er the brim, with many a torrent ſwell'd,
And the mix'd ruin of its banks o'erſpread,
At laſt the rous'd-up river pours along:
Reſiſtleſs, roaring, dreadful, down it comes,
From the rude mountain, and the moſſy wild,
Tumbling through rocks abrupt, and ſounding far;
Then o'er the ſanded valley floating ſpreads,
Calm, ſluggiſh, ſilent; till again, conſtrain'd
Between two meeting hills, it burſts away,
Where rocks and woods o'erhang the turbid ſtream;
There gathering triple force, rapid, and deep,
It boils, and wheels, and foams, and thunders through.

Nature! great parent! whoſe unceaſing hand
Rolls round the ſeaſons of the changeful year,
How mighty, how majeſtic, are thy works!
With what a pleaſing dread they ſwell the ſoul!
That ſees aſtoniſh'd! and aſtoniſh'd ſings!
Ye too, ye winds! that now begin to blow,
With boiſterous ſweep, I raiſe my voice to you.
Where are your ſtores, ye powerful beings! ſay,
Where your aërial magazines reſerv'd,

To

To ſwell the brooding terrors of the ſtorm?
In what far-diſtant region of the ſky,
Huſh'd in deep ſilence, ſleep ye when 'tis calm?
When from the pallid ſky the ſun deſcends,
With many a ſpot, that o'er his glaring orb
Uncertain wanders, ſtain'd; red fiery ſtreaks
Begin to fluſh around. The reeling clouds
Stagger with dizzy poiſe, as doubting yet
Which maſter to obey: while riſing ſlow,
Blank, in the leaden-colour'd eaſt, the moon
Wears a wan circle round her blunted horns.
Seen through the turbid fluctuating air,
The ſtars obtuſe emit a ſhiver'd ray;
Or frequent ſeem to ſhoot athwart the gloom,
And long behind them trail the whitening blaze.
Snatch'd in ſhort eddies, plays the wither'd leaf;
And on the flood the dancing feather floats.
With broaden'd noſtrils to the ſky up-turn'd,
The conſcious heifer ſnuffs the ſtormy gale.
Ev'n as the matron, at her nightly taſk,
With penſive labour draws the flaxen thread,
The waſted taper and the crackling flame
Foretell the blaſt. But chief the plumy race,
The tenants of the ſky, its changes ſpeak.
Retiring from the downs, where all day long
They pick'd their ſcanty fare, a blackening train
Of clamorous rooks thick urge their weary flight,
And ſeek the cloſing ſhelter of the grove;
Aſſiduous, in his bower, the wailing owl
Plies his ſad ſong. The cormorant on high

Wheels from the deep, and ſcreams along the land.
Loud ſhrieks the ſoaring hern; and with wild wing
The circling ſea-fowl cleave the flaky clouds.
Ocean, unequal preſs'd, with broken tide
And blind commotion heaves; while from the ſhore,
Eat into caverns by the reſtleſs wave,
And foreſt-ruſtling mountains, comes a voice,
That ſolemn ſounding bids the world prepare.
Then iſſues forth the ſtorm with ſudden burſt,
And hurls the whole precipitated air,
Down, in a torrent. On the paſſive main
Deſcends th' ethereal force, and with ſtrong guſt
Turns from its bottom the diſcolour'd deep.
Through the black night that ſits immenſe around,
Laſh'd into foam, the fierce conflicting brine
Seems o'er a thouſand raging waves to burn:
Meantime the mountain-billows to the clouds
In dreadful tumult ſwell'd, ſurge above ſurge,
Burſt into chaos with tremendous roar,
And anchor'd navies from their ſtations drive,
Wild as the winds acroſs the howling waſte
Of mighty waters: now th' inflated wave
Straining they ſcale, and now impetuous ſhoot
Into the ſecret chambers of the deep,
The wintery Baltick thundering o'er their head.
Emerging thence again, before the breath
Of full-exerted heaven they wing their courſe,
And dart on diſtant coaſts; if ſome ſharp rock,
Or ſhoal inſidious break not their career,
And in looſe fragments fling them floating round.

Nor

Nor leſs at land the looſen'd tempeſt reigns.
The mountain thunders; and its ſturdy ſons
Stoop to the bottom of the rocks they ſhade.
Lone on the midnight ſteep, and all aghaſt,
The dark way-faring ſtranger breathleſs toils,
And, often falling, climbs againſt the blaſt.
Low waves the rooted foreſt, vex'd, and ſheds
What of its tarniſh'd honours yet remain;
Daſh'd down, and ſcatter'd, by the tearing wind's
Aſſiduous fury, its gigantic limbs.
Thus ſtruggling through the diſſipated grove,
The whirling tempeſt raves along the plain;
And on the cottage thatch'd, or lordly roof,
Keen-faſtening, ſhakes them to the ſolid baſe.
Sleep frighted flies; and round the rocking dome,
For entrance eager, howls the ſavage blaſt.
Then too, they ſay, through all the burden'd air,
Long groans are heard, ſhrill ſounds, and diſtant ſighs,
That, utter'd by the demon of the night,
Warn the devoted wretch of woe and death.
Huge uproar lords it wide. The clouds commixt
With ſtars ſwift gliding ſweep along the ſky.
All nature reels. Till Nature's King, who oft
Amid tempeſtuous darkneſs dwells alone,
And on the wings of the careering wind
Walks dreadfully ſerene, commands a calm;
Then ſtrait air, ſea, and earth, are huſh'd at once.
As yet 'tis midnight deep. The weary clouds,
Slow-meeting, mingle into ſolid gloom.
Now, while the drowſy world lies loſt in ſleep,

Let me aſſociate with the ſerious Night,
And Contemplation her ſedate compeer;
Let me ſhake off th' intruſive cares of day,
And lay the meddling ſenſes all aſide.
Where now, ye lying vanities of life!
Ye ever-tempting, ever-cheating train!
Where are you now? and what is your amount?
Vexation, diſappointment, and remorſe.
Sad, ſickening thought! and yet deluded man,
A ſcene of crude disjointed viſions paſt,
And broken ſlumbers, riſes ſtill reſolv'd,
With new-flaſh'd hopes, to run the giddy round.
Father of light and life! thou Good ſupreme!
O, teach me what is good! teach me Thyſelf!
Save me from folly, vanity, and vice,
From every low purſuit! and feed my ſoul
With knowledge, conſcious peace, and virtue pure;
Sacred, ſubſtantial, never-fading bliſs!
The keener tempeſts riſe: and, fuming dun
From all the livid eaſt, or piercing north,
Thick clouds aſcend; in whoſe capacious womb
A vapoury deluge lies, to ſnow congeal'd.
Heavy they roll their fleecy world along;
And the ſky ſaddens with the gather'd ſtorm.
Through the huſh'd air the whitening ſhower deſcends,
At firſt thin wavering; till at laſt the flakes
Fall broad, and wide, and faſt, dimming the day,
With a continual flow. The cheriſh'd fields
Put on their winter-robe of pureſt white.
'Tis brightneſs all; ſave where the new ſnow melts

Along

Along the mazy current. Low, the woods
Bow their hoar head; and, ere the languid ſun
Faint from the weſt emits his evening ray,
Earth's univerſal face, deep hid, and chill,
Is one wide dazzling waſte, that buries wide
The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
Stands cover'd o'er with ſnow, and then demands
The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
Tam'd by the cruel ſeaſon, crowd around
The winnowing ſtore, and claim the little boon
Which Providence aſſigns them. One alone,
The red-breaſt, ſacred to the houſhold gods,
Wiſely regardful of th' embroiling ſky,
In joyleſs fields, and thorny thickets, leaves
His ſhivering mates, and pays to truſted man
His annual viſit. Half-afraid, he firſt
Againſt the window beats; then, briſk, alights
On the warm hearth; then, hopping o'er the floor,
Eyes all the ſmiling family aſkance,
And pecks, and ſtarts, and wonders where he is:
Till, more familiar grown, the table-crumbs
Attract his ſlender feet. The foodleſs wilds
Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
Though timorous of heart, and hard beſet
By death in various forms, dark ſnares, and dogs,
And more unpitying men, the garden ſeeks,
Urg'd on by fearleſs want. The bleating kind
Eye the bleak heaven, and next the gliſtening earth,
With looks of dumb deſpair; then, ſad-diſperſ'd,
Dig for the wither'd herb through heaps of ſnow.

Now,

Now, ſhepherds, to your helpleſs charge be kind;
Baffle the raging year, and fill their penns
With food at will; lodge them below the ſtorm,
And watch them ſtrict: for from the bellowing eaſt,
In this dire ſeaſon, oft the whirlwind's wing
Sweeps up the burthen of whole wintery plains
At one wide waft, and o'er the hapleſs flocks,
Hid in the hollow of two neighbouring hills,
The billowy tempeſt whelms; till, upward urg'd,
The valley to a ſhining mountain ſwells,
Tipt with a wreath high-curling in the ſky.

As thus the ſnows ariſe; and foul, and fierce,
All Winter drives along the darken'd air;
In his own looſe-revolving fields, the ſwain
Diſaſter'd ſtands; ſees other hills aſcend,
Of unknown joyleſs brow; and other ſcenes,
Of horrid proſpect, ſhag the trackleſs plain:
Nor finds the river, nor the foreſt, hid
Beneath the formleſs wild; but wanders on
From hill to dale, ſtill more and more aſtray;
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home; the thoughts of home
Ruſh on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How ſinks his ſoul!
What black deſpair, what horror, fills his heart!
When for the duſky ſpot, which fancy feign'd
His tufted cottage riſing through the ſnow,
He meets the roughneſs of the middle waſte,
Far from the track, and bleſt abode of man;
While round him night reſiſtleſs cloſes faſt,

And

And every tempeſt, howling o'er his head,
Renders the ſavage wilderneſs more wild.
Then throng the buſy ſhapes into his mind,
Of cover'd pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire deſcent! beyond the power of froſt;
Of faithleſs bogs; of precipices huge,
Smooth'd up with ſnow; and, what is land, unknown,
What water of the ſtill unfrozen ſpring,
In the looſe marſh or ſolitary lake,
Where the freſh fountain from the bottom boils.
Theſe check his fearful ſteps; and down he ſinks
Beneath the ſhelter of the ſhapeleſs drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterneſs of death,
Mix'd with the tender anguiſh nature ſhoots
Through the wrung boſom of the dying man,
His wife, his children, and his friends unſeen.
In vain for him th' officious wife prepares
The fire fair-blazing, and the veſtment warm;
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling ſtorm, demand their fire,
With tears of artleſs innocence. Alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more ſhall he behold,
Nor friends, nor ſacred home. On every nerve
The deadly winter ſeizes; ſhuts up ſenſe;
And, o'er his inmoſt vitals creeping cold,
Lays him along the ſnows, a ſtiffen'd corſe,
Stretch'd out, and bleaching in the northern blaſt.
Ah, little think the gay licentious proud,
Whom pleaſure, power, and affluence ſurround;
They, who their thoughtleſs hours in giddy mirth,

And

And wanton, often cruel, riot waſte;
Ah, little think they, while they dance along,
How many feel, this very moment, death
And all the ſad variety of pain.
How many ſink in the devouring flood,
Or more devouring flame. How many bleed,
By ſhameful variance betwixt man and man.
How many pine in want, and dungeon glooms;
Shut from the common air, and common uſe
Of their own limbs. How many drink the cup
Of baleful grief, or eat the bitter bread
Of miſery. Sore pierc'd by wintery winds,
How many ſhrink into the ſordid hut
Of cheerleſs poverty. How many ſhake
With all the fiercer tortures of the mind,
Unbounded paſſion, madneſs, guilt, remorſe;
Whence tumbled headlong from the height of life,
They furniſh matter for the Tragic Muſe.
Ev'n in the vale, where wiſdom loves to dwell,
With friendſhip, peace, and contemplation join'd,
How many, rack'd with honeſt paſſions, droop
In deep retir'd diſtreſs. How many ſtand
Around the death-bed of their deareſt friends,
And point the parting anguiſh. Thought fond man
Of theſe, and all the thouſand nameleſs ills,
That one inceſſant ſtruggle render life,
One ſcene of toil, of ſuffering, and of fate,
Vice in his high career would ſtand appall'd,
And heedleſs rambling Impulſe learn to think;
The conſcious heart of Charity would warm,

And

And her wide wish Benevolence dilate;
The social tear would rise, the social sigh;
And into clear perfection, gradual bliss,
Refining still, the social passions work.
And here can I forget the generous * band,
Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd
Into the horrors of the gloomy jail?
Unpitied, and unheard, where misery moans;
Where sickness pines; where thirst and hunger burn,
And poor misfortune feels the lash of vice.
While in the land of liberty, the land
Whose every street and public meeting glow
With open freedom, little tyrants rag'd;
Snatch'd the lean morsel from the starving mouth;
Tore from cold wintery limbs the tatter'd weed;
Ev'n robb'd them of the last of comforts, sleep;
The free-born Briton to the dungeon chain'd,
Or, as the lust of cruelty prevail'd,
At pleasure mark'd him with inglorious stripes;
And crush'd out lives, by secret barbarous ways,
That for their country would have toil'd, or bled.
O, great design! if executed well,
With patient care, and wisdom-temper'd zeal.
Ye sons of mercy! yet resume the search;
Drag forth the legal monsters into light,
Wrench from their hands oppression's iron rod,
And bid the cruel feel the pains they give.
Much still untouch'd remains; in this rank age,
Much is the patriot's weeding hand requir'd.

* The Gaol Committee, in the year 1729.

The

The toils of law, (what dark inſidious men
Have cumberous added to perplex the truth,
And lengthen ſimple juſtice into trade)
How glorious were the day! that ſaw theſe broke,
And every man within the reach of right.

By wintery famine rous'd, from all the tract
Of horrid mountains which the ſhining Alps,
And wavy Appenine, and Pyrenees,
Branch out ſtupendous into diſtant lands;
Cruel as death, and hungry as the grave!
Burning for blood! bony, and ghaunt, and grim!
Aſſembling wolves in raging troops deſcend;
And, pouring o'er the country, bear along,
Keen as the north-wind ſweeps the gloſſy ſnow.
All is their prize. They faſten on the ſteed,
Preſs him to earth, and pierce his mighty heart.
Nor can the bull his awful front defend,
Or ſhake the murdering ſavages away.
Rapacious, at the mother's throat they fly,
And tear the ſcreaming infant from her breaſt.
The godlike face of man avails him nought.
Ev'n beauty, force divine! at whoſe bright glance
The generous lion ſtands in ſoften'd gaze,
Here bleeds, a hapleſs undiſtinguiſh'd prey.
But if, appriz'd of the ſevere attack,
The country be ſhut up, lur'd by the ſcent,
On church-yards drear (inhuman to relate!)
The diſappointed prowlers fall, and dig
The ſhrouded body from the grave; o'er which,
Mix'd with foul ſhades, and frighted ghoſts, they howl.

Among

Among thoſe hilly regions, where embrac'd
In peaceful vales the happy Griſons dwell;
Oft, ruſhing ſudden from the loaded cliffs,
Mountains of ſnow their gathering terrors roll.
From ſteep to ſteep, loud-thundering down they come,
A wintery waſte in dire commotion all;
And herds, and flocks, and travellers, and ſwains,
And ſometimes whole brigades of marching troops,
Or hamlets ſleeping in the dead of night,
Are deep beneath the ſmothering ruin whelm'd.

Now, all amid the rigours of the year,
In the wild depth of winter, while without
The ceaſeleſs winds blow ice, be my retreat,
Between the groaning foreſt and the ſhore
Beat by the boundleſs multitude of waves,
A rural, ſhelter'd, ſolitary ſcene;
Where ruddy fire and beaming tapers join,
To cheer the gloom. There ſtudious let me ſit,
And hold high converſe with the Mighty Dead;
Sages of ancient time, as gods rever'd,
As gods beneficent, who bleſt mankind
With arts, with arms, and humaniz'd a world.
Rous'd at th' inſpiring thought, I throw aſide
The long-liv'd volume; and, deep muſing, hail
The ſacred ſhades, that ſlowly-riſing paſs
Before my wondering eyes. Firſt Socrates,
Who, firmly good in a corrupted ſtate,
Againſt the rage of tyrants *ſingle* ſtood,
Invincible! calm Reaſon's holy law,
That *voice* of God within th' attentive mind,

Obeying,

Obeying, fearleſs, or in life, or death:
Great moral teacher! *wiſeſt of mankind!*
Solon the next, who built his common-weal
On equity's wide baſe; by *tender laws*
A lively people curbing, yet undamp'd
Preſerving ſtill that quick peculiar fire,
Whence in the laurel'd field of finer arts,
And of bold freedom, they unequal'd ſhone,
The pride of ſmiling Greece, and human-kind.
Lycurgus then, who bow'd beneath the force
Of ſtricteſt diſcipline, *ſeverely wiſe*,
All human paſſions. Following him, I ſee,
As at Thermopylæ he glorious fell,
The firm * devoted Chief, who prov'd by deeds
The hardeſt leſſon which the *other* taught.
Then Ariſtides lifts his honeſt front;
Spotleſs of heart, to whom th' unflattering voice
Of freedom gave the nobleſt name of Juſt;
In pure majeſtic poverty rever'd;
Who, ev'n his glory to his country's weal
Submitting, ſwell'd a haughty † *rival's* fame.
Rear'd by his care, of ſofter ray appears
Cimon ſweet-ſoul'd; whoſe genius, riſing ſtrong,
Shook off the load of young debauch; abroad
The ſcourge of Perſian pride, at home the friend
Of every worth and every ſplendid art;
Modeſt, and ſimple, in the pomp of wealth.
Then the laſt worthies of declining Greece,
Late call'd to glory, in *unequal* times,

* Leonidas. † Themiſtocles.

Penſive,

Penſive, appear. The fair Corinthian boaſt,
Timoleon, happy temper! mild, and firm,
Who wept the *brother* while the *tyrant* bled.
And, equal to the beſt, the † Theban Pair,
Whoſe virtues, in *heroic concord* join'd,
Their country rais'd to freedom, empire, fame.
He too, with whom Athenian honour ſunk;
And left a maſs of ſordid lees behind,
Phocion the Good; in public life ſevere,
To virtue ſtill inexorably firm;
But when, beneath his low illuſtrious roof,
Sweet peace and happy wiſdom ſmooth'd his brow,
Not friendſhip ſofter was, nor love more kind.
And he, the *laſt* of old Lycurgus' ſons,
The generous victim to that vain attempt,
To ſave a rotten ſtate, Agis, who ſaw
Ev'n Sparta's ſelf to ſervile avarice ſunk.
The two Achaian heroes cloſe the train:
Aratus, who a while relum'd the ſoul
Of fondly lingering liberty in Greece:
And he her darling as her lateſt hope,
The *gallant* Philopœmen; who to arms
Turn'd the luxurious pomp he could not cure;
Or toiling in his farm, a ſimple ſwain;
Or, bold and ſkilful, thundering in the field.
Of rougher front, a mighty people come!
A race of heroes! in thoſe virtuous times
Which knew no ſtain, ſave that with partial flame
Their *deareſt* country they *too fondly* lov'd:

† Pelopidas and Epaminondas.

Her *better founder* firſt, the light of Rome,
Numa, who ſoften'd her rapacious ſons:
Servius the King, who laid the ſolid baſe
On which o'er earth the *vaſt republic* ſpread.
Then the great conſuls venerable riſe.
The * Public Father who the Private quell'd,
As on the dread tribunal ſternly ſad.
He, whom his thankleſs country *could not* loſe,
Camillus, only vengeful to his foes.
Fabricius, ſcorner of all-conquering gold;
And Cincinnatus, aweful from the plough.
Thy † willing Victim, Carthage, burſting looſe
From all that pleading Nature could oppoſe,
From a whole city's tears, by rigid faith
Imperious call'd, and honour's dire command.
Scipio, the *gentle chief*, humanely brave,
Who ſoon the race of ſpotleſs glory ran,
And, warm in youth, to the *poetic ſhade*
With Friendſhip and Philoſophy retir'd.
Tully, whoſe powerful eloquence a while
Reſtrain'd the *rapid* fate of ruſhing Rome.
Unconquer'd Cato, virtuous in *extreme*.
And thou, unhappy Brutus, kind of heart,
Whoſe ſteady arm, by aweful virtue urg'd,
Lifted the Roman *ſteel* againſt thy *friend*.
Thouſands beſides the tribute of a verſe
Demand; but who can count the ſtars of heaven?
Who ſing their influence on this lower world?

* Marcus Junius Brutus. † Regulus.

Behold,

Behold, who yonder comes! in ſober ſtate,
Fair, mild, and ſtrong, as is a vernal ſun:
'Tis Phœbus ſelf, or elſe the Mantuan Swain!
Great Homer too appears, of daring wing,
Parent of ſong! and *equal* by his ſide,
The Britiſh Muſe; join'd hand in hand they walk,
Darkling, full up the middle ſteep to fame.
Nor abſent are thoſe ſhades, whoſe ſkilful touch
Pathetic drew th' impaſſion'd heart, and charm'd
Tranſported Athens with the moral ſcene:
Nor thoſe who, tuneful, wak'd th' enchanting lyre.
First of your kind! ſociety divine!
Still viſit thus my nights, for you reſerv'd,
And mount my ſoaring ſoul to thoughts like yours.
Silence, thou lonely power! the door be thine;
See on the hallow'd hour that none intrude,
Save a few choſen friends, who ſometimes deign
To bleſs my humble roof, with ſenſe refin'd,
Learning digeſted well, exalted faith,
Unſtudy'd wit, and humour ever gay,
Or from the Muſes' hill will Pope deſcend,
To raiſe the ſacred hour, to bid it ſmile,
And with the ſocial ſpirit warm the heart?
For though not ſweeter his own Homer ſings,
Yet is his life the more endearing ſong.
Where art thou, Hammond? thou the darling pride,
The friend and lover of the tuneful throng!
Ah, why, dear youth, in all the blooming prime
Of vernal genius, where diſcloſing faſt
Each active worth, each manly virtue lay,

Why wert thou raviſh'd from our hope ſo ſoon?
What now avails that noble thirſt of fame,
Which ſtung thy fervent breaſt? that treaſur'd ſtore
Of knowledge, early gain'd? that eager zeal
To ſerve thy country, glowing in the band
Of Youthful patriots, who ſuſtain her name?
What now, alas! that life-diffuſing charm
Of ſprightly wit? that rapture for the Muſe,
That heart of friendſhip, and that ſoul of joy,
Which bade with ſofteſt light thy virtues ſmile?
Ah! only ſhew'd, to check our fond purſuits,
And teach our humbled hopes that life is vain!

Thus in ſome deep retirement would I paſs
The winter-glooms, with friends of pliant ſoul,
Or blithe, or ſolemn, as the theme inſpir'd:
With them would ſearch, if Nature's boundleſs frame
Was call'd, late-riſing from the void of night,
Or ſprung *eternal* from th' Eternal Mind;
Its life, its laws, its progreſs, and its end.
Hence larger proſpects of the beauteous whole
Would, gradual, open on our opening minds;
And each diffuſive harmony unite
In full perfection to th' aſtoniſh'd eye.
Then would we try to ſcan the *moral world*,
Which, though to us it ſeems embroil'd, moves on
In higher order; fitted, and impell'd,
By Wiſdom's fineſt hand, and iſſuing all
In *general good*. The ſage hiſtoric Muſe
Should next conduct us through the deeps of time:
Shew us how empire grew, declin'd, and fell,

In

In ſcatter'd ſtates; what make the nations ſmile,
Improves their ſoil, and gives them double ſuns;
And why they pine beneath the brighteſt ſkies,
In Nature's richeſt lap. As thus we talk'd,
Our hearts would burn within us, would inhale
The portion of divinity, that ray
Of pureſt heaven, which lights the public ſoul
Of patriots, and of heroes. But if doom'd,
In powerleſs humble fortune, to repreſs
Theſe ardent riſings of the kindling ſoul;
Then, ev'n ſuperior to ambition, we
Would learn the private virtues how to glide
Through ſhades and plains, along the ſmootheſt ſtream
Of rural life: or ſnatch'd away by hope,
Through the dim ſpaces of futurity,
With earneſt eye anticipate thoſe ſcenes
Of happineſs, and wonder; where the mind,
In endleſs growth and infinite aſcent,
Riſes from ſtate to ſtate, and world to world.
But when with theſe the ſerious thought is foil'd,
We, ſhifting for relief, would play the ſhapes
Of frolic fancy; and inceſſant form
Thoſe rapid pictures, that aſſembled train
Of fleet ideas, never join'd before,
Whence lively Wit excites to gay ſurpriſe;
Or folly-painting Humour, grave himſelf,
Calls Laughter forth, deep-ſhaking every nerve.
  Meantime the village rouſes up the fire;
While well atteſted, and as well believ'd,
Heard ſolemn, goes the goblin-ſtory round;

Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all.
Or, frequent in the sounding hall, they wake
The rural gambol. Rustic mirth goes round;
The simple joke that takes the shepherd's heart,
Easily pleas'd; the long loud laugh, sincere;
The kiss, snatch'd hasty from the side-long maid,
On purpose guardless, or pretending sleep:
The leap, the slap, the haul; and, shook to notes
Of native music, the respondent dance.
Thus jocund fleets with them the winter-night.
The city swarms intense. The public haunt,
Full of each theme, and warm with mixt discourse,
Hums indistinct. The sons of riot flow
Down the loose stream of false enchanted joy,
To swift destruction. On the rankled soul
The gaming fury fall; and in one gulf
Of total ruin, honour, virtue, peace,
Friends, families, and fortune, headlong sink.
Up-springs the dance along the lighted dome,
Mix'd, and evolv'd, a thousand sprightly ways.
The glittering court effuses every pomp;
The circle deepens: beam'd from gaudy robes,
Tapers, and sparkling gems, and radiant eyes,
A soft effulgence o'er the palace waves:
While, a gay insect in *his* summer-shine,
The fop, light-fluttering, spreads his mealy wings.
Dread o'er the scene, the ghost of Hamlet stalks;
Othello rages; poor Monimia mourns;
And Belvidera pours her soul in love.
Terror alarms the breast; the comely tear

Steals

Steals o'er the cheek: or elſe the Comic Muſe
Holds to the world a picture of itſelf,
And raiſes ſly the fair impartial laugh.
Sometimes ſhe lifts her ſtrain, and paints the ſcenes
Of beauteous life; whate'er can deck mankind,
Or charm the heart, in generous * Bevil ſhew'd.
O, thou, whoſe wiſdom, ſolid yet refin'd,
Whoſe patriot-virtues, and conſummate ſkill
To touch the finer ſprings that move the world,
Join'd to whate'er the Graces can beſtow,
And all Apollo's animating fire,
Give thee, with pleaſing dignity, to ſhine
At once the guardian, ornament, and joy,
Of poliſh'd life; permit the Rural Muſe,
O Cheſterfield, to grace with thee her ſong!
Ere to the ſhades again ſhe humbly flies,
Indulge her fond ambition, in thy train,
(For every Muſe has in thy train a place)
To mark thy various full-accompliſh'd mind:
To mark that ſpirit, which, with Britiſh *ſcorn*,
Rejects th' allurements of corrupted power;
That elegant politeneſs, which excels,
Ev'n in the judgement of preſumptuous France,
The boaſted manners of her ſhining court;
That wit, the vivid energy of ſenſe,
The truth of Nature, which, with Attic point,
And kind well-temper'd ſatire, ſmoothly keen,
Steals through the ſoul, and without pain corrects,

* A character in the Conſcious Lovers, written by Sir Richard Steele.

Or, rising thence with yet a brighter flame,
O, let me hail thee on some glorious day,
When to the listening senate, ardent, crowd
Britannia's sons to hear her pleaded cause.
Then drest by thee, more amiably fair,
Truth the soft robe of mild persuasion wears:
Thou to assenting reason giv'st again
Her own enlighten'd thoughts; call'd from the heart,
Th' obedient passions on thy voice attend;
And ev'n reluctant party feels a while
Thy gracious power: as through the varied maze
Of eloquence, now smooth, now quick, now strong,
Profound and clear, you roll the copious flood.

To thy lov'd haunt return, my happy Muse:
For now, behold, the joyous winter-days,
Frosty, succeed; and through the blue serene,
For sight too fine, th' ethereal nitre flies;
Killing infectious damps, and the spent air
Storing afresh with elemental life.
Close crowds the shining atmosphere; and binds
Our strengthen'd bodies in its cold embrace,
Constringent; feeds, and animates our blood;
Refines our spirits, through the new-strung nerves,
In swifter sallies darting to the brain;
Where sits the soul, intense, collected, cool,
Bright as the skies, and as the season keen.
All nature feels the renovating force
Of Winter, only to the thoughtless eye
In ruin seen. The frost-concocted glebe
Draws-in abundant vegetable soul,

And

And gathers vigour for the coming year.
A ſtronger glow ſits on the lively cheek
Of ruddy fire: and luculent along
The purer rivers flow; their ſullen deeps,
Tranſparent, open to the ſhepherd's gaze,
And murmur hoarſer at the fixing froſt.
What art thou, froſt? and whence are thy keen ſtores
Deriv'd, thou ſecret all-invading power,
Whom ev'n th' illuſive fluid cannot fly?
Is not thy potent energy, unſeen,
Myriads of little ſalts, or hook'd, or ſhap'd
Like double wedges, and diffus'd immenſe
Through water, earth, and æther? Hence at eve,
Steam'd eager from the red horizon round,
With the fierce rage of Winter deep ſuffus'd,
An icy gale, oft ſhifting, o'er the pool
Breathes a blue film, and in its mid career
Arreſts the bickering ſtream. The looſen'd ice,
Let down the flood, and half diſſolv'd by day,
Ruſtles no more; but to the ſedgy bank
Faſt grows, or gathers round the pointed ſtone,
A cryſtal pavement, by the breath of heaven
Cemented firm; till, ſeiz'd from ſhore to ſhore,
The whole impriſon'd river growls below.
Loud rings the frozen earth, and hard reflects
A double noiſe; while, at his evening watch,
The village dog deters the nightly thief;
The heifer lows; the diſtant water-fall
Swells in the breeze; and, with the haſty tread
Of traveller, the hollow-ſounding plain

Shakes

Shakes from afar. The full ethereal round,
Infinite worlds diſcloſing to the view,
Shines out intenſely keen; and, all one cope
Of ſtarry glitter, glows from pole to pole.
From pole to pole the rigid influence falls,
Through the ſtill night, inceſſant, heavy, ſtrong,
And ſeizes nature faſt. It freezes on;
Till morn, late-riſing o'er the drooping world,
Lifts her pale eye unjoyous. Then appears
The various labour of the ſilent night:
Prone from the dripping cave, and dumb caſcade,
Whoſe idle torrents only ſeem to roar,
The pendent icicle; the froſt-work fair,
Where tranſient hues and fancy'd figures riſe;
Wide-ſpouted o'er the hill, the frozen brook,
A livid tract, cold-gleaming on the morn;
The foreſt bent beneath the plumy wave;
And by the froſt refin'd the whiter ſnow,
Incruſted hard, and ſounding to the tread
Of early ſhepherd, as he penſive ſeeks
His pining flock, or from the mountain top,
Pleas'd with the ſlippery ſurface, ſwift deſcends.
On blithſome frolicks bent, the youthful ſwains,
While every work of man is laid at reſt,
Fond o'er the river crowd, in various ſport
And revelry diſſolv'd; where mixing glad,
Happieſt of all the train! the raptur'd boy
Laſhes the whirling top. Or, where the Rhine
Branch'd out in many a long canal extends,
From every province ſwarming, void of care,

Batavia

Batavia ruſhes forth; and as they ſweep,
On ſounding ſkates, a thouſand different ways,
In circling poiſe, ſwift as the winds, along,
The *then gay* land is madden'd all to joy.
Nor leſs the northern courts, wide o'er the ſnow,
Pour a new pomp. Eager, on rapid ſleds,
Their vigorous youth in bold contention wheel
The long-reſounding courſe. Meantime, to raiſe
The manly ſtrife, with highly blooming charms,
Fluſh'd by the ſeaſon, Scandinavia's dames,
Or Ruſſia's buxom daughters glow around.

Pure, quick, and ſportful, is the wholeſome day;
But ſoon elaps'd. The horizontal ſun,
Broad o'er the ſouth, hangs at his utmoſt noon:
And, ineffectual, ſtrikes the gelid cliff:
His azure gloſs the mountain ſtill maintains,
Nor feels the feeble touch. Perhaps the vale
Relents a while to the reflected ray;
Or from the foreſt falls the cluſter'd ſnow,
Myriads of gems, that in the waving gleam
Gay-twinkle as they ſcatter. Thick around
Thunders the ſport of thoſe, who with the gun,
And dog impatient bounding at the ſhot,
Worſe than the ſeaſon, deſolate the fields;
And, adding to the ruins of the year,
Diſtreſs the footed or the feather'd game.

But what is this? Our infant Winter ſinks,
Diveſted of his grandeur, ſhould our eye
Aſtoniſh'd ſhoot into the Frigid Zone;
Where, for relentleſs months, continual night

Hold

Holds o'er the glittering waſte her ſtarry reign.
There, through the priſon of unbounded wilds,
Barr'd by the hand of Nature from eſcape,
Wide-roams the Ruſſian exile. Nought around
Strikes his ſad eye, but deſerts loſt in ſnow;
And heavy-loaded groves; and ſolid floods,
That ſtretch, athwart the ſolitary vaſt,
Their icy horrors to the frozen main;
And chearleſs towns far-diſtant, never bleſs'd,
Save when its annual courſe the caravan
Bends to the golden coaſt of rich * Cathay,
With news of human-kind. Yet there life glows;
Yet cheriſh'd there, beneath the ſhining waſte,
The furry nations harbour: tipt with jet,
Fair ermines, ſpotleſs as the ſnows they preſs;
Sables, of gloſſy black; and dark-embrown'd,
Or beauteous freakt with many a mingled hue,
Thouſands beſides, the coſtly pride of courts.
There, warm together preſs'd, the trooping deer
Sleep on the new-fall'n ſnows; and, ſcarce his head
Rais'd o'er the heapy wreath, the branching elk
Lies ſlumbering ſullen in the white abyſs.
The ruthleſs hunter wants nor dogs nor toils,
Nor with the dread of ſounding bows he drives
The fearful flying race; with ponderous clubs,
As weak againſt the mountain heaps they puſh
Their beating breaſt in vain, and piteous bray,
He lays them quivering on th' enſanguin'd ſnows,
And with loud ſhouts rejoicing bears them home.

* The old name for China.

There

There through the piny foreſt half-abſorpt,
Rough tenant of theſe ſhades, the ſhapeleſs bear,
With dangling ice all horrid, ſtalks forlorn;
Slow-pac'd, and ſourer as the ſtorms increaſe,
He makes his bed beneath th' inclement drift,
And, with ſtern patience, ſcorning weak complaint,
Hardens his heart againſt aſſailing want.

Wide o'er the ſpacious regions of the north,
That ſees Boöes urge his tardy wain,
A boiſterous race, by froſty * Caurus pierc'd,
Who little pleaſure know, and fear no pain,
Prolific ſwarm. They once relum'd the flame
Of loſt mankind in poliſh'd ſlavery ſunk,
Drove martial † horde on horde, with dreadful ſweep
Reſiſtleſs ruſhing o'er th' enfeebled ſouth,
And gave the vanquiſh'd world another form.
Not ſuch the ſons of Lapland: wiſely they
Deſpiſe th' inſenſate barbarous trade of war;
They aſk no more than ſimple nature gives,
They love their mountains, and enjoy their ſtorms.
No falſe deſires, no pride-created wants,
Diſturb the peaceful current of their time;
And through the reſtleſs ever-tortur'd maze
Of pleaſure, or ambition, bid it rage.
Their rein-deer form their riches. Theſe their tents,
Their robes, their beds, and all their homely wealth
Supply, their wholeſome fare, and chearful cups.
Obſequious at their call, the docile tribe
Yield to the ſled their necks, and whirl them ſwift

* The north-weſt wind. † The wandering Scythian-clans.

O'er

O'er hill and dale, heap'd into one expanſe
Of marbled ſnow, as far as eye can ſweep
With a blue cruſt of ice unbounded glaz'd.
By dancing meteors then, that ceaſeleſs ſhake
A waving blaze refracted o'er the heavens,
And vivid moons, and ſtars that keener play
With double luſtre from the gloſſy waſte,
Ev'n in the depth of Polar Night, they find
A wondrous day: enough to light the chace,
Or guide their daring ſteps to Finland-fairs.
Wiſh'd Spring returns; and from the hazy ſouth,
While dim Aurora ſlowly moves before,
The welcome ſun, juſt verging up at firſt,
By ſmall degrees extends the ſwelling curve!
Till ſeen at large for gay rejoicing months,
Still round and round, his ſpiral courſe he winds,
And as he nearly dips his flaming orb,
Wheels up again, and reaſcends the ſky.
In that glad ſeaſon from the lakes and floods,
Where pure Niemi's * fairy mountains riſe,
And fring'd with roſes † Tenglio rolls his ſtream,

* M. de Maupertuis, in his book on the Figure of the Earth, after having deſcribed the beautiful lake and mountain of Niemi in Lapland, ſays,—"From this height we had opportunity ſeveral "times to ſee thoſe vapours riſe from the lake, which the people "of the country call Haltios, and which they deem to be the "guardian ſpirits of the mountains. We had been frighted with "ſtories of bears that haunted this place, but ſaw none. It ſeemed "rather a place of reſort for Fairies and Genii, than bears."

† The ſame author obſerves—"I was ſurprized to ſee upon the "banks of this river (the Tenglio) roſes of as lively a red as any "that are in our gardens."

They

They draw the copious fry. With these, at eve,
They chearful loaded to their tents repair;
Where, all day long in useful care employ'd,
Their kind unblemish'd wives the fire prepare.
Thrice happy race! by poverty secur'd
From legal plunder and rapacious power:
In whom foil interest never yet has sown
The seeds of vice: whose spotless swains ne'er knew
Injurious deed, nor, blasted by the breath
Of faithless love, their blooming daughters woe.
Still pressing on, beyond Tornëa's lake,
And Hecla flaming through a waste of snow,
And farthest Greenland, to the pole itself,
Where, failing gradual, life at length goes out,
The Muse expands her solitary flight;
And, hovering o'er the wild stupendous scene,
Beholds new seas beneath * another sky.
Thron'd in his palace of cerulean ice,
Here Winter holds his unrejoicing court;
And through his airy hall the loud misrule
Of driving tempest is for ever heard:
Here the grim tyrant meditates his wrath;
Here arms his winds with all-subduing frost;
Moulds his fierce hail, and treasures up his snows,
With which he now oppresses half the globe.
Thence winding eastward to the Tartar's coast,
She sweeps the howling margin of the main;
Where undissolving, from the first of time,
Snows swell on snows amazing to the sky;

* The other hemisphere.

And

And icy mountains high on mountains pil'd,
Seem to the ſhivering ſailor from afar,
Shapeleſs and white, an atmoſphere of clouds.
Projected hue, and horrid, o'er the ſurge,
Alps frown on Alps; or ruſhing hideous down,
As if old Chaos was again return'd,
Wide-rend the deep, and ſhake the ſolid pole.
Ocean itſelf no longer can reſiſt
The binding fury; but, in all its rage
Of tempeſt taken by the boundleſs froſt,
Is many a fathom to the bottom chain'd,
And bid to roar no more: a bleak expanſe,
Shagg'd o'er with wavy rocks, chearleſs, and void
Of every life, that from the dreary months
Flies conſcious ſouthward. Miſerable they!
Who, here entangled in the gathering ice,
Take their laſt look of the deſcending ſun;
While, full of death, and fierce with tenfold froſt,
The long long night, incumbent o'er their heads,
Falls horrible. Such was the * Briton's fate,
As with *firſt* prow, (what have not Britons dar'd!)
He for the paſſage ſought, attempted ſince
So much in vain, and ſeeming to be ſhut
By jealous Nature with eternal bars.
In theſe fell regions, in Arzina caught,
And to the ſtony deep his idle ſhip
Immediate ſeal'd, he with his hapleſs crew,
Each full-exerted at his ſeveral taſk,

* Sir Hugh Willoughby, ſent by Queen Elizabeth to diſcover the north-eaſt paſſage.

Froze

Froze into ſtatues; to the cordage glued
The ſailor, and the pilot to the helm.
Hard by theſe ſhores, where ſcarce his freezing ſtream
Rolls the wild Oby, live the laſt of men;
And half-enliven'd by the diſtant ſun,
That rears and ripens man, as well as plants,
Here human nature wears its rudeſt form.
Deep from the piercing ſeaſon ſunk in caves,
Here by dull fires, and with unjoyous cheer,
They waſte the tedious gloom. Immers'd in furs,
Doze the groſs race. Nor ſprightly jeſt, nor ſong,
Nor tenderneſs they know; nor aught of life,
Beyond the kindred bears that ſtalk without.
Till morn at length, her roſes drooping all,
Sheds a long twilight brightening o'er their fields,
And calls the quiver'd ſavage to the chace.

What cannot active government perform,
New-moulding man? Wide-ſtretching from theſe ſhores,
A people ſavage from remoteſt time,
A huge neglected empire, one vaſt Mind,
By Heaven inſpir'd, from Gothic darkneſs call'd.
Immortal Peter! firſt of monarchs! He
His ſtubborn country tam'd, her rocks, her fens,
Her floods, her ſeas, her ill-ſubmitting ſons;
And while the fierce Barbarian he ſubdued,
To more exalted ſoul he rais'd the man.
Ye ſhades of ancient heroes, ye who toil'd
Through long ſucceſſive ages to build-up
A labouring plan of ſtate, behold at once
The wonder done! behold the matchleſs prince!

Who left his native throne, where reign'd till then
A mighty ſhadow of unreal power;
Who greatly ſpurn'd the ſlothful pomp of courts;
And, roaming every land, in every port
His ſceptre laid aſide, with glorious hand,
Unwearied plying the mechanic tool,
Gather'd the ſeeds of trade, of uſeful arts,
Of civil wiſdom, and of martial ſkill.
Charg'd with the ſtores of Europe, home he goes;
Then cities riſe amid th' illumin'd waſte;
O'er joyleſs deſerts ſmiles the rural reign;
Far-diſtant flood to flood is ſocial join'd;
Th' aſtoniſh'd Euxine hears the Baltick roar;
Proud navies ride on ſeas that never foam'd
With daring keel before; and armies ſtretch
Each way their dazzling files, repreſſing here
The frantic Alexander of the north,
And awing there ſtern Othman's ſhrinking ſons.
Sloth flies the land, and Ignorance, and Vice,
Of old diſhonour proud: it glows around,
Taught by the Royal Hand that rouz'd the whole,
One ſcene of arts, of arms, of riſing trade:
For what his wiſdom plann'd, and power enforc'd,
More potent ſtill, his great *example* ſhew'd.

Muttering, the winds at eve, with blunted point,
Blow hollow-b'uſtering from the ſouth. Subdued,
The froſt reſolves into a trickling thaw.
Spotted the mountains ſhine; looſe ſleet deſcends,
And floods the country round. The rivers ſwell,
Of bonds impatient. Sudden from the hills,

O'er

O'er rocks and woods, in broad brown cataracts,
A thouſand ſnow-fed torrents ſhoot at once;
And, where they ruſh, the wide-reſounding plain
Is left one ſlimy waſte. Thoſe ſullen ſeas,
That waſh'd th' ungenial pole, will reſt no more
Beneath the ſhackles of the mighty north;
But, rouſing all their waves, reſiſtleſs heave.
And hark! the lengthening roar continuous runs
Athwart the rifted deep: at once it burſts,
And piles a thouſand mountains to the clouds.
Ill fares the bark with trembling wretches charg'd,
That, toſt amid the floating fragments, moors
Beneath the ſhelter of an icy iſle,
While night o'erwhelms the ſea, and horror looks
More horrible. Can human force endure
Th' aſſembled miſchiefs that beſiege them round?
Heart-gnawing hunger, fainting wearineſs,
The roar of winds and waves, the cruſh of ice,
Now ceaſing, now renew'd with louder rage,
And in dire echoes bellowing round the main.
More to embroil the deep, Leviathan
And his unwieldy train, in dreadful ſport,
Tempeſt the looſen'd brine, while through the gloom,
Far from the bleak inhoſpitable ſhore,
Loading the winds, is heard the hungry howl
Of famiſh'd monſters, there awaiting wrecks.
Yet Providence, that *ever-waking* eye,
Looks down with pity on the feeble toil
Of mortals loſt to hope, and lights them ſafe,
Through all this dreary labyrinth of fate.

'Tis done! dread Winter ſpreads his lateſt glooms,
And reigns tremendous o'er the conquer'd year.
How dead the vegetable kingdom lies!
How dumb the tuneful! Horror wide extends
His deſolate domain. Behold, fond man!
See here thy pictur'd life; paſs ſome few years,
Thy flowering Spring, thy Summer's ardent ſtrength,
Thy ſober Autumn fading into age,
And pale concluding Winter comes at laſt,
And ſhuts the ſcene. Ah! whither now are fled,
Thoſe dreams of greatneſs? thoſe unſolid hopes
Of happineſs? thoſe longings after fame?
Thoſe reſtleſs cares? thoſe buſy buſtling days?
Thoſe gay-ſpent, feſtive nights? thoſe veering thoughts,
Loſt between good and ill, that ſhar'd thy life?
All now are vaniſh'd! Virtue ſole ſurvives,
Immortal never-failing friend of man,
His guide to happineſs on high. And ſee!
'Tis come, the glorious morn! the ſecond birth
Of heaven and earth! awakening Nature hears
The *new-creating word*, and ſtarts to life,
In every heighten'd form, from pain and death
For ever free. *The great eternal ſcheme*,
Involving all, and in a *perfect whole*
Uniting, as the proſpect wider ſpreads,
To reaſon's eye refin'd clears up apace.
Ye vainly wiſe! ye blind preſumptuous! now,
Confounded in the duſt, adore that Power,
And Wiſdom oft arraign'd: ſee now the cauſe,
Why unaſſuming worth in ſecret liv'd,

And

And dy'd, neglected: why the good man's ſhare
In life was gall and bitterneſs of ſoul:
Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd
In ſtarving ſolitude; while luxury,
In palaces, lay ſtraining her low thought,
To form unreal wants: why heaven-born Truth,
And Moderation fair, wore the red marks
Of Superſtition's ſcourge: why licens'd Pain,
That cruel ſpoiler, that embоſom'd foe,
Imbitter'd all our bliſs. Ye good diſtreſt!
Ye noble few! who here unbending ſtand
Beneath life's preſſure, yet bear up a while,
And what your bounded view, which only ſaw
A little part, deem'd evil, is no more:
The ſtorms of Wintery Time will quickly paſs,
And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

A HYMN.

THESE, as they change, Almighty Father, theſe,
Are but the *varied* God. The rolling year
Is full of Thee. Forth in the pleaſing Spring
Thy beauty walks, Thy tenderneſs and love.
Wide flush the fields; the ſoftening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the foreſt ſmiles;
And every ſenſe, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes Thy glory in the Summer-months,
With light and heat refulgent. Then Thy ſun
Shoots full perfection through the ſwelling year:
And oft Thy voice in dreadful thunder ſpeaks;
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whiſpering gales.
Thy bounty ſhines in Autumn unconfin'd,
And ſpreads a common feaſt for all that lives.
In Winter awful Thou! with clouds and ſtorms
Around Thee thrown, tempeſt o'er tempeſt roll'd,
Majeſtic darkneſs! on the whirlwind's wing,
Riding ſublime, Thou bid'ſt the world adore,
And humbleſt nature with Thy northern blaſt.
Myſterious round! what ſkill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in theſe appear! a ſimple train,
Yet ſo delightful mix'd with ſuch kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combin'd;
Shade, unperceiv'd, ſo ſoftening into ſhade;
And all ſo forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they ſtill ſucceed, they raviſh ſtill.
But wandering oft, with brute unconſcious gaze,

Man

Man marks not Thee, marks not the mighty hand,
That ever-buſy, wheels, the ſilent ſpheres;
Works in the ſecret deep; ſhoots, ſteaming, thence
The fair profuſion that o'erſpreads the Spring:
Flings from the ſun direct the flaming day;
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempeſt forth;
And, as on earth this grateful change revolves,
With tranſport touches all the ſprings of life.
Nature, attend! join every living ſoul,
Beneath the ſpacious temple of the ſky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raiſe
One general ſong! To Him, ye vocal gales,
Breathe ſoft, whoſe Spirit in your freſhneſs breathes:
Oh, talk of Him in ſolitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the ſcarcely waving pine
Fills the brown ſhade with a religious awe.
And ye, whoſe bolder note is heard afar,
Who ſhake th' aſtoniſh'd world, lift high to heaven
Th' impetuous ſong, and ſay from whom you rage.
His praiſe, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muſe along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye ſofter floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majeſtic main,
A ſecret world of wonders in thyſelf,
Sound His ſtupendous praiſe; whoſe greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roarings fall.
Soft-roll your incenſe, herbs and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to Him; whoſe ſun exalts,
Whoſe breath perfumes you, and whoſe pencil paints.

Ye foreſts bend, ye harveſts wave, to Him;
Breathe your ſtill ſong into the reapers heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth aſleep
Unconſcious lies, effuſe your mildeſt beams,
Ye conſtellations, while your angels ſtrike,
Amid the ſpangled ſky, the ſilver lyre.
Great ſource of day! beſt image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam His praiſe.
The thunder rolls: be huſh'd the proſtrate world;
While cloud to cloud returns the ſolemn hymn.
Bleat out afreſh, ye hills: ye moſſy rocks,
Retain the ſound: the broad reſponſive lowe,
Ye vallies, raiſe; for the Great Shepherd reigns;
And his *unſuffering* kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake: a boundleſs ſong
Burſt from the groves! and when the reſtleſs day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world aſleep,
Sweeteſt of birds! ſweet Philomela, charm
The liſtening ſhades, and teach the night His praiſe.
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation ſmiles,
At once the head, the heart, and tongue of all,
Crown the great hymn! in ſwarming cities vaſt,
Aſſembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-reſounding voice, oft-breaking clear,
At ſolemn pauſes, through the ſwelling baſe;
And, as each mingling flame increaſes each,
In one united ardor riſe to heaven.

Or

Or if you rather chuſe the rural ſhade,
And find a fane in every ſecret grove;
There let the ſhepher'd flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting ſeraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still ſing the God of Seaſons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme,
Whether the bloſſom blows, the ſummer-ray
Ruſſets the plain, *inſpiring* Autumn gleams;
Or Winter riſes in the blackening eaſt;
Be my tongue mute, my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat.

Should fate command me to the fartheſt verge
Of the green earth, to diſtant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to ſong; where firſt the ſun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his ſetting beam
Flames on th' Atlantic iſles; 'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever preſent, ever felt,
In the void waſte as in the city full;
And where He vital breathes, there muſt be joy.
When ev'n at laſt the ſolemn hour ſhould come,
And wing my myſtic flight to future worlds,
I chearful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will riſing wonders ſing: I cannot go
Where Univerſal Love not ſmiles around,
Suſtaining all yon orbs, and all their ſons;
From *ſeeming evil* ſtill educing *good*,
And *better* thence again, and *better* ſtill,
In infinite progreſſion. But I loſe
Myſelf in Him, in Light ineffable;
Come then, expreſſive Silence, muſe His praiſe.

THE

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

AN

ALLEGORICAL POEM.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS poem being writ in the manner of Spenſer, the obſolete words, and a ſimplicity of diction in ſome of the lines, which borders on the ludicrous, were neceſſary, to make the imitation more perfect. And the ſtyle of that admirable poet, as well as the meaſure in which he wrote, are, as it were, appropriated by cuſtom to allegorical poems writ in our language; juſt as in French the ſtile of Marot, who lived under Francis I. has been uſed in tales, and familiar epiſtles, by the politeſt writers of the age of Louis XIV.

EXPLANATION of the OBSOLETE WORDS used in this POEM.

ARchimage—*the chief or greateſt of magicians or enchanters.*
Apaid—*paid.*
Appal—*affright.*
Atween—*between.*
Ay—*always.*
Bale—*ſorrow, trouble, misfortune.*
Benempt—*named.*
Blazon—*painting, diſplaying.*
Breme—*cold, raw.*
Carol—*to ſing ſongs of joy.*
Caucus—*the north-eaſt wind.*
Certes—*certainly.*
Dan—*a word prefixed to names.*
Deftly—*ſkilfully.*
Depainted—*painted.*
Drowſy-head—*drowſineſs.*
Eath—*eaſy.*
Eftſoons—*immediately, often afterwards.*
Eke—*alſo.*
Fays—*fairies.*
Gear *or* Geer—*furniture, equipage, dreſs.*
Glaive—*ſword.* (Fr.)
Glee—*joy, pleaſure.*
Han—*have.*
Aight—*named, called*; and ſometimes it is uſed for *is called.* See ſtanza vii.
Idleſs—*Idleneſs.*
Imp—*child, or offſpring*; *from the* Saxon *impan, to graft or plant.*
Keſt—*for caſt.*
Lad—*for led.*
Lea—*a piece of land, or meadow.*
Libbard—*leopard.*
Lig—*to lie.*
Loſel—*a looſe idle fellow.*
Louting—*bowing, bending.*
Lithe—*looſe, lax.*
Mell—*mingle.*
Moe—*more.*
Moil—*to labour.*
Mote—*might.*
Muchel *or* Mochel—*much, great.*

Nathleſs

Nathleſs—*nevertheleſs.*
Ne—*nor.*
Needments—*neceſſaries.*
Nourſling—*a child that is nurſed.*
Noyance—*harm.*
Prankt—*coloured, adorned gayly.*
Perdie (Fr. *par Dieu*)—*an old oath.*
Prick'd through the foreſt—*rode through the foreſt.*
Sear—*dry, burnt up.*
Sheen—*bright, ſhining.*
Sicker—*ſure, ſurely.*
Soot—*ſweet, or ſweetly.*
Sooth—*true, or truth.*
Stound—*misfortune, pung.*
Sweltry—*ſultry, conſuming, with heat.*
Swink—*to labour.*
Smackt—*favoured.*
Thrall—*ſlave.*
Tranſmew'd—*tranſform'd.*
Vild—*vile.*
Unkempt (Lat. *incomptus*) *unadorned.*
Ween—*to think, be of opinion.*
Weet—*to know; to weet, to wit.*
Whilom—*ere-while, formerly.*
Wight—*man.*
Wis, *for* Wiſt—*to know, think, underſtand.*
Wonne—(a noun) *dwelling.*
Wroke—*wreakt.*

N. B. The letter *Y* is frequently placed in the beginning of a word by Spenſer, to lengthen it a ſyllable, and *en* at the end of a word, for the ſame reaſon, as *withouten. caſten*, &c.

Yborn—*born.*
Yblent, *or* blent—*blended, mingled.*
Yclad—*clad.*
Ycleped—*called, named.*
Yfere—*together.*
Ymolten—*milted.*
Yode (*preter tenſe of* yede) *went.*

THE

CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The caſtle height of indolence,
And its falſe luxury;
Where for a little time, alas!
We liv'd right jollily.

I.

O Mortal man, who liveſt here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard eſtate;
That like an emmet thou muſt ever moil,
Is a ſad ſentence of an ancient date;
And, certes, there is for it reaſon great;
For, though ſometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curſe thy ſtar, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loſe life, unruly paſſions, and diſeaſes pale.

II.

In lowly dale, faſt by a river's ſide,
With woody hill o'er hill encompaſs'd round,
A moſt enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found,
It was, I ween, a lovely ſpot of ground;
And there a ſeaſon atween June and May,
Half prankt with ſpring, with ſummer half imbrown'd,
A liſtleſs climate made, where, ſooth to ſay,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play.

III. Was

III.

Was nought around but images of reſt:
Sleep-ſoothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that ſlumberous influence keſt,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleaſant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature ſeen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering ſtreamlets play'd,
And hurl'd every-where their waters ſheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the ſunny glade,
Though reſtleſs ſtill themſelves, a lulling murmur made.

IV.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud-bleating from the diſtant hills,
And vacant ſhepherds piping in the dale:
And now and then ſweet Philomel would wail,
Or ſtock-doves plain amid the foreſt deep,
That drowſy ruſtled to the ſighing gale;
And ſtill a coil the graſshopper did keep;
Yet all theſe ſounds yblent inclined all to ſleep.

V.

Full in the paſſage of the vale, above,
A ſable, ſilent, ſolemn foreſt ſtood;
Where nought but ſhadowy forms was ſeen to move,
As Idleſs fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either ſide, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay waving to and fro,
Sent forth a ſleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below, [flow.
The murmuring main was heard, and ſcarcely heard, to

VI.

A pleaſing land of drowſy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-ſhut eye;
And of gay caſtles in the clouds that paſs,
For ever flushing round a ſummer-ſky:
There eke the ſoft delights, that witchingly
Inſtil a wanton ſweetneſs through the breaſt,
And the calm pleaſures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er ſmack'd of noyance, or unreſt,
Was far far off expell'd from this delicious neſt.

VII.

The landſkip ſuch, inſpiring perfect eaſe,
Where Indolence (for ſo the wizard hight)
Cloſe-hid his caſtle mid embowering trees,
That half ſhut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceaſing at the maſſy gate,
Beneath a ſpacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harſh, complain'd, lamenting man's eſtate.

VIII.

Thither continual pilgrims crowded ſtill,
From all the roads of earth that paſs there by:
For, as they chaunc'd to breathe on neighbouring hill,
The freſhneſs of this valley ſmote their eye,
And drew them ever and anon more nigh;
Till cluſtering round th' enchanter falſe they hung.
Ymolten with his ſyren melody;
While o'er th' enfeebling lute his hand he flung,
And to the trembling chords theſe tempting verſes ſung:

IX.

" Behold! ye pilgrims of this earth, behold!
" See all but man with unearn'd pleaſure gay:
" See her bright robes the butterfly unfold,
" Broke from her wintery tomb in prime of May!
" What youthful bride can equal her array?
" Who can with her for eaſy pleaſure vie?
" From mead to mead with gentle wing to ſtray,
" From flower to flower on balmy gales to fly,
" Is all ſhe has to do beneath the radiant ſky.

X.

" Behold the merry minſtrels of the morn,
" The ſwarming ſongſters of the careleſs grove,
" Ten thouſand throats! that from the flowering thorn,
" Hymn their good God, and carol ſweet of love,
" Such grateful kindly raptures them emove:
" They neither plough, nor ſow; ne, fit for flail,
" E'er to the barn the nodden ſheaves they drove;
" Yet theirs each harveſt dancing in the gale,
" Whatever crowns the hill, or ſmiles along the vale.

XI.

" Outcaſt of nature, man! the wretched thrall
" Of bitter dropping ſweat, of ſweltry pain,
" Of cares that eat away thy heart with gall,
" And of the vices, an inhuman train,
" That all proceed from ſavage thirſt of gain:
" For when hard-hearted Intereſt firſt began
" To poiſon earth, Aſtræa left the plain;
" Guile, violence, and murder ſeiz'd on man,
" And, for ſoft milky ſtreams, with blood the rivers ran.

XII. " Come,

XII.

" Come, ye, who ſtill the cumberous load of life
" Puſh hard up hill; but as the farthest ſteep
" You truſt to gain, and put an end to ſtrife,
" Down thunders back the ſtone with mighty ſweep,
" And hurls your labours to the valley deep,
" For-ever vain: come, and, withouten fee,
" I in oblivion will your ſorrows ſteep,
" Your cares, your toils, will ſteep you in a ſea
" Of full delight: O come, ye weary wights, to me!

XIII.

" With me, you need not riſe at early dawn,
" To paſs the joyleſs day in various ſtounds:
" Or, louting low, on upſtart fortune fawn,
" And ſell fair honour for ſome paltry pounds;
" Or through the city take your dirty rounds,
" To cheat, and dun, and lye, and viſit pay,
" Now flattering baſe, now giving ſecret wounds:
" Or proul in courts of law for human prey,
" In vernal ſenate thieve, or rob on broad highway.

XIV.

" No cocks, with me, to ruſtic labour call,
" From village on to village ſounding clear:
" To tardy ſwain no ſhrill-voic'd matrons ſquall;
" No dogs, no babes, no wives, to ſtun your ear;
" No hammers thump; no horrid blackſmith ſear,
" Ne noiſy tradeſmen your ſweet ſlumbers ſtart,
" With ſounds that are a miſery to hear:
" But all is calm, as would delight the heart
" Of Sybarite of old, all nature, and all art.

XV.

" Here nought but candour reigns, indulgent eaſe,
" Good-natur'd lounging, ſauntering up and down:
" They who are pleas'd themſelves muſt always pleaſe;
" On others' ways they never ſquint a frown,
" Nor heed what haps in hamlet or in town:
" Thus, from the ſource of tender indolence,
" With milky blood the heart is overflown,
" Is ſooth'd and ſweeten'd by the ſocial ſenſe;
" For intereſt, envy, pride, and ſtrife are baniſh'd hence.

XVI.

" What, what, is virtue, but repoſe of mind,
" A pure ethereal calm, that knows no ſtorm;
" Above the reach of wild ambition's wind,
" Above the paſſions that this world deform,
" And torture man, a proud malignant worm?
" But here, inſtead, ſoft gales of paſſion play,
" And gently ſtir the heart, thereby to form
" A quicker ſenſe of joy; as breezes ſtray [gay.
" Acroſs th' enliven'd ſkies, and make them ſtill more

XVII.

" The beſt of men have ever lov'd repoſe:
" They hate to mingle in the filthy fray;
" Where the ſoul ſours, and gradual rancour grows,
" Imbitter'd more from peeviſh day to day.
" Ev'n thoſe whom Fame has lent her faireſt ray,
" The moſt renown'd of worthy wights of yore,
" From a baſe world at laſt have ſtol'n away:
" So Scipio, to the ſoft Cumæan ſhore
" Retiring, taſted joy he never knew before.

XVIII. " But

XVIII.

" But if a little exercise you chuse,
" Some zest for ease, 'tis not forbidden here.
" Amid the groves you may indulge the Muse,
" Or tend the blooms, and deck the vernal year;
" Or softly stealing, with your watery gear,
" Along the brook, the crimson spotted fry
" You may delude: the whilst, amus'd, you hear
" Now the hoarse stream, and now the zephyr's sigh,
" Attuned to the birds, and woodland melody.

XIX.

" O grievous folly! to heap up estate,
" Losing the days you see beneath the sun;
" When, sudden, comes blind unrelenting fate,
" And gives th' untasted portion you have won,
" With ruthless toil, and many a wretch undone,
" To those who mock you gone to Pluto's reign,
" There with sad ghosts to pine, and shadows dun:
" But sure it is of vanities most vain,
" To toil for what you here untoiling may obtain."

XX.

He ceas'd. But still their trembling ears retain'd
The deep vibrations of his witching song;
That, by a kind of magic power, constrain'd
To enter in, pell-mell, the listening throng,
Heaps pour'd on heaps, and yet they slipt along,
In silent ease: as when beneath the beam
Of summer-moons, the distant woods among,
Or by some flood all silver'd with the gleam,
The soft-embodied fays through airy portal stream:

XXI.

By the ſmooth demon ſo it order'd was,
And here his baneful bounty firſt began:
Though ſome there were who would not further paſs,
And his alluring baits ſuſpected han.
The wiſe diſtruſt the too fair-ſpoken man.
Yet through the gate they caſt a wiſhful eye:
Not to move on, perdie, is all they can;
For do their very beſt they cannot fly,
But often each way look, and often ſorely ſigh.

XXII.

When this the watchful wicked wizard ſaw,
With ſudden ſpring he leap'd upon them ſtrait;
And ſoon as touch'd by his unhallow'd paw,
They found themſelves within the curſed gate;
Full hard to be repaſs'd, like that of fate.
Not ſtronger were of old the giant crew,
Who fought to pull high Jove from regal ſtate;
Though feeble wretch he ſeem'd, of ſallow hue:
Certes, who bides his graſp, will that encounter rue.

XXIII.

For whomſoe'er the villain takes in hand,
Their joints unknit, their ſinews melt apace;
As lithe they grow as any willow-wand,
And of their vaniſh'd force remains no trace:
So when a maiden fair, of modeſt grace,
In all her buxom blooming May of charms,
Is ſeiz'd in ſome loſel's hot embrace,
She waxeth very weakly as ſhe warms,
Then ſighing yields her up to love's delicious harms.

XXIV. Wak'd

XXIV.

Wak'd by the crowd, ſlow from his bench aroſe
A comely full-ſpread porter, ſwoln with ſleep:
His calm, broad, thoughtleſs aſpect breath'd repoſe;
And in ſweet torpor he was plunged deep,
Ne could himſelf from ceaſeleſs yawning keep;
While o'er his eyes the drowſy liquor ran.
Through which his half-wak'd ſoul would faintly peep.
Then taking his black ſtaff he call'd his man,
And rous'd himſelf as much as rouſe himſelf he can.

XXV.

The lad leap'd lightly at his maſter's call.
He was, to weet, a little roguiſh page,
Save ſleep and play who minded nought at all,
Like moſt the untaught ſtriplings of his age.
This boy he kept each band to diſengage,
Garters and buckles, taſk for him unfit,
But ill-becoming his grave perſonage,
And which his portly paunch would not permit,
So this ſame limber page to all performed it.

XXVI.

Meantime the maſter-porter wide diſplay'd
Great ſtore of caps, of ſlippers, and of gowns;
Wherewith he thoſe that enter'd in, array'd
Looſe, as the breeze that plays along the downs,
And waves the ſummer-woods when evening frowns.
O fair undreſs, beſt dreſs! it checks no vein,
But every flowing limb in pleaſure drowns,
And heightens eaſe with grace. This done, right fain,
Sir porter ſat him down, and turn'd to ſleep again.

XXVII.

Thus eaſy rob'd, they to the fountain ſped,
That in the middle of the court up-threw
A ſtream, high-ſpouting from its liquid bed,
And falling back again in drizzly dew:
There each deep draughts, as deep he thirſted, drew.
It was a fountain of Nepenthe rare:
Whence, as Dan Homer ſings, huge pleaſaunce grew.
And ſweet oblivion of vile earthly care; [fair.
Fair gladſome waking thoughts, and joyous dreams more

XXVIII.

This rite perform'd, all inly pleas'd and ſtill,
Withouten tromp, was proclamation made.
"Ye ſons of Indolence, do what you will;
"And wander where you liſt, through hall or glade!
"Be no man's pleaſure for another ſtaid;
"Let each as likes him beſt his hours employ,
"And curs'd be he who minds his neighbour's trade!
"Here dwells kind eaſe and unreproving joy:
"He little merits bliſs who others can annoy."

XXIX.

Strait of theſe endleſs numbers, ſwarming round,
As thick as idle motes in ſunny ray,
Not one ſaſoons in view was to be found,
But every man ſtroll'd off his own glad way,
Wide o'er this ample court's blank area,
With all the lodges that thereto pertain'd,
No living creature could be ſeen to ſtray;
While ſolitude and perfect ſilence reign'd:
So that to think you dreamt you almoſt was conſtrain'd.

XXX. As

XXX.

As when a ſhepherd of the Hebrid-iſles,
Plac'd far amid the melancholy main,
(Whether it be lone fancy him beguiles;
Or that aërial beings ſometimes deign
To ſtand embodied, to our ſenſes plain)
Sees on the naked hill, or valley low,
The whilſt in ocean Phœbus dips his wain,
A vaſt aſſembly moving to and fro:
Then all at once in air diſſolves the wondrous ſhow.

XXXI.

Ye gods of quiet, and of ſleep profound!
Whoſe ſoft dominion o'er this caſtle ſways,
And all the widely-ſilent places round,
Forgive me, if my trembling pen diſplays
What never yet was ſung in mortal lays.
But how ſhall I attempt ſuch arduous ſtring,
I who have ſpent my nights and nightly days,
In this ſoul-deadening place, looſe-loitering?
Ah! how ſhall I for this uprear my moulted wing?

XXXII.

Come on, my Muſe, nor ſtoop to low deſpair,
Thou imp of Jove, touch'd by celeſtial fire!
Thou yet ſhalt ſing of war, and actions fair,
Which the bold ſons of Britain will inſpire;
Of ancient bards thou yet ſhall ſweep the lyre;
Thou yet ſhall tread in tragic pall the ſtage,
Paint love's enchanting woes, the hero's ire,
The ſage's calm, the patriot's noble rage,
Daſhing corruption down through every worthleſs age.

XXXIII. The

XXXIII.

The doors, that knew no ſhrill alarming bell,
Ne curſed knocker ply'd by villain's hand,
Self-open'd into halls, where, who can tell
What elegance and grandeur wide expand
The pride of Turkey and of Perſia land?
Soft quilts on quilts, on carpets carpets ſpread,
And couches ſtretch'd around in ſeemly band;
And endleſs pillows riſe to prop the head;
So that each ſpacious room was one full-ſwelling-bed.

XXXIV.

And every where huge cover'd tables ſtood,
With wines high-flavour'd and rich viands crown'd;
Whatever ſprightly juice or taſteful food
On the green boſom of this earth are found,
And all old ocean genders in his round:
Some hand unſeen theſe ſilently diſplay'd,
Ev'n undemanded by a ſign or ſound;
You need but wiſh, and, inſtantly obey'd,
Fair-rang'd the diſhes roſe, and thick the glaſſes play'd.

XXXV.

Here freedom reign'd, without the leaſt alloy;
Nor goſſip's tale, nor ancient maiden's gall,
Nor ſaintly ſpleen durſt murmur at our joy,
And with envenom'd tongue our pleaſures pall.
For why? there was but one great rule for all;
To wit, that each ſhould work his own deſire,
And eat, drink, ſtudy, ſleep, as it may fall,
Or melt the time in love, or wake the lyre,
And carol what, unbid, the Muſes might inſpire.

XXXVI. The

XXXVI.

The rooms with coſtly tapeſtry were hung,
Where was inwoven many a gentle tale;
Such as of old the rural poets ſung,
Or of Arcadian or Sicilian vale:
Reclining lovers, in the lonely dale,
Pour'd forth at large the ſweetly-tortur'd heart;
Or, ſighing tender paſſion, ſwell'd the gale,
And taught charm'd echo to reſound their ſmart;
While flocks, woods, ſtreams, around, repoſe and peace impart.

XXXVII.

Thoſe pleas'd the moſt, where, by a cunning hand,
Depainted was the patriarchal age;
What time Dan Abraham left the Chaldee land,
And paſtur'd on from verdant ſtage to ſtage,
Where fields and fountains freſh could beſt engage.
Toil was not then. Of nothing took they heed,
But with wild beaſts the ſylvan war to wage,
And o'er vaſt plains their herds and flocks to feed:
Bleſt ſons of Nature they! true golden age indeed!

XXXVIII.

Sometimes the pencil, in cool airy halls,
Bade the gay bloom of vernal landſkips riſe,
Or autumn's varied ſhades imbrown the walls:
Now the black tempeſt ſtrikes th' aſtoniſh'd eyes
Now down the ſteep the flaſhing torrent flies;
The trembling ſun now plays o'er ocean blue,
And now rude mountains frown amid the ſkies;
Whate'er Lorraine light-touch'd with ſoftening hue,
Or ſavage Roſa daſh'd, or learned Pouſſin drew.

XXXIX. Each

XXXIX.

Each ſound too here, to languiſhment inclin'd,
Lull'd the weak boſom, and induced eaſe,
Aërial muſic in the warbling wind,
At diſtance riſing oft by ſmall degrees,
Nearer and nearer came, till o'er the trees
It hung, and breath'd ſuch ſoul-diſſolving airs,
As did, alas! with ſoft perdition pleaſe:
Entangled deep in its enchanting ſnares,
The liſtening heart forgot all duties and all cares.

XL.

A certain muſic, never known before,
Here lull'd the penſive melancholy mind;
Full eaſily obtain'd. Behoves no more,
But ſidelong, to the gently-waving wind,
To lay the well-tun'd inſtrument reclin'd;
From which, with airy flying fingers light,
Beyond each mortal touch the moſt refin'd,
The god of winds drew ſounds of deep delight:
Whence, with juſt cauſe, the harp of Æolus it hight.

XLI.

Ah me! what hand can touch the ſtring ſo fine?
Who up the lofty di'apaſan roll
Such ſweet, ſuch ſad, ſuch ſolemn airs divine,
Then let them down again into the ſoul?
Now riſing love they fann'd; now pleaſing dole
They breath'd, in tender muſings, through the heart;
And now a graver ſacred ſtrain they ſtole,
As when ſeraphic hands an hymn impart:
Wild-warbling nature all, above the reach of art!

XLII. Such

XLII.

Such the gay ſplendor, the luxurious ſtate,
Of Caliphs old, who on the Tygris' ſhore,
In mighty Bagdat, populous and great,
Held their bright court, where was of ladies ſtore;
And verſe, love, muſic, ſtill the garland wore:
When ſleep was coy, the bard in waiting there,
Chear'd the lone midnight with the Muſe's love:
Compoſing muſic bade his dreams be fair,
And muſic lent new gladneſs to the morning air.

XLIII.

Near the pavilions where we ſlept, ſtill ran
Soft-tinkling ſtreams, and daſhing waters fell,
And ſobbing breezes ſigh'd, and oft began
(So work'd the wizard) wintery ſtorms to ſwell,
As heaven and earth they would together mell:
At doors and windows, threatening, ſeem'd to call
The demons of the tempeſt, growling fell,
Yet the leaſt entrance found they none at all;
Whence ſweeter grew our ſleep, ſecure in maſſy hall.

XLIV.

And hither Morpheus ſent his kindeſt dreams,
Raiſing a world of gayer tinct and grace;
O'er which were ſhadowy caſt Elyſian gleams,
That play'd, in waving lights, from place to place,
And ſhed a roſeate ſmile on nature's face.
Not Titian's pencil e'er could ſo array,
So fierce with clouds the pure ethereal ſpace;
Ne could it e'er ſuch melting forms diſplay,
As looſe on flowery beds all languiſhingly lay.

XLV. No,

XLV.

No, fair illuſions! artful phantoms, no!
My Muſe will not attempt your fairy-land:
She has no colours that like you can glow:
To catch your vivid ſcenes too groſs her hand.
But ſure it is, was ne'er a ſubtler band
Than theſe ſame guileful angel-ſeeming ſprights,
Who thus in dreams, voluptuous, ſoft, and bland,
Pour'd all th' Arabian Heaven upon her nights,
And bleſs'd them oft beſides with more refin'd delights.

XLVI.

They were in ſooth a moſt enchanting train,
Ev'n feigning virtue; ſkilful to unite
With evil good, and ſtrew with pleaſure pain.
But for thoſe fiends, whom blood and broils delight;
Who hurl the wretch, as if to hell outright,
Down, down black gulfs, where ſullen waters ſleep,
Or hold him clambering all the fearful night
On beetling cliffs, or pent in ruins deep;
They, till due time ſhould ſerve, were bid far hence to keep.

XLVII.

Ye guardian ſpirits, to whom man is dear,
From theſe foul demons ſhield the midnight gloom:
Angels of fancy and of love, be near,
And o'er the blank of ſleep diffuſe a bloom:
Evoke the ſacred ſhades of Greece and Rome,
And let them virtue with a look impart:
But chief, a while, O! lend us from the tomb
Theſe long-loſt friends for whom in love we ſmart,
And fill with pious awe and joy-mixt woe the heart.

XLVIII. Or

XLVIII.

Or are you ſportive—Bid the morn of youth
Riſe to new light, and beam afreſh the days
Of innocence, ſimplicity, and truth;
To cares eſtrang'd, and manhood's thorny ways.
What tranſport, to retrace our boyiſh plays,
Our eaſy bliſs, when each thing joy ſupply'd;
The woods, the mountains, and the warbling maze
Of the wild brooks!—But, fondly wandering wide,
My Muſe, reſume the taſk that yet doth thee abide.

XLIX.

One great amuſement of our houſehold was,
In a huge cryſtal magic globe to ſpy,
Still as you turn'd it, all things that do paſs
Upon this ant-hill earth; where conſtantly
Of idly-buſy men the reſtleſs fry
Run buſtling to and fro with fooliſh haſte,
In ſearch of pleaſure vain that from them fly,
Or which obtain'd the caitiffs dare not taſte:
When nothing is enjoy'd, can there be greater waſte?

L.

"Of vanity the mirror" this was call'd.
Here you a muckworm of the town might ſee,
At his dull deſk, amid his legers ſtall'd,
Eat up with carking care and penurie;
Moſt like to carcaſe parch'd on gallow-tree.
"A penny ſaved is a penny got;"
Firm to this ſcoundrel maxim keepeth he,
Ne of its rigour will he bate a jot,
Till it has quench'd his fire, and baniſh'd his pot.

LI. Strait

LI.

Strait from the filth of this low grub, behold!
Comes fluttering forth a gaudy ſpendthrift heir,
All gloſſy gay, enamel'd all with gold,
The ſilly tenant of the ſummer-air,
In folly loſt, of nothing takes he care;
Pimps, lawyers, ſtewards, harlots, flatterers vile,
And thieving tradeſmen him among them ſhare:
His father's ghoſt from limbo-lake, the while,
Sees this, which more damnation doth upon him pile.

LII.

This globe pourtray'd the race of learned men,
Still at their books, and turning o'er the page,
Backwards and forwards: oft they ſnatch the pen,
As if inſpir'd, and in a Theſpian rage;
Then write, and blot, as would your ruth engage.
Why, authors, all this ſcrawl and ſcribbling ſore?
To loſe the preſent, gain the future age,
Praiſed to be when you can hear no more,
And much enrich'd with fame, when uſeleſs worldly ſtore.

LIII.

Then would a ſplendid city riſe to view,
With carts, and cars, and coaches, roaring all:
Wide pour'd abroad behold the giddy crew;
See how they daſh along from wall to wall!
At every door, hark how they thundering call!
Good lord! what can this giddy rout excite?
Why, on each other with fell tooth to fall;
A neighbour's fortune, fame, or peace, to blight,
And make new tireſome parties for the coming night.

LIV. The

LIV.

The puzzling ſons of party next appear'd,
In dark cabals and nightly juntos met;
And now they whiſper'd cloſe, now ſhrugging rear'd
Th' important ſhoulder; then, as if to get
New light, their twinkling eyes were inward ſet.
No ſooner Lucifer recals affairs,
Than forth they various ruſh in mighty fret;
When, lo! puſh'd up to power, and crown'd their cares,
In comes another ſett, and kicketh them down ſtairs.

LV.

But what moſt ſhew'd the vanity of life,
Was to behold the nations all on fire,
In cruel broils engag'd, and deadly ſtrife:
Moſt chriſtian kings, inflam'd by black deſire,
With honourable ruffians in their hire,
Cauſe war to rage, and blood around to pour:
Of this ſad work when each begins to tire,
They ſit them down juſt where they were before,
Till for new ſcenes of woe peace ſhall their force reſtore.

LVI.

To number up the thouſands dwelling here,
An uſeleſs were, and eke an endleſs taſk;
From kings, and thoſe who at the helm appear,
To gypſies brown in ſummer-glades who baſk.
Yea many a man perdie I could unmaſk,
Whoſe deſk and table make a ſolemn ſhow,
With tape-ty'd traſh, and ſuits of fools that aſk
For place or penſion laid in decent row;
But theſe I paſſen by, with nameleſs numbers moe.

LVII.

Of all the gentle tenants of the place,
There was a man of ſpecial grave remark:
A certain tender gloom o'erſpread his face,
Penſive, not ſad, in thought involv'd, not dark,
As ſoot this man could ſing as morning-lark,
And teach the nobleſt morals of the heart:
But theſe his talents were yburied ſtark;
Of the fine ſtores he nothing would impart.
Which or boon Nature gave, or nature-painting Art.

LVIII.

To noontide ſhades incontinent he ran,
Where purls the brook with ſleep-inviting ſound;
Or when Dan Sol to ſlope his wheels began,
Amid the broom he baſk'd him on the ground,
Where the wild thyme and camomoil are found:
There would he linger, till the lateſt ray
Of light ſat trembling on the welkin's bound;
Then homeward through the twilight ſhadows ſtray,
Sauntering and ſlow. So had he paſſed many a day.

LIX.

Yet not in thoughtleſs ſlumber were they paſt:
For oft the heavenly fire, that lay conceal'd
Beneath the ſleeping embers, mounted faſt,
And all its native light anew reveal'd:
Oft as he travers'd the cerulean field,
And markt the clouds that drove before the wind,
Ten thouſand glorious ſyſtems would he build,
Ten thouſand great ideas fill'd his mind;
But with the clouds they fled, and left no trace behind.

LX. With

LX.

With him was ſometimes join'd, in ſilent walk,
(Profoundly ſilent, for they never ſpoke)
One ſhyer ſtill, who quite deteſted talk:
Oft, ſtung by ſpleen, at once away he broke,
To groves of pine, and broad o'erſhadowing oak;
There, inly thrill'd, he wander'd all alone,
And on himſelf his penſive fury wroke,
Ne ever utter'd word, ſave when firſt ſhone
The glittering ſtar of eve—"Thank heaven! the day [is done."

LXI.

Here lurk'd a wretch, who had not crept abroad
For forty years, ne face of mortal ſeen;
In chamber brooding like a loathly toad:
And ſure his linen was not very clean.
Through ſecret loop-holes, that had practis'd been
Near to his bed, his dinner vile he took;
Unkempt, and rough, of ſqualid face and mien,
Our caſtle's ſhame! whence, from his filthy nook,
We drove the villain out for fitter lair to look.

LXII.

One day there chaunc'd into theſe halls to rove
A joyous youth, who took you at firſt ſight;
Him the wild wave of pleaſure hither drove,
Before the ſprightly tempeſt toſſing light:
Certes, he was a moſt engaging wight,
Of ſocial glee, and wit humane though keen,
Turning the night to day and day to night:
For him the merry bells had rung, I ween,
If in this nook of quiet bells had ever been.

LXIII.

But not ev'n pleaſure to exceſs is good:
What moſt elates then ſinks the ſoul as low:
When ſpring-tide joy pours in with copious flood,
The higher ſtill th' exulting billows flow,
The farther back again they flagging go,
And leave us groveling on the dreary ſhore:
Taught by this ſon of joy, we found it ſo;
Who, whilſt he ſtaid, kept in a gay uproar
Our madden'd caſtle all, th' abode of ſleep no more.

LXIV.

As when in prime of June a burniſh'd fly,
Sprung from the meads, o'er which he ſweeps along,
Chear'd by the breathing bloom and vital ſky,
Tunes up amid theſe airy halls his ſong,
Soothing at firſt the gay repoſing throng:
And oft he ſips their bowl; or, nearly drown'd,
He, thence recovering, drives their beds among,
And ſcares their tender ſleep, with trump profound;
Then out again he flies, to wing his mazy round.

LXV.

Another gueſt there was, of ſenſe refin'd,
Who felt each worth, for every worth he had;
Serene, yet warm, humane, yet firm his mind,
As little touch'd as any man's with bad:
Him through their inmoſt walks the Muſes lad,
To him the ſacred love of nature lent,
And ſometimes would he make our valley glad;
When as we found he would not here be pent,
To him the better ſort this friendly meſſage ſent.

LXVI. "Come,

LXVI.

" Come, dwell with us! true ſon of virtue, come!
" But if, alas! we cannot thee perſuade,
" To lie content beneath our peaceful dome,
" Ne ever more to quit our quiet glade;
" Yet when at laſt thy toils but ill apaid
" Shall dead thy fire, and damp its heavenly ſpark,
" Thou wilt be glad to ſeek the rural ſhade,
" There to indulge the Muſe, and nature mark:
" We then a lodge for thee will rear in Hagley-Park."

LXVII.

Here whilom ligg'd th' Eſopus * of the age;
But call'd by Fame, in ſoul ypricked deep,
A noble pride reſtor'd him to the ſtage,
And rous'd him like a giant from his ſleep.
Ev'n from his ſlumbers we advantage reap:
With double force th' enliven'd ſcene he wakes,
Yet quits not nature's bounds. He knows to keep
Each due decorum: now the heart he ſhakes,
And now with well-urg'd ſenſe th' enlighten'd judgment [takes.

LXVIII.

A bard here dwelt, more fat than bard beſeems;
† Who, void of envy, guile, and luſt of gain,
On virtue ſtill, and nature's pleaſing themes,
Pour'd forth his unpremeditated ſtrain:
The world forſaking with a calm diſdain
Here laugh'd he careleſs in his eaſy ſeat;
Here quaff'd encircled with the joyous train,
Oft moralizing ſage; his ditty ſweet
He loathed much to write, ne cared to repeat.

* Mr. Quin. † This character of Mr. Thomſon was written by Lord Lyttelton.

LXIX.

Full oft by holy feet our ground was trod,
Of clerks good plenty here you mote eſpy.
A little, round, fat, oily man of God,
Was one I chiefly mark'd among the fry:
He had a roguiſh twinkle in his eye,
And ſhone all glittering with ungodly dew,
If a tight damſel chaunc'd to trippen by;
Which when obſerv'd, he ſhrunk into his mew,
And ſtrait would recollect his piety anew.

LXX.

Nor be forgot a tribe, who minded nought
(Old inmates of the place) but ſtate-affairs:
They look'd, perdie, as if they deeply thought;
And on their brow ſat every nation's cares.
The world by them is parcel'd out in ſhares,
When in the Hall of Smoak they congreſs hold,
And the ſage berry ſun-burnt Mocha bears
Has clear'd their inward eye: then, ſmoke-enroll'd,
Their oracles break forth myſterious as of old.

LXXI.

Here languid beauty kept her pale-fac'd court:
Bevies of dainty dames, of high degree,
From every quarter hither made reſort;
Where, from groſs mortal care and buſineſs free,
They lay, pour'd out in eaſe and luxury.
Or ſhould they a vain ſhew of work aſſume,
Alas! and well-a-day! what can it be?
To knot, to twiſt, to range the vernal bloom;
But far is caſt the diſtaff, ſpinning-wheel, and loom.

LXXII.

Their only labour was to kill the time;
And labour dire it is, and weary woe.
They ſit, they loll, turn o'er ſome idle rhyme;
Then, riſing ſudden, to the glaſs they go,
Or ſaunter forth, with tottering ſtep and ſlow:
This ſoon too rude an exerciſe they find;
Strait on the couch their limbs again they throw,
Where hours on hours they ſighing lie reclin'd,
And court the vapoury god ſoft-breathing in the wind.

LXXIII.

Now muſt I mark the villainy we found,
But, ah! too late, as ſhall eftſoons be ſhewn.
A place here was, deep, dreary, under ground;
Where ſtill our inmates, when unpleaſing grown,
Diſeas'd, and loathſome, privily were thrown,
Far from the light of heaven, they languiſh'd there,
Unpity'd uttering many a bitter groan;
For of theſe wretches taken was no care:
Fierce fiends, and hags of hell, their only nurſes were.

LXXIV.

Alas! the change! from ſcenes of joy and reſt,
To this dark den, where ſickneſs toſs'd alway.
Here Lethargy, with deadly ſleep oppreſt,
Stretch'd on his back, a mighty lubbard, lay,
Heaving his ſides, and ſnored night and day;
To ſtir him from his traunce it was not eath,
And his half-open'd eyne he ſhut ſtraitway:
He led, I wot, the ſofteſt way to death,
And taught withouten pain and ſtrife to yield the breath.

LXXV.

Of limbs enormous, but withal unſound,
Soft-ſwoln and pale, here lay the Hydropſy:
Unwieldy man; with belly monſtrous round,
For ever fed with watery ſupply;
For ſtill he drank, and yet he ſtill was dry,
And moping here did Hypochondria ſit,
Mother of ſpleen, in robes of various dye,
Who vexed was full oft with ugly fit;
And ſome her frantic deem'd, and ſome her deem'd a [wit.

LXXVI.

A lady proud ſhe was, of ancient blood,
Yet oft her fear her pride made crouchen low:
She felt, or fancy'd in her fluttering mood,
All the diſeaſes which the ſpittles know,
And ſought all phyſick which the ſhops beſtow,
And ſtill new leaches and new drugs would try,
Her humour ever wavering to and fro;
For ſometimes ſhe would laugh, and ſometimes cry,
Then ſudden waxed wroth, and all ſhe knew not why.

LXXVII.

Faſt by her ſide a liſtleſs maiden pin'd,
With aching head, and ſqueamiſh heart-burnings;
Pale, bloated, cold, ſhe ſeem'd to hate mankind,
Yet lov'd in ſecret all forbidden things.
And here the Tertian ſhakes his chilling wings;
The ſleepleſs Gout here counts the crowing cocks,
A wolf now gnaws him, now a ſerpent ſtings;
Whilſt Apoplexy cramm'd Intemperance knocks
Down to the ground at once, as butcher felleth ox.

CANTO

CANTO II.

The knight of arts and induſtry,
And his atchievements fair;
That by his caſtle's overthrow,
Secur'd, and crowned were.

I.

ESCAP'D the caſtle of the fire of ſin,
Ah! where ſhall I ſo ſweet a dwelling find?
For all around, without, and all within,
Nothing ſave what delightful was and kind,
Of goodneſs ſavouring and a tender mind,
E'er roſe to view. But now another ſtrain,
Of doleful note, alas! remains behind:
I now muſt ſing of pleaſure turn'd to pain,
And of the falſe enchanter Indolence complain.

II.

Is there no patron to protect the Muſe,
And fence for her Parnaſſus' barren ſoil?
To every labour its reward accrues,
And they are ſure of bread who ſwink and moil;
But a fell tribe th' Aonian hive deſpoil,
As ruthleſs waſps oft rob the painful bee:
Thus while the laws not guard that nobleſt toil,
Ne for the other Muſes meed decree,
They praiſed are alone, and ſtarve right merrily.

III. I care

III.

I care not, Fortune, what you me deny:
You cannot rob me of free Nature's grace;
You cannot ſhut the windows of the ſky,
Through which Aurora ſhews her brightening face;
You cannot bar my conſtant feet to trace
The woods and lawns, by living ſtream, at eve:
Let health my nerves and finer fibres brace,
And I their toys to the *great children* leave:
Of fancy, reaſon, virtue, nought can me bereave.

IV.

Come then, my Muſe, and raiſe a bolder ſong;
Come, lig no more upon the bed of ſloth,
Dragging the lazy languid line along,
Fond to begin, but ſtill to finiſh loth,
Thy half-writ ſcrolls all eaten by the moth:
Ariſe, and ſing that generous imp of fame,
Who with the ſons of ſoftneſs nobly wroth,
To ſweep away this human lumber came,
Or in a choſen few to rouſe the ſlumbering flame.

V.

In Fairy-Land there liv'd a knight of old,
Of feature ſtern, Selvaggio well yclep'd,
A rough unpoliſh'd man, robuſt and bold,
But wondrous poor: he neither ſow'd nor reap'd,
Ne ſtores in ſummer for cold winter heap'd;
In hunting all his days away he wore;
Now ſcorch'd by June, now in November ſteep'd,
Now pinch'd by biting January ſore,
He ſtill in woods purſued the libbard and the boar.

VI. As

VI.

As he one morning, long before the dawn,
Prick'd through the foreſt to diſlodge his prey,
Deep in the winding boſom of a lawn,
With wood wild-fring'd, he mark'd a taper's ray,
That from the beating rain, and wintery fray,
Did to a lonely cot his ſteps decoy;
There, up to earn the needments of the day,
He found dame Poverty, nor fair nor coy:
Her he compreſs'd, and fill'd her with a luſty boy.

VII.

Amid the green-wood ſhade this boy was bred,
And grew at laſt a knight of muchel fame,
Of active mind and vigorous luſtyhed,
The Knight of Arts and Induſtry by name.
Earth was his bed, the boughs his roof did frame;
He knew no beverage but the flowing ſtream;
His taſteful well-earn'd food the ſylvan game,
Or the brown fruit with which the woodlands teem:
The ſame to him glad ſummer, or the winter breme.

VIII.

So paſs'd his youthly morning, void of care,
Wild as the colts that through the commons run:
For him no tender parents troubled were,
He of the foreſt ſeem'd to be the ſon,
And certes had been utterly undone;
But that Minerva pity of him took,
With all the gods that love the rural wonne,
That teach to tame the ſoil and rule the crook;
Ne did the ſacred Nine diſdain a gentle look.

IX. Of

IX.

Of fertile genius him they nurtur'd well,
In every ſcience, and in every art,
By which mankind the thoughtleſs brutes excel,
That can or uſe, or joy, or grace impart,
Diſcloſing all the powers of head and heart:
Ne were the goodly exerciſes ſpar'd,
That brace the nerves, or make the limbs alert,
And mix elaſtic force with firmneſs hard:
Was never knight on ground mote be with him compar'd.

X.

Sometimes, with early morn, he mounted gay
The hunter-ſteed, exulting o'er the dale,
And drew the reſeat breath of orient day;
Sometimes, retiring to the ſecret vale,
Yclad in ſteel, and bright with burniſh'd mail,
He ſtrain'd the bow, or toſs'd the ſounding ſpear,
Or darting on the goal ourſtripp'd the gale,
Or wheel'd the chariot in its mid-career,
Or ſtrenuous wreſtled hard with many a tough compeer.

XI.

At other times he pry'd through Nature's ſtore,
Whate'er ſhe in th' ethereal round contains,
Whate'er ſhe hides beneath her verdant floor,
The vegetable and the mineral reigns;
Or elſe he ſcann'd the globe, thoſe ſmall domains,
Where reſtleſs mortals ſuch a turmoil keep,
Its ſeas, its floods, its mountains, and its plains;
But more he ſearch'd the mind, and rous'd from ſleep.
Thoſe moral ſeeds whence we heroic actions reap.

XII. Nor

XII.

Nor would he ſcorn to ſtoop from high purſuits
Of heavenly truth, and practiſe what ſhe taught.
Vain is the tree of knowledge without fruits.
Sometimes in hand the ſpade or plough he caught,
Forth-calling all with which boon earth is fraught;
Sometimes he ply'd the ſtrong mechanic tool,
Or rear'd the fabric from the fineſt draught;
And oft he put himſelf to Neptune's ſchool,
Fighting with winds and waves on the vext ocean pool.

XIII.

To ſolace then theſe rougher toils, he try'd
To touch the kindling canvaſs into life;
With nature his creating pencil vy'd,
With nature joyous at the mimic ſtrife:
Or, to ſuch ſhapes as grac'd Pygmalion's wife
He hew'd the marble; or, with varied fire,
He rouz'd the trumpet and the martial fife,
Or bade the lute ſweet tenderneſs inſpire,
Or verſes fram'd that well might wake Apollo's lyre.

XIV.

Accompliſh'd thus he from the woods iſſued,
Full of great aims, and bent on bold emprize;
The work, which long he in his breaſt had brew'd.
Now to perform he ardent did deviſe;
To wit, a barbarous world to civilize.
Earth was till then a boundleſs foreſt wild;
Nought to be ſeen but ſavage wood, and ſkies;
No cities nouriſh'd arts, no culture ſmil'd,
No government, no laws, no gentle manners mild.

XV. A rag-

XV.

A ragged wight, the worſt of brutes, was man;
On his own wretched kind he, ruthleſs, prey'd:
The ſtrongeſt ſtill the weakeſt over-ran;
In every country mighty robbers ſway'd,
And guile and ruffian force were all their trade.
Life was a ſcene of rapine, want, and woe;
Which this brave knight, in noble anger, made
To ſwear, he would the raſcal rout o'erthrow,
For, by the powers divine, it ſhould no more be ſo!

XVI.

It would exceed the purport of my ſong,
To ſay how this *beſt Sun* from orient climes
Came beaming life and beauty all along,
Before him chacing indolence and crimes.
Still as he paſs'd, the nations he ſublimes,
And calls forth arts and virtues with his ray:
Then Egypt, Greece, and Rome, their golden times,
Succeſſive had; but now in ruins grey
They lie, to flaviſh ſloth and tyranny a prey.

XVII.

To crown his toils, Sir Induſtry then ſpread
The ſwelling ſail, and made for Britain's coaſt.
A ſylvan life till then the natives led,
In the brown ſhades and green-wood foreſt loſt,
All careleſs rambling where it lik'd them moſt:
Their wealth the wild-deer bouncing thro' the glade;
They lodg'd at large, and liv'd at nature's coſt;
Save ſpear, and bow, withouten other aid;
Yet not the Roman ſteel their naked breaſt diſmay'd.

XVIII. He

XVIII.

He lik'd the ſoil, he lik'd the clement ſkies,
He lik'd the verdant hills and flowery plains.
Be this my great, my choſen iſle (he cries)
This, whilſt my labours Liberty ſuſtains,
This queen of ocean all aſſault diſdains.
Nor lik'd he leſs the genius of the land,
To freedom apt and perſevering pains,
Mild to obey, and generous to command,
Temper'd by forming Heaven with kindeſt firmeſt hand.

XIX.

Here, by degrees, his maſter-work aroſe,
Whatever arts and induſtry can frame:
Whatever finiſh'd agriculture knows,
Fair queen of arts! from heaven itſelf who came,
When Eden flouriſh'd in unſpotted fame:
And ſtill with her ſweet innocence we find,
And tender peace, and joys without a name,
That, while they raviſh, tranquillize the mind:
Nature and Art at once, delight and uſe combin'd.

XX.

The towns he quicken'd by mechanic arts,
And bade the fervent city glow with toil;
Bade ſocial Commerce raiſe renowned marts,
Join land to land, and marry ſoil to ſoil,
Unite the poles, and without bloody ſpoil
Bring home of either Ind the gorgeous ſtores;
Or, ſhould deſpotic rage the world embroil,
Bade tyrants tremble on remoteſt ſhores,
While o'er th' encircling deep Britannia's thunder roars.

XXI. The

XXI.

The drooping Muſes then he weſtward call'd,
From the fam'd city by Propontick ſea,
What time the Turk th' enfeebled Grecian thrall'd;
Thence from their cloiſter'd walks he ſet them free,
And brought them to another Caſtalie,
Where Iſis many a famous nourſling breeds;
Or where old Cam ſoft-paces o'er the lea
In penſive mood, and tunes his Doric reeds,
The whilſt his flocks at large the lonely ſhepherd feeds.

XXII.

Yet the fine arts were what he finiſh'd leaſt.
For why? They are the quinteſſence of all,
The growth of labouring time, and ſlow increaſt;
Unleſs, as ſeldom chances, it ſhould fall,
That mighty patrons the coy ſiſters call
Up to the ſun-ſhine of uncumber'd eaſe,
Where no rude care the mounting thought may thrall,
And where they nothing have to do but pleaſe:
Ah! gracious God! thou know'ſt they aſk no other fees.

XXIII.

But now, alas! we live too late in time:
Our patrons now ev'n grudge that little claim,
Except to ſuch as ſleek the ſoothing rhyme;
And yet, forſooth, they wear Mæcenas' name,
Poor ſons of puft-up vanity, not fame.
Unbroken ſpirits, chear! ſtill, ſtill remains
Th' Eternal Patron, Liberty; whoſe flame,
While ſhe protects, inſpires the nobleſt ſtrains.
The beſt, and ſweeteſt far, are toil-created gains.

XXIV. When

XXIV.

When as the knight had fram'd, in Britain-land
A matchleſs form of glorious government,
In which the ſovereign laws alone command,
Laws ſtabliſh'd by the public free conſent,
Whoſe majeſty is to the ſceptre lent;
When this great plan, with each dependent art,
Was ſettled firm, and to his heart's content,
Then ſought he from the toilſome ſcene to part,
And let life's vacant eve breathe quiet through the heart.

XXV.

For this he choſe a farm in Deva's vale,
Where his long allies peep'd upon the main.
In this calm ſeat he drew the healthful gale,
Here mix'd the chief, the patriot, and the ſwain.
The happy monarch of his ſylvan train,
Here, ſided by the guardians of the fold,
He walk'd his rounds, and chear'd his bleſt domain:
His days, the days of unſtain'd nature, roll'd,
Replete with peace and joy, like patriarchs of old.

XXVI.

Witneſs, ye lowing herds, who gave him milk;
Witneſs, ye flocks, whoſe woolly veſtments far
Exceed ſoft India's cotton, or her ſilk;
Witneſs, with autumn charg'd, the nodding car,
That homeward came beneath ſweet evening's ſtar,
Or of September moons the radiance mild.
O, hide thy head, abominable war!
Of crimes and ruffian idleneſs the child! [vild!
From heaven this life yſprung, from hell thy glories

XXVII.

Nor from this deep retirement baniſh'd was
Th' amuſing care of rural induſtry.
Still, as with grateful change the ſeaſons paſs,
New ſcenes ariſe, new landſkips ſtrike the eye,
And all th' enliven'd country beautify:
Gay plains extend where marſhes ſlept before;
O'er recent meads th' exulting ſtreamlets fly;
Dark frowning heaths grow bright with Ceres' ſtore,
And woods imbrown the ſteep, or wave along the ſhore.

XXVIII.

As nearer to his farm you made approach,
He poliſh'd nature with a finer hand:
Yet on her beauties durſt not Art incroach;
'Tis Art's alone theſe beauties to expand.
In graceful dance immingled, o'er the land,
Pan, Paleas, Flora, and Pomona play'd:
Here too briſk gales the rude wild common fand
An happy place; where free, and unafraid,
Amid the flowering brakes each coyer creature ſtray'd.

XXIX.

But in prime vigour what can laſt for ay?
That ſoul-enfeebling wizard Indolence,
I whilom ſung, wrought in his works decay:
Spread far and wide was *his* curs'd influence;
Of public virtue much *he* dull'd the ſenſe,
Ev'n much of private; ate our ſpirit out,
And fed our rank luxurious vices: whence
The land was overlaid with many a lout; [ſtout.
Not, as old Fame reports, wiſe, generous, bold, and

XXX. A rage

XXX.

A rage of pleaſure madden'd every breaſt,
Down to the loweſt lees the ferment ran:
To his licentious wiſh each muſt be bleſt,
With joy be ſever'd; ſnatch it as he can.
Thus Vice the ſtandard rear'd; her arrier-ban
Corruption call'd, and loud ſhe gave the word,
"Mind, mind yourſelves! why ſhould the vulgar man,
"The lacquey be more virtuous than his lord?
"Enjoy this ſpan of life! 'tis all the gods afford."

XXXI.

The tidings reach'd to where in quiet hall,
The good old knight enjoy'd well-earn'd repoſe.
"Come, come, Sir Knight! thy children on thee call:
"Come, ſave us yet, ere ruin round us cloſe!
"The demon Indolence thy toils o'erthrows."
On this the noble colour ſtain'd his cheeks,
Indignant, glowing through the whitening ſnows
Of venerable eld; his eye full-ſpeaks
His ardent ſoul, and from his couch at once he breaks.

XXXII.

I will, (ſhe cry'd) ſo help me, God! deſtroy
That villain, Archimage.—His page then ſtrait
He to him call'd, a fiery-footed boy,
Benempt Diſpatch. "My ſteed be at the gate;
"My Bard attend; quick, bring the net of fate."
This net was twiſted by the ſiſters three;
Which when once caſt o'er harden'd wretch, too late
Repentance comes: replevy cannot be
From the ſtrong iron graſp of vengeful deſtiny.

XXXIII.

He came, the bard, a little druid-wight,
Of wither'd aſpect; but his eye was keen,
With ſweetneſs mix'd. In ruſſet brown bedight,
As is his * ſiſter of the copſes green,
He crept along, unpromiſing of mien.
Groſs he who judges ſo. His ſoul was fair,
Bright as the children of yon azure ſheen.
True comelineſs, which nothing can impair,
Dwells in the mind: all elſe is vanity and glare.

XXXIV.

Come, (quoth the knight) a voice has reach'd mine ear:
The demon Indolence threats overthrow
To all that to mankind is good and dear:
Come, Philomelus; let us inſtant go,
O'erturn his bowers, and lay his caſtle low.
Thoſe men, thoſe wretched men! who *will* be ſlaves,
Muſt drink a bitter wrathful cup of woe:
But ſome there be, thy ſong, as from their graves,
Shall raiſe. Thrice happy he! who without rigour ſaves.

XXXV.

Iſſuing forth, the knight beſtrode his ſteed,
Of ardent bay, and on whoſe front a ſtar
Shone blazing bright: ſprung from the generous breed
That whirl of active day the rapid car,
He pranc'd along, diſdaining gate or bar.
Meantime, the bard on milk-white palfrey rode;
An honeſt ſober beaſt, that did not mar
His meditations, but full ſoftly trode;
And much they moraliz'd as thus yfere they yode.

* The nightingale.

XXXVI. They

XXXVI.

They talk'd of virtue, and of human bliſs.
What elſe ſo fit for man to ſettle well?
And ſtill their long reſearches met in this,
This *truth of truths*, which nothing can refel:
" From virtue's fount the pureſt joys out-well,
" Sweet rills of thought that chear the conſcious ſoul;
" While vice pours forth the troubled ſtreams of hell,
" The which, howe'er diſguis'd, at laſt with dole
" Will, through the tortur'd breaſt, their fiery torrent [roll."

XXXVII.

At length it dawn'd, that fatal valley gay,
O'er which high wood-crown'd hills their ſummits rear.
On the cool height awhile our palmers ſtay,
And ſpite ev'n of themſelves their ſenſes chear;
Then to the vizard's wonne their ſteps they ſteer.
Like a green iſle, it broad beneath them ſpred,
With gardens round, and wandering currents clear,
And tufted groves to ſhade the meadow bed,
Sweet airs and ſong; and without hurry all ſeem'd glad.

XXXVIII.

" As God ſhall judge me, knight, we muſt forgive
(The half-enraptur'd Philomelus cry'd)
" The frail good man deluded here to live,
" And in theſe groves his muſing fancy hide.
" Ah! nought is pure. It cannot be deny'd,
" That virtue ſtill ſome tincture has of vice,
" And vice of virtue. What ſhould then betide
" But that our charity be not too nice?
" Come, let us thoſe we can to real bliſs entice.

XXXIX.

" Ay, ſicker (quoth the knight) all fleſh is frail,
" To pleaſant ſin and joyous dalliance bent;
" But let not brutiſh vice of this avail,
" And think to 'ſcape deſerved puniſhment.
" Juſtice were cruel weakly to relent;
" From Mercy's ſelf ſhe got her ſacred glaive;
" Grace be to thoſe who can, and will, repent;
" But penance long, and dreary, to the ſlave,
" Who muſt in floods of fire his groſs foul ſpirit lave."

XL.

Thus, holding high diſcourſe, they came to where
The curſed carle was at his wonted trade;
Still tempting heedleſs men into his ſnare,
In witching wiſe, as I before have ſaid.
But when he ſaw, in goodly geer array'd,
The grave majeſtic knight approaching nigh,
And by his ſide the bard ſo ſage and ſtaid,
His countenance fell; yet oft his anxious eye
Mark'd them, like wily fox who rooſted cock doth ſpy.

XLI.

Nathleſs, with feign'd reſpect, he bade give back
The rabble-rout, and welcom'd them full kind;
Struck with the noble twain, they were not ſlack
His orders to obey, and fall behind.
Then he reſum'd his ſong; and unconfin'd,
Pour'd all his muſic, ran through all his ſtrings:
With magic duſt their eyne he tries to blind,
And virtue's tender airs o'er weakneſs ſlings.
What pity baſe his ſong who ſo divinely ſings!

XLII. Elate

XLII.

Elate in thought, he counted them his own,
They liſten'd ſo intent with fix'd delight:
But they inſtead, as if tranſmew'd to ſtone,
Marvel'd he could with ſuch ſweet art unite
The lights and ſhades of manners, wrong and right.
Meantime, the ſilly crowd the charm devour,
Wide preſſing to the gate. Swift, on the knight
He darted fierce, to drag him to his bower,
Who backening ſhunn'd his touch, for well he knew its [power.

XLIII.

As in throng'd amphitheatre, of old,
The wary Retiarius trap'd his foe:
Ev'n ſo the knight, returning on him bold,
At once involv'd him in the *net of woe*.
Whereof I mention made not long ago.
Inrag'd at firſt, he ſcorn'd ſo weak a jail,
And leapt, and flew, and flounced to and fro;
But when he found that nothing could avail,
He ſet him felly down and gnaw'd his bitter nail.

XLIV.

Alarm'd, th' inferior demons of the place
Rais'd rueful ſhrieks and hideous yells around;
Black ſtormy clouds deform'd the welkin's face,
And from beneath was heard a wailing ſound,
As of infernal ſprights in cavern bound;
A ſolemn ſadneſs every creature ſtrook, [ground:
And lightnings flaſh'd, and horror rock'd the
Huge crowds on crowds out-pour'd, with blemiſh'd look,
As if on time's laſt verge this frame of things had ſhook.

XLV.

Soon as the ſhort liv'd tempeſt was yſpent,
Steam'd from the jaws of vext Avernus' hole,
And huſh'd the hubbub of the rabblement,
Sir Induſtry the firſt calm moment ſtole.
" There muſt, (he cry'd) amidſt ſo vaſt a ſhoal,
" Be ſome who are not tainted at the heart,
" Not poiſon'd quite by this ſame villain's bowl:
" Come then, my bard, thy heavenly fire impart;
" Touch ſoul with ſoul, till forth the latent ſpirit ſtart."

XLVI.

The bard obey'd; and taking from his ſide,
Where it in ſeemly ſort depending hung,
His Britiſh harp, its ſpeaking ſtrings he try'd,
The which with ſkilful touch he deftly ſtrung,
Till tinkling in clear ſymphony they rung.
Then, as he felt the Muſes come along,
Light o'er the chords his raptur'd hand he flung,
And play'd a prelude to his riſing ſong:
The whilſt, like midnight mute, ten thouſands round

XLVII. [him throng.

Thus, ardent, burſt his ſtrain.—
" Ye helpleſs race,
" Dire-labouring here to ſmother reaſon's ray,
" That lights our Maker's image in our face,
" And gives us wide o'er earth unqueſtion'd ſway;
" What is th' ador'd Supreme Perfection, ſay?
" What, but eternal never-reſting ſoul,
" Almighty power, and all-directing day;
" By whom each atom ſtirs, the planets roll;
" Who fills, ſurrounds, informs, and agitates the whole.

XLVIII. " Come,

XLVIII.

" Come, to the beaming God your hearts unfold!
" Draw from its fountain life! 'Tis thence, alone,
" We can excel. Up from unfeeling mold,
" To ſeraphs burning round th' Almighty's throne,
" Life riſing ſtill on life, in higher tone,
" Perfection forms, and with perfection bliſs.
" In univerſal nature this clear ſhewn,
" Nor needeth proof: to prove it were, I wis,
" To prove the beauteous world excels the brute abyſs.

XLIX.

" Is not the field, with lively culture green,
" A ſight more joyous than the dead moraſs?
" Do not the ſkies, with active ether clean,
" And fann'd by ſprightly zephyrs, far ſurpaſs
" The foul November fogs, and ſlumberous maſs,
" With which ſad nature veils her drooping face?
" Does not the mountain-ſtream, as clear as glaſs,
" Gay-dancing on, the putrid pool diſgrace?
" The ſame in all holds true, but chief in human race.

L.

" It was not by vile loitering in eaſe,
" That Greece obtain'd the brighter palm of art,
" That ſoft yet ardent Athens learn'd to pleaſe,
" To keen the wit, and to ſublime the heart,
" In all ſupreme! complete in every part!
" It was not thence majeſtic Rome aroſe,
" And o'er the nations ſhook her conquering dart:
" For ſluggard's brow the laurel never grows;
" Renown is not the child of indolent repoſe.

LI. " Had

LI.

" Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
" But in looſe joy their time to wear away;
" Had they alone the lap of dalliance ſought,
" Pleas'd on her pillow their dull heads to lay,
" Rude Nature's ſtate had been our ſtate to-day;
" No cities e'er their towery fronts had rais'd,
" No arts had made us opulent and gay;
" With brother-brutes the human race had graz'd;
" None e'er had ſoar'd to fame, none honour'd been,

LII. [none prais'd.

" Great Homer's ſong had never fir'd the breaſt
" To thirſt of glory, and heroic deeds;
" Sweet Maro's Muſe, ſunk in inglorious reſt,
" Had ſilent ſlept amid the Mincian reeds:
" The wits of modern time had told their beads,
" And monkiſh legends been their only ſtrains;
" Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
" Our Shakeſpeare ſtroll'd and laugh'd with Warwick
" ſwains,
" Ne had my maſter Spencer charm'd his Mulla's plains,

LIII.

" Dumb too had been the ſage Hiſtoric Muſe,
" And periſh'd all the ſons of ancient fame;
" Thoſe ſtarry lights of virtue, that diffuſe
" Through the dark depth of time their vivid flame,
" Had all been loſt with ſuch as have no name.
" Who then had ſcorn'd his eaſe for others' good?
" Who then had toil'd rapacious men to tame?
" Who in the public breach devoted ſtood,
" And for his country's cauſe been prodigal of blood?

LIV. " But

LIV.

" But ſhould your hearts to fame unfeeling be,
" If right I read, your pleaſure all require:
" Then hear how beſt may be obtain'd this fee,
" How beſt enjoy'd this nature's wide deſire.
" Toil, and be glad! let Induſtry inſpire
" Into your quicken'd limbs her buoyant breath!
" Who does not act is dead; abſorpt entire
" In miry ſloth, no pride, no joy he hath:
" O leaden-hearted men, to be in love with death!

LV.

" Ah! what avail the largeſt gifts of Heaven,
" When drooping health and ſpirits go amiſs?
" How taſteleſs then whatever can be given?
" Health is the vital principle of bliſs,
" And exerciſe of health. In proof of this,
" Behold the wretch, who ſlugs his life away,
" Soon ſwallow'd in diſeaſe's ſad abyſs;
" While he whom toil has brac'd, or manly play,
" Has light as air each limb, each thought as clear as day.

LVI.

" O, who can ſpeak the vigorous joy of health!
" Unclogg'd the body, unobſcur'd the mind:
" The morning riſes gay, with pleaſing ſtealth,
" The temperate evening falls ſerene and kind.
" In health the wiſer brutes true gladneſs find.
" See! how the younglings friſk along the meads,
" As May comes on, and wakes the balmy wind;
" Rampant with life, their joy all joy exceeds:
" Yet what but high-ſtrung health this dancing pleaſaunce breeds?

LVII. " But

LVII.

" But here, inſtead, is foſter'd every ill,
" Which or diſtemper'd minds or bodies know.
" Come then, my kindred ſpirits! do not ſpill
" Your talents here. This place is but a ſhew,
" Whoſe charms delude you to the den of woe:
" Come, follow me, I will direct you right,
" Where pleaſure's roſes, void of ſerpents, grow,
" Sincere as ſweet; come, follow this good knight,
" And you will bleſs the day that brought him to your [ſight.

LVIII.

" Some he will lead to courts, and ſome to camps;
" To ſenates ſome, and public ſage debates,
" Where, by the ſolemn gleam of midnight-lamps,
" The world is pois'd, and manag'd mighty ſtates;
" To high diſcovery ſome, that new-creates
" The face of earth; ſome to the thriving mart;
" Some to the rural reign, and ſofter fates;
" To the ſweet Muſes ſome, who raiſe the heart;
" All glory ſhall be yours, all nature, and all art.

LIX.

" There are, I ſee, who liſten to my lay,
" Who wretched ſigh for virtue, but deſpair.
" All may be done, (methinks I hear them ſay)
" Ev'n death deſpis'd by generous actions fair;
" All, but for thoſe who to theſe bowers repair,
" Their every power diſſolv'd in luxury,
" To quit of torpid ſluggiſhneſs the lair,
" And from the powerful arms of ſloth get free.
" 'Tis riſing from the dead—Alas!—It cannot be!

LX. " Would

LX.

" Would you then learn to diſſipate the band
" Of theſe huge threatening difficulties dire,
" That in the weak man's way like lions ſtand,
" His ſoul appall, and damp his riſing fire?
" Reſolve, reſolve, and to be men aſpire.
" Exert that nobleſt privilege, alone,
" Here to mankind indulg'd: control deſire:
" Let godlike Reaſon, from her ſovereign throne,
" Speak the commanding word—*I will*—and it is done.

LXI.

" Heavens! can you then thus waſte, in ſhameful wiſe,
" Your few important days of tryal here?
" Heirs of eternity! yborn to riſe
" Through endleſs ſtates of being, ſtill more near
" To bliſs approaching, and perfection clear,
" Can you renounce a fortune ſo ſublime,
" Such glorious hopes, your backward ſteps to ſteer.
" And roll, with vileſt brutes, thro' mud and ſlime?
" No! no!—Your heaven-touch'd heart diſdains the [ſordid crime!"

LXII.

" Enough! enough!" they cry'd—ſtrait from the crowd,
The better ſort on wings of tranſport fly:
As when amid the lifeleſs ſummits proud
Of Alpine cliffs, where to the gelid ſky
Snows pil'd on ſnows in wintery torpor lie,
The rays divine of vernal Phœbus play;
Th' awaken'd heaps, in ſtreamlets from on high,
Rous'd into action, lively leap away, [gay.
Glad warbling through the vales, in their new being

LXIII. Not

LXIII.

Not leſs the life, the vivid joy ſerene,
That lighted up theſe new-created men,
Than that which wings th' exulting ſpirit clean,
When, juſt deliver'd from his fleſhly den,
It ſoaring ſeeks its native ſkies agen:
How light its eſſence! how unclogg'd its powers,
Beyond the blazon of my mortal pen!
E'vn ſo we glad forſook theſe ſinful bowers,
Ev'n ſuch enraptur'd life, ſuch energy was ours.

LXIV.

But far the greater part, with rage inflam'd,
Dire-mutter'd curſes, and blaſphem'd high Jove.
" Ye ſons of hate! (they bitterly exclaim'd)
" What brought you to this ſeat of peace and love?
" While with kind nature, here amid the grove,
" We paſs'd the harmleſs ſabbath of our time,
" What to diſturb it could, fell men, emove
" Your barbarous hearts? Is happineſs a crime?
" Then do the fiends of hell rule in yon heaven ſublime.

LXV.

" Ye impious wretches," (quoth the knight in wrath)
" Your happineſs beheld!"—Then ſtrait a wand
He wav'd, an anti-magic power that hath,
Truth from illuſive falſehood to command.
Sudden the landſkip ſinks on every hand;
The pure quick ſtreams are marſhy puddles found;
On baleful heaths the groves all blacken'd ſtand;
And, o'er the weedy foul abhorred ground,
Snakes, adders, toads, each loathſome creature crawls around.

LXVI. And

LXVI.

And here and there, on trees by lightning ſcath'd,
Unhappy wights who loathed life yhung;
Or, in freſh gore and recent murder bath'd,
They weltering lay; or elſe, infuriate flung
Into the gloomy flood, while ravens ſung
The funeral dirge, they down the torrent roll'd:
Theſe, by diſtemper'd blood to madneſs ſtung,
Had doom'd themſelves; whence oft, when night control'd
The world, returning hither their ſad ſpirits howl'd.

LXVII.

Meantime a moving ſcene was open laid;
That lazar-houſe, I whilom in my lay
Depainted have, its horrors deep-diſplay'd,
And gave unnumber'd wretches to the day,
Who toſſing there in ſqualid miſery lay.
Soon as of ſacred light th' unwonted ſmile
Pour'd on theſe living catacombs its ray,
Through the drear caverns ſtretching many a mile,
The ſick up-rais'd their heads, and dropp'd their woes awhile.

LXVIII.

"O, heaven! (they cry'd) and do we once more ſee
"Yon bleſſed ſun, and this green earth ſo fair?
"Are we from noiſome damps of peſt-houſe free?
"And drink our ſouls the ſweet ethereal air?
"O, thou! or knight, or god! who holdeſt there
"That fiend, oh, keep him in eternal chains!
"But what for us, the children of deſpair,
"Brought to the brink of hell, what hope remains?
"Repentance does itſelf but aggravate our pains."

LXIX. The

LXIX.

The gentle knight, who saw their rueful case,
Let fall adown his silver beard some tears.
" Certes (quoth he) it is not ev'n in grace,
" T' undo the past, and eke your broken years:
" Nathless, to nobler worlds repentance rears,
" With humble hope, her eye; to her is given
" A power the truly contrite heart that chears;
" She quells the brand by which the rocks are riven;
" She more than merely softens, she rejoices Heaven.

LXX.

" Then patient bear the sufferings you have earn'd,
" And by these sufferings purify the mind;
" Let wisdom be by past misconduct learn'd:
" Or pious die, with penitence resign'd;
" And to a life more happy and refin'd,
" Doubt not, you shall, new creatures, yet arise.
" Till then, you may expect in me to find
" One who will wipe your sorrow from your eyes,
" One who will soothe your pangs, and wing you to [the skies.

LXXI

They silent hear'd, and pour'd their thanks in tears.
" For you (resum'd the knight, with sterner tone)
" Whose hard dry hearts th' obdurate demon sears,
" That villain's gifts will cost you many a groan;
" In dolorous mansion long you must bemoan
" His fatal charms, and weep your stains away:
" Till, soft and pure as infant goodness grown,
" You feel a perfect change: then, who can say,
" What grace may yet shine forth in heaven's eternal
" day?" LXXII. This

LXXII.

This ſaid, his powerful wand he wav'd anew:
Inſtant, a glorious angel-train deſcends,
The Charities, to-wit, of roſy hue;
Sweet love their looks a gentle radiance lends,
And with ſeraphic flame compaſſion blends.
At once, delighted, to their charge they fly:
When, lo! a goodly hoſpital aſcends;
In which they bade each lenient aid be nigh,
That could the ſick-bed ſmoothe of that ſad company.

LXXIII.

It was a worthy edyfying ſight,
And gives to human-kind peculiar grace,
To ſee kind hands attending day and night,
With tender miniſtry, from place to place.
Some prop the head; ſome from the pallid face
Wipe off the faint cold dews weak nature ſheds;
Some reach the healing draught: the whilſt, to chace
The fear ſupreme, around their ſoften'd beds,
Some holy man by prayer all opening heaven diſpreds.

LXXIV.

Attended by a glad acclaiming train,
Of thoſe he reſcued had from gaping hell,
Then turn'd the knight; and, to his hall again
Soft-pacing, ſought of peace the moſſy cell:
Yet down his cheeks the gems of pity fell,
To ſee the helpleſs wretches that remain'd,
There left through delves and deſerts dire to yell;
Amaz'd, their looks with pale diſmay were ſtain'd,
And ſpreading wide their hands they meek repentance feign'd.

LXXV.

But, ah! their ſcorned day of grace was paſt:
For (horrible to tell!) a deſert wild
Before them ſtretch'd, bare, comfortleſs, and vaſt;
With gibbets, bones, and carcaſes defil'd.
There nor trim field, nor lively culture ſmil'd;
Nor waving ſhade was ſeen, nor fountain fair;
But ſands abrupt on ſands lay looſely pil'd, [care,
Through which they floundering toil'd with painful
Whilſt Phœbus ſmote them ſore, and fir'd the cloudleſs [air.

LXXVI.

Then, varying to a joyleſs land of bogs,
The ſadden'd country a grey waſte appear'd;
Where nought but putrid ſtreams and noiſome fogs
For ever hung on drizzly Auſter's beard;
Or elſe the ground by piercing Caurus ſear'd,
Was jagg'd with froſt, or heap'd with glazed ſnow:
Through theſe extremes a ceaſeleſs round they ſteer'd,
By cruel fiends ſtill hurry'd to and fro,
Gaunt Beggary, and Scorn, with many hell-hounds moe.

LXXVII.

The firſt was with baſe dunghill rags yclad,
Tainting the gale, in which they flutter'd light;
Of morbid hue his features, ſunk, and ſad;
His hollow eyne ſhook forth a ſickly light;
And o'er his lank jaw-bone, in piteous plight,
His black rough beard was matted rank and vile;
Direful to ſee! an heart-appalling ſight!
Meantime foul ſcurf and blotches him defile;
And dogs, where-e'er he went, ſtill barked all the while.

LXXVIII. The

LXXVIII.

The other was a fell deſpightful fiend:
Hell holds none worſe in baleful bower below:
By pride, and wit, and rage, and rancour, keen'd;
Of man alike, if good or bad, the foe:
With noſe up-turn'd, he always made a ſhew
As if he ſmelt ſome nauſeous ſcent; his eye
Was cold, and keen, like blaſt from boreal ſnow;
And taunts he caſten forth moſt bitterly.
Such were the twain that off drove this ungodly fry.

LXXIX.

Ev'n ſo through Brentford town, a town of mud,
An herd of briſly ſwine is prick'd along;
The filthy beaſts, that never chew the cud,
Still grunt, and ſqueak, and ſing their troublous ſong,
And oft they plunge themſelves the mire among:
But ay the ruthleſs driver goads them on,
And ay of barking dogs the bitter throng
Makes them renew their unmelodious moan;
Ne ever find they reſt from their unreſting fone.

To Mr. THOMSON,

On his unfiniſhed Plan of a Poem, called the Castle of Indolence, in Spenſer's Style.

By Dr. MORRELL.

I.

As when the ſilk-worm, erſt the tender care
Of Syrian maidens, 'gins for to unfold
From his ſleek ſides, that now much ſleeker are
The gloſſy treaſure, and ſoft threads of gold;
In various turns, and many a winding fold,
He ſpins his web, and as he ſpins decays;
Till, within circles infinite enroll'd,
He reſts ſupine, impriſon'd in the maze,
The which himſelf did make, the gathering of his days.

II.

So thou, they ſay, from thy prolific brain,
A caſtle, hight of indolence, didſt raiſe;
Where liſtleſs ſprites, withouten care or pain,
In idle pleaſaunce ſpend their jocund days,
Nor heed rewardful toil, nor ſeeken praiſe.
Thither thou didſt repair in luckleſs hour;
And lulled with thine own enchanting lays,
Didſt lie adown, entranced in the bower,
The which thyſelf didſt make, the gathering of thy power.

III. But

III.

But Venus, ſuffering not her favourite worm
For aye to ſleepen in his ſilky tomb,
Inſtructs him to throw off his priſtine form,
And the gay features of a fly aſſume;
When, lo! eftſoons from the ſurrounding gloom,
He vigorous breaks, forth iſſuing from the wound
His horny beak had made, and finding room,
On new-plum'd pinions flutters all around,
And buzzing ſpeaks his joy in moſt expreſſive ſound.

IV.

So may the God of Science and of Wit,
With pitying eye ken thee his darling ſon;
Shake from thy fatty ſides the ſlumberous fit,
In which, alas! thou art ſo woe begon!
Or with his pointed arrows goad thee on;
Till thou refeeleſt life in all thy veins;
And, on the wings of Reſolution,
Like thine own hero dight, flieſt o'er the plains,
Chauncing his peerleſs praiſe in never-dying ſtrains.

BRITANNIA.

A

POEM.

" —— Et tantas audetis tollere moles?
" Quos ego—ſed motos præſtat componere fluctus.
" Poſt mihi non ſimili pœna commiſſa luetis.
" Maturate fugam, regique hæc dicite veſtro:
" Non illi imperium pelagi, ſævumque tridentem,
" Sed mihi ſorte datum"— VIRG.

AS on the ſea-beat ſhore Britannia ſat,
Of her degenerate ſons the faded fame,
Deep in her anxious heart, revolving ſad:
Bare was her throbbing boſom to the gale,
That hoarſe, and hollow, from the bleak ſurge blew;
Looſe flow'd her treſſes; rent her azure robe.
Hung o'er the deep from her majeſtic brow
She tore the laurel, and ſhe tore the bay.
Nor ceas'd the copious grief to bathe her cheek;
Nor ceas'd her ſobs to murmur to the main.
Peace diſcontented nigh, departing, ſtretch'd
Her dove-like wings. And War, though greatly rous'd,
Yet mourns his fetter'd hands. While thus the queen
Of nations ſpoke: and what ſhe ſaid the Muſe
Recorded, faithful, in unbidden verſe.

Ev'n not yon ſail, that, from the ſky-mixt wave,
Dawns on the ſight, and wafts the Royal Youth *,
A freight of future glory to my ſhore;
Ev'n not the flattering view of golden days,
And riſing periods yet of bright renown,
Beneath the Parents, and their endleſs line
Through late revolving time, can ſooth my rage;
While, unchaſtis'd, th' inſulting Spaniard dares
Infeſt the trading flood, full of vain war
Deſpiſe my navies, and my merchants ſeize;
As, truſting to falſe peace, they fearleſs roam
The world of waters wild; made, by the toil,
And liberal blood of glorious ages, mine:
Nor burſts my ſleeping thunder on their head.
Whence this unwonted patience? this weak doubt?
This tame beſeeching of rejected peace?
This meek forbearance? this unnative fear,
To generous Britons never known before?
And ſail'd my fleets for this; on Indian tides
To float, unactive, with the veering winds?
The mockery of war! while hot diſeaſe,
And ſloth diſtemper'd, ſwept off burning crowds,
For action ardent; and amid the deep,
Inglorious, ſunk them in a watery grave.
There now they lie beneath the rolling flood,
Far from their friends, and country unaveng'd;
And back the drooping war-ſhip comes again,
Diſpirited, and thin; her ſons aſham'd

* Frederick.

Thus

Thus idly to review their native ſhore;
With not one glory ſparkling in their eye,
One triumph on their tongue. A paſſenger,
The violated merchant comes along;
That far-ſought wealth, for which the noxious gale
He drew, and ſweat beneath equator ſuns,
By lawleſs force detain'd; a force that ſoon
Would melt away, and every ſpoil reſign,
Were once the Britiſh lion heard to roar.
Whence is it that the proud Iberian thus,
In their own well-aſſerted element,
Dares rouſe to wrath the maſters of the main?
Who told him, that the big incumbent war
Would not, ere this, have roll'd his trembling ports
In ſmoky ruin? and his guilty ſtores,
Won by the ravage of a butcher'd world,
Yet unaton'd, ſunk in the ſwallowing deep,
Or led the glittering prize into the Thames?
There was a time (oh, let my languid ſons
Reſume their ſpirit at the rouſing thought!)
When all the pride of Spain, in one dread fleet,
Swell'd o'er the labouring ſurge; like a whole heaven
Of clouds, wide-roll'd before the boundleſs breeze.
Gaily the ſplendid armament along
Exultant plough'd, reflecting a red gleam,
As ſunk the ſun, o'er all the flaming Vaſt;
Tall, gorgeous, and elate; drunk with the dream
Of eaſy conqueſt: while their bloated war,
Stretch'd out from ſky to ſky, the gather'd force
Of ages held in its capacious womb.

But

But ſoon, regardleſs of the cumberous pomp.
My dauntleſs Britons came, a gloomy few,
With tempeſt black, the goodly ſcene deform'd,
And laid their glory waſte. The bolts of Fate
Reſiſtleſs thunder'd through their yielding ſides;
Fierce o'er their beauty blaz'd the lurid flame;
And ſeiz'd in horrid graſp, or ſhatter'd wide,
Amid the mighty waters deep they ſunk.
Then too from every promontory chill,
Rank fen, and cavern where the wild wave works,
I ſwept confederate winds, and ſwell'd a ſtorm.
Round the glad iſle, ſnatch'd by the vengeful blaſt,
The ſcatter'd remnants drove; on the blind ſhelve,
And pointed rock, that marks th' indented ſhore,
Relentleſs daſh'd, where loud the northern main
Howls through the fractur'd Caledonian iſles.
Such were the dawnings of my watery reign;
But ſince how vaſt it grew, how abſolute,
Ev'n in thoſe troubled times, when dreadful Blake
Aw'd angry nations with the Britiſh name,
Let every humbled ſtate, let Europe ſay,
Suſtain'd, and balanc'd, by my naval arm.
Ah, what muſt thoſe immortal ſpirits think
Of your poor ſhifts? Thoſe, for their country's good
Who fac'd the blackeſt danger, knew no fear,
No mean ſubmiſſion, but commanded peace.
Ah, how with indignation muſt they burn!
(If aught, but joy, can touch ethereal breaſts)
With ſhame! with grief! to ſee their feeble ſons
Shrink from that empire o'er the conquer'd ſeas,

For

For which their wiſdom plann'd, their councils glow'd,
And their veins bled through many a toiling age!
Oh, firſt of human bleſſings! and ſupreme!
Fair Peace! how lovely, how delightful thou!
By whoſe wide tie, the kindred ſons of men
Like brothers live, in amity combin'd,
And unſuſpicious faith; while honeſt toil
Gives every joy, and to thoſe joys a right,
Which idle, barbarous rapine but uſurps.
Pure is thy reign; when, unaccurs'd by blood,
Nought, ſave the ſweetneſs of indulgent ſhowers,
Trickling diſtils into the vernant glebe;
Inſtead of mangled carcaſes, ſad-ſeen,
When the blithe ſheaves lie ſcatter'd o'er the field;
When only ſhining ſhares, the crooked knife,
And hooks imprint the vegetable wound;
When the land bluſhes with the roſe alone,
The falling fruitage and the bleeding vine.
Oh, Peace! thou ſource, and ſoul of ſocial life;
Beneath whoſe calm inſpiring influence,
Science his views enlarges, Art refines,
And ſwelling Commerce opens all her ports;
Bleſt be the man divine, who gives us thee!
Who bids the trumpet huſh his horrid clang,
Nor blow the giddy nations into rage;
Who ſheaths the murderous blade; the deadly gun
Into the well-pil'd armory returns;
And, every vigour from the work of death,
To grateful induſtry converting, makes
The country flouriſh, and the city ſmile.

Unviolated,

Unviolated, him the virgin ſings:
And him the ſmiling mother to her train.
Of him the ſhepherd, in the peaceful dale,
Chaunts; and, the treaſures of his labour ſure,
The huſbandman of him, as at the plough,
Or team, he toils. With him the ſailor ſoothes,
Beneath the trembling moon, the midnight wave;
And the full city, warm, from ſtreet to ſtreet,
And ſhop to ſhop, reſponſive, ſings of him:
Nor joys one land alone; his praiſe extends
Far as the ſun rolls the diffuſive day;
Far as the breeze can bear the gifts of peace,
Till all the happy nations catch the ſong.

What would not, Peace! the patriot bear for thee?
What painful patience? what inceſſant care?
What mixt anxiety? what ſleepleſs toil?
Ev'n from the raſh protected what reproach?
For he thy value knows; thy friendſhip he
To human nature: but the better thou,
The richer of delight, ſometimes the more
Inevitable war; when ruffian force
Awakes the fury of an injur'd ſtate.
Ev'n the good patient man, whom reaſon rules,
Rous'd by bold inſult, and injurious rage,
With ſharp and ſudden check, th' aſtoniſh'd ſons
Of violence confounds; firm as his cauſe
His bolder heart; in aweful juſtice clad;
His eyes effulging a peculiar fire;
And, as he charges through the proſtrate war,
His keen arm teaches faithleſs men, no more
To dare the ſacred vengeance of the juſt.

And what, my thoughtleſs ſons, ſhould fire you more,
Than when your well-earn'd empire of the deep
The leaſt beginning injury receives!
What better cauſe can call your lightning forth?
Your thunder wake? your deareſt life demand?
What better cauſe, than when your country ſees
The fly deſtruction at her vitals aim'd?
For, oh, it much imports you, 'tis your all,
To keep your trade intire, intire the force,
And honour of your fleets: o'er that to watch,
Ev'n with a hand ſevere, and jealous eye.
In intercourſe be gentle, generous, juſt,
By wiſdom poliſh'd, and of manners fair;
But on the ſea be terrible, untam'd,
Unconquerable ſtill; let none eſcape,
Who ſhall but aim to touch your glory there.
Is there the man, into the lion's den
Who dares intrude, to ſnatch his young away?
And is a Briton ſeiz'd? and ſeiz'd beneath
The ſlumbering terrors of a Britiſh fleet?
Then ardent riſe! Oh, great in vengeance riſe!
O'erturn the proud, teach rapine to reſtore:
And as you ride ſublimely round the world,
Make every veſſel ſtoop, make every ſtate
At once their welfare and their duty know.
This is your glory: this your wiſdom; this
The native power for which you were deſign'd
By Fate, when Fate deſign'd the firmeſt ſtate,
That e'er was ſeated on the ſubject ſea;
A ſtate, alone, where Liberty ſhould live,

In

In theſe late times, this evening of mankind,
When Athens, Rome, and Carthage are no more,
The world almoſt in ſlaviſh ſloth diſſolv'd.
For this, theſe rocks around your coaſt were thrown,
For this, your oaks, peculiar harden'd, ſhoot
Strong into ſturdy growth; for this, your hearts
Swell with a ſullen courage, growing ſtill
As danger grows; and ſtrength, and toil for this
Are liberal pour'd o'er all the fervent land.
Then cheriſh this, this unexpenſive power,
Undangerous to the public, ever prompt,
By laviſh Nature thruſt into your hand:
And, unincumber'd with the bulk immenſe
Of conqueſt, whence huge empires roſe, and fell
Self-cruſh'd, extend your reign from ſhore to ſhore,
Where-e'er the wind your high beheſts can blow;
And fix it deep on this eternal baſe.
For ſhould the ſliding fabrick once give way,
Soon ſlacken'd quite, and paſt recovery broke,
It gathers ruin as it rolls along,
Steep ruſhing down to that devouring gulf,
Where many a mighty empire buried lies.
And ſhould the big redundant flood of trade,
In which ten thouſand thouſand labours join
Their ſeveral currents, till the boundleſs tide
Rolls in a radiant deluge o'er the land;
Should this bright ſtream, the leaſt inflected, point
Its courſe another way, o'er other lands
The various treaſure would reſiſtleſs pour,

Ne'er

Ne'er to be won again; its ancient tract
Left a vile channel, desolate and dead,
With all around a miserable waste.
Not Egypt, were, her better heaven, the Nile
Turn'd in the pride of flow; when o'er his rocks,
And roaring cataracts, beyond the reach
Of dizzy vision pil'd, in one wide flash
An Ethiopian deluge foams amain
(Whence wondering fable trac'd him from the sky);
Ev'n not that prime of earth, where harvests crowd
On untill'd harvests, all the teeming year,
If of the fat o'erflowing culture robb'd,
Were then a more uncomfortable wild,
Steril, and void; than, of her trade depriv'd,
Britons, your boasted isle: her princes sunk;
Her high-built honour moulder'd to the dust;
Unnerv'd her force; her spirit vanish'd quite;
With rapid wing her riches fled away;
Her unfrequented ports alone the sign
Of what she was; her merchants scatter'd wide;
Her hollow shops shut up; and in her streets,
Her fields, woods, markets, villages, and roads,
The chearful voice of labour heard no more.
  Oh, let not then waste Luxury impair
That manly soul of toil, which strings your nerves,
And your own proper happiness creates!
Oh, let not the soft, penetrating plague
Creep on the free-born mind; and working there,
With the sharp tooth of many a hew-form'd want,
Endless, and idle all, eat out the heart

Of

Of Liberty; the high conception blaſt;
The noble ſentiment, th' impatient ſcorn
Of baſe ſubjection, and the ſwelling wiſh
For general good, erazing from the mind:
While nought ſave narrow ſelfiſhneſs ſucceeds,
And low deſign, the ſneaking paſſions all
Let looſe, and reigning in the rankled breaſt.
Induc'd at laſt, by ſcarce-perceiv'd degrees,
Sapping the very frame of government,
And life, a total diſſolution comes;
Sloth, ignorance, dejection, flattery, fear.
Oppreſſion raging o'er the waſte he makes;
The human being almoſt quite extinct;
And the whole ſtate in broad corruption ſinks.
Oh, ſhun that gulf: that gaping ruin ſhun!
And countleſs ages roll it far away
From you, ye heaven-belov'd! may *Liberty*,
The light of life, the ſun of human-kind!
Whence heroes, bards, and patriots borrow flame,
Ev'n where the keen depreſſive north deſcends,
Still ſpread, exalt, and actuate your powers!
While ſlaviſh ſouthern climates beam in vain!
And may a public ſpirit from the *throne*,
Where every virtue ſits, go copious forth
Live o'er the land, the finer arts inſpire,
Make thoughtful Science raiſe his penſive head,
Blow the freſh bay, bid Induſtry rejoice,
And the rough ſons of loweſt Labour ſmile.
As when, profuſe of ſpring, the looſen'd weſt
Lifts up the pining year, and balmy breathes

Youth,

Youth, life, and love, and beauty o'er the world.
But haſte we from theſe melancholy ſhores,
Nor to deaf winds and waves our fruitleſs plaint
Pour weak; the country claims our active aid;
That let us roam; and where we find a ſpark
Of public virtue, blow it into flame.
Lo! now my ſons, the ſons of freedom! meet
In aweful ſenate; thither let us fly;
Burn in the patriot's thought, flow from his tongue
In fearleſs truth; myſelf, transform'd, preſide,
And ſhed the ſpirit of Britannia round.
This ſaid; her fleeting form, and airy train,
Sunk in the gale; and nought but ragged rocks
Ruſh'd on the broken eye; and nought was heard
But the rough cadence of the daſhing wave.

CONTENTS

OF

THOMSON'S POEMS.

	Page
THE SEASONS,	
—Spring - - -	3
—Summer - - -	45
—Autumn - - -	109
—Winter - - -	159
A Hymn - - -	198
The CASTLE of INDOLENCE.	
—Canto I. - - -	203
—Canto II. - - -	233
To Mr. Thomſon, on his unfiniſhed Plan of a Poem, called the Caſtle of Indolence, in Spenſer's Style, by Dr. Morrell, -	260
Britannia. A Poem, - -	263

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